

The Gray

Sharptooth

This is what we're told
It looks so simple from the
Black side, the white side
It's never meant to change
You see it's written on this page

Tell that to someone who's broken
Desperate to rewrite the past
But pages are just made of paper
Nothing can last

But this is what we're told
They strip us down to diagnosis and trauma
The things that we have seen
But there is so much more to me

But it takes
It takes

Tell that to someone who suffers
It's something that runs in their veins
Tell them the wiring's faulty
No hope for change

Black and white answers
For every question, every shade

But this is what we're told
It's absolutes and nothing
Sees in between all the lines we have drawn
But that's where we've lived all along

And they take, they take our power away
When we ignore all the shades of gray

I cannot give you the answers
The only thing certain is change
But black and white cannot define me
Even our matter is gray

I smashed apart my own skull
Ripped out the wires of old
I saw the gray and decided
I fill the fractures with gold

I filled the fractures with gold