

The Page

Chromatics

When the world changes to the place so cold
I wonder if I could be your mirror
These days they that no man is an island
But when I dream of who we were I slip away

Like the pages of the book I'd never get to write
On the eastside of the city
Where the ink is running dry
And if you love me like you say
Take this book and burn the page
The rain will wash away the ashes
On the eastside of my heart

Tomorrow when your eyes are growing old
And your reflection starts to turn so cold
I wonder if I could be your mirror
And together we could crack and break forever

Like the pages of the book I'd never get to write
On the eastside of the city
Where the ink is running dry
And if you love me like you say
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