

The Mirror

Metz

Give me something to believe in
Faces on the screen
It's not enough to watch the colours change
While we're tearing at the seams

And now they self prescribe a resolution
It's staring back at you
A better daze is surely never gonna come
Until we change the point of view, change the point of view

When you're done holding on
What's left of this play?
When I'm gone
What's become of you?

Pay no mind to the reflection
Just look the other way
The pages always fit together well
And everything's for sale

You know they don't believe in what they're selling
Forest from the trees
You know it's not enough to watch the colours change
Watch the faces on the screen, faces on the screen

When you're done holding on
What's left in this place for us?
When it's gone, turned it off
What becomes of all of us?
When you're done holding on
What's left of this place?
When it's gone
What becomes of you?

Feel the glow pull you down
Pull you down
Pull you down
Pull you down