

Cannon Canvas

The Fire Tonight

color and needles break the skin
pain the perception desired on the outside so the art
can obscure unpleasant truth that's within
slow addiction drowns out the regret
the things that you cannot change, all the empty pain
is burned away in blinding lights of blue and red what do you see?
what do you see now?
in the pretty pictures that blanket the self you disavow you can decorate but it's never enough
no, it's never enough
you can saturate but it's never enough
no, it's never enough
for your cannon canvas separation of self and stain
the truth and habitual charades have become just shades
a monochrome rendition of yourself you maintain [pre chorus]
[chorus] she is busy and alone
popular without a home
energetic, dead inside
i would not have survived [chorus]

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