

Glass

Eyedeia

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By Eyedeia

I'm going to run from the voice of reason till it turns to laughter
Against the masquerade like I don't believe in the morning after.
The chronicles contain a few hidden chapters
We keep our mirrors dirty, in case vanity backfires.
Cold wind curtains turn to pain and eagerness
In one throw you could expose all of my weaknesses.
I'm putty in your hands
Kept my waves burning sand
Until you learn to look through a window that no one else can.
Charity
Clarity
Honesty
Excitement
Class
Falsely accused
Misconstrued
Anger
Sorrow
Happy
Machinery
Decisions
Collision
Instant gratification
Thinking to logic
Programmed to destruct
Goblins

What don't kill me will just make me crazier.
I'm so filthy; sorry you had to see me like this.
I sold you a lie, that showed through my eyes,
And told you to cry a stained glass suicide.
They slowly chisel down the walls we all hide behind,
It's only time before your secrets become weekend headlines.
But I'll be fine, suffocating on my own mask I just wish I could forget how
to read between the cracks
Unethical
Digested tunnel vision
Memento
Real diamond cut tested
Resurrected and perfected
I will respect the professionals
Head doctor
Head hunter
Scratch your surface
Lost somewhere
Accepted vulnerability
Transparent
Open for courtesy
Notice me
Your living in a world made of windows and mirrors
Visits safeguards cover crystallized tears
In and out different images same fear
One day it's going to shatter and I'll be right here
I'm living in a world made of windows and mirrors

Visits safeguards cover crystallized tears
In and out different images same fear
One day it's going to shatter, and I'll hold you right here.
See through my anxieties and insecurities
Rip out my insides
Put them on display encaged
In rage and break the bottle that I
Become I run I jump I throw completely
Shattered fractured captured
Glad I had the chance to be so helpless
See through my
Four-cornered window pain so plain and simple
Brain is crippled walking through a maze
When did I decide to be an object of reflection?
Crucified for all my imperfections
I answered every question
Peeling the tint off my confession

Please close your eyes
And bring in death
To pride
Let's bring in out glass in
Every single dream
And I don't miss a thing
Broken mirrors don't bring back love
They cherish image
How do I look any given day
You can kill me, if you rebuild me.
You wont, she wont, he won't
I gotta do it all alone again good by
You fled, no one ever said there was any piece came out of my head
I'm dead, everybody lies and plays in time before they're born again
Wipe my slate clean I want to skate upon your pretty reddish skin
Holler matrimony mope she broke and now we know enough about each other ever
ything is shattered