

Versus The Mirror, (I Am) The Master Of Gravity

as the clouds below are gently unaware
that the sun did cry for us until we knew it's shape

gravity pulling life from the body into a map of the seas
oh my, i've written one too many lies this time
muscles as sore as the loser I am

brilliant is he who makes his move but knows exactly where he should have gone to the ones who'
write as the reader you are
until the end of all time

I hid my face in your dress
to act as my disguise
to hide the face that in 13 years
I would see my own damn eyes

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