

I Pictured It

John Reuben

(chorus)

Have you ever felt something you couldn't explain
No definition no name just a feeling
No definition no name
I looked at her she looked back at me
Her face looked different than I pictured it

And then there was me analyzing life more than I was living
Anything possible good I'll destroy before the chance was ever
given
See if I never have anything I'll never have to lose anything
But then again if I never had anything worth losing
I guess I lost everything either way
You could say pain will become a result from both
So actually I'm giving in to the very thing that I fear the mos
t
Losing it all everything completely unaware that a fear of fail
ure
Was the one thing that was taking me there
Fear of life fear of love fear of man failure to relate
How I and God and His voice to me would even begin to translate

So I wait to escape this condition of rationalizing my own dest
ruction
But I keep on listening to voices that don't deserve my discuss
ion

(chorus)

She's an artist alright
Capable of the most abstract stuff imaginable
And it's made personal for me
See she uses my mind as the canvas to create her manipulated pe
rspectives on life
So I'm the only one that can even see what I see
Until the art hits the heart and begins to take an outward expr
ession
Kind of like an involuntary confession of the soul
And who's in control
And how many minds have been painted by the hands of crafty irr
ationality
And have different paintings of reality hanging on the walls in
a fictional gallery

(chorus)

Actions speak louder than words
And I've come to find that I've been building on a design

That could only be found in my mind
Blind to the force behind what caused my accuracy to be tainted

Cuz my mind was smart enough to manipulate itself
But not smart enough to figure out it was being manipulated

(chorus)