

# Black

Mark Morton

Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay  
Were laid spread out before me as her body once did  
All five horizons revolved around her soul as the Earth to the  
Sun  
Now the air I tasted and breathed has taken a turn  
And all I taught her was everything  
I know she gave me all that she wore

And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass  
Of what was everything  
Oh, the pictures have all been washed in black  
Tattooed everything

I take a walk outside, I'm surrounded by some kids at play  
I can feel their laughter, so why do I sear?  
And twisted thoughts that spin around my head  
I'm spinning, I'm spinning, how quick the sun can drop away

And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass  
Of what was everything  
All the pictures have all been washed in black  
Tattooed everything

All the love gone bad turned my world to black  
Tattooed all that I see, all that I am, all I'll ever be

I know someday you'll have a beautiful life  
I know you'll be a star in somebody else's sky, but why  
Why, why can't it be, can't it be mine?  
We belong together