When Mickey Died

None More Black

I went back the other day.
Stayed a little longer cause I liked it.
times I thought of misery, turns out weren't so bad. Magenta is the last to fade.
Go figure.
It makes me warm; makes me believe that I can.

As long as my heart stays red, I can recreate the better part of me.

Lost pieces along the way; exponentially.
I wouldn't know where to begin to take inventory.
Some times have no affect on me.
Go figure.
Contrast is washed out, with nothing to show.

As long as my heart stays red, I can recreate the better part of me.

How will I remember this when it's time to feel.
With nostalgia? So much that I can't take it.
Take stock of waht's controlling me.
Make it better when there's time to kill.

The present isn't new to me.
It's all about reaction and the outcome.
Teachings tell me differently - that I'm just part of this.
Never took the time to see - while I was on the run - what I've done and who I've done it with.
I won't forget.

As long as my heart stays red, I can recreate the better part of me.

How will I remember this when it's time to feel.
With nostalgia? So much that I can't take it.
Take stock of waht's controlling me.
Make it better when there's time to kill.

It's like Philadelphia, 1999; skipped a few more classes to tow that social line.
Maybe I paid the price once, or maybe twice.
The last time that I checked, the butterfly's still in flight.
The direction could be different, knocked down along it's way.
As long as I'm still breathing.
I'll let it spread its wings.
I wouldn't change a thing.

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