

You Look Like a Sad Painting on Both Sides of the Sky

Money

Have you seen the disgrace?
The world wears the dawn like a day
Like a painting of a face
Whose features fade away
Puts it's mirrors in the dark
Points at your back and starts to laugh

In the meeting of this mire
I awake as if on fire
No my dawn was not put out
By some mistake was not put out
Unlike the dawn was not put out
And now it will never be put out
There will be music all around
When they put me in the ground
And the drunk whilst laughing, spoke
These words that I have wrote

'you look like a sad painting' he sighed
'on both sides of the sky'
As the room it roamed a throng
And the piano played a song

Outside the world is crucified
You must find something to be sacrificed to
To your love
Or to your lie