

Seven

Jarrod Alonge

Sew it on, face the fool
December's tragic drive, when time is poetry
And stolen the world outside, the waiting could crush my heart

You'll taste it, you'll taste it in time
You'll taste it, you'll taste it in time
You'll taste it, you'll taste it in time
You'll taste it, you'll taste it in time

The right words in time, in time
The right words in time

Sew it on, face the fool
The mirrors lie, those aren't my eyes, destroy them, raise my h
and
Reflected in savage shards, a new face, a soul reborn

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