

# On The Wall

## Chromatics

Unlike the mole  
I'm not in a hole  
And I can't see anyway  
Just like a doll  
I'm one foot tall  
But dolls can't see anyway

The frozen stare  
The clothes and hair  
These make me taste like a man  
Tied to a door  
Chained to a floor  
An hourglass grain of sand

Life in a sack  
Is coming back  
I'm like the clock  
I'm like the clock  
I'm like the clock  
On the wall  
On the wall  
On the wall  
On the wall

Swim in the sea  
Swim inside me  
But you can't swim far away  
I never grew  
Covered up by you  
And nothing grows anyway  
Anyway  
Anyway  
Anyway

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