

Picture of a Man

Dawes

In the depths of dizziness
I picked a fight with myself like a real roughneck
Screaming, "You don't know who you're dealing with."
I threw a hell of a punch but I couldn't connect

At the edge of a silhouette
I caught a glimpse of a face I will never forget
Speaking future words of an idiot
I understood them at once but didn't know what I meant

Be still or break everything in half
Find free will in a drawing of a bath
Kill what you want or save everything you can
Be still. You're the picture of a man

Oh, man, can you picture it? Picture of a man
Oh, man, can you picture it?

In the heat of an argument
I got tricked into saying that I knew how I felt
As if you give something a value just by naming it
I'd be a hell of a vendor if I knew who I'd sell

And at the end of everything relevant
I slowly emptied my lungs and watched the light sunset
Burning everything natural and negative
I inhaled it all and didn't know where I went

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