

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