

Silhouette

Amoral

With words she paints her silhouette
Unfocused shots to forget
Her thoughts laid out for all to go unread

Turns on the lights for you to see inside
Not a thing in her world that she wishes to hide now
The eyes bring comfort to her life

Where are the well-kept secrets, something not to know
The picture too precious to show

A man observers, confused he's shaking his head
Something he believed in turns out to be dead now
Pen to the paper, this is what it said

Spyglass turned obsolete
When all the world moved right next door
The writing on the wall came true
When the now became all that she knew

She gave herself away when handing over control
And placed a pricetag on her soul

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