

Black Curtains

Days of the New

We left... we came home
Found nothing at the wizardry show
Fake magic calls for shutting doors
And throwing up those curtains

You got a different view
I don't see the same
I'm not trying to complain
Perception is the rhythm of our world

Days gone by, black curtains
Hide the sunshine from my eyes
Take this time, paint a picture
With my bleeding colors
Days gone by, black curtains
Hang them when it gets too bright
Take this time, take the picture
For your bleeding memories

So long, tomorrow's gone now
Throw it up now bring me your head now
You might be afraid of what you see
Cause you might just find ineffability

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Hide the sunshine from my eyes
Take this time, paint a picture
With my bleeding colors
Days gone by, black curtains
Hang them when it gets too bright
Take this time, take the picture now
Now show us your bleeding memories... yay ow

Yeah, well if you're coming let me know ahead of time
I will accommodate you well
Furnish you with your own colors
In your own way... yeah

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And I don't see the same
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