

# Staind, Black

Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay  
Her face spread out before me, as her body once did  
All five horizons revolved around her soul  
As the earth to the sun  
Now the air I tasted and breath has taken a turn  
Ooh, and all I taught her was everything  
Ooh, I know she gave me all that she wore  
And now my bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds  
Of what was everything?  
Oh, the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...

I take a walk outside  
And I'm surrounded by some kids at play  
I can feel their laughter, so why do I sear  
Oh, and twisted thoughts that spin around my head  
I'm spinning, oh, I'm spinning  
How quick the sun can, drop away

And now my bitter hands chained to broken glass  
Of what was everything?  
All the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...  
All the love gone bad turned my world to black  
Tattooed all I see, all that I am, all I'll ever be...yeah...

Uh huh...uh huh...ooh...  
I know someday you'll have a beautiful life, I know you'll be the sun  
In somebody else's skies, but why  
Why, why can't it be, can't it be mine?