

# Anything Box, Interleave

Anything Box  
The Diary: Page One  
Interleave  
(claude s.)

You turn your eyes into mine  
And i can see my cold reflection,  
Smiling as if everything was faltering.  
I could touch your skin so softly, as  
The breath of winter calls me 'innocent.'  
I hear you laughing...  
I hear you crying...  
As i watch your lips are moving,  
Saying words that bring me closer.  
If i shut my ears i hear them,  
Echoing as if they were inside my head.  
I hear you laughing...  
I hear you crying...  
I don't care about what they said,  
All i want is to do is hold your hand,  
See this through to the very end,  
Never count the hours we've spent  
As innocent.  
If i smile, i weep inside...  
If i laugh, i'm really frowning...