

## Beautiful Self

Eleven

Swollen fingers, gripping the brushes  
Sleepless hours, haunting the eyes of her youth  
She'll never stop rising from ashes  
Marvelling at her taste of ochre over crimson  
Salty water blows up the color beyond  
Breathing and crying, part of her dying  
As the sun bled the sky, it bled the sky...  
She loses her beautiful self to the world  
Loses her beautiful self to the world  
Loses her beautiful self to the world  
She loses her beautiful self to the world

Flaming reason, tripping her shot at the crowd  
Her life is an easel, framing what no one has found  
Breathing and crying, part of her dying  
As the sun bled the sky  
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As the sun bled the sky, it bled the sky  
She loses her beautiful self to the world  
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She loses her beautiful self to the world  
Loses her beautiful self to the world  
Loses her beautiful self to the world  
She loses her beautiful self  
The soil is never full enough  
She loses her beautiful self to the world