

Mirrors

The Apex Theory

bite wants to sink into trouble
in the dumb-side of your heart
like a fiend reaching for you
it's just inches from your war
run to live under mirrors
taste the sunspots of your words
like a pen leads to something
you leave behind now here's your chance
you've been running around
like a portereyes love to sink in your trouble
in the front side of your words
like a blink thinking for you
cause you're chewing up the world
like a dead wind up hero
leads to some kind of war
in your head
like a fishbowl
i can see you hidden now here's your chance
you've been running around
like a porter

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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