

Hatesphere, Picture This

my word is my pencil
and I'm painting my world
I've run out of colors
and now I am stuck
locked and I try to escape
my art is transparent
and I am still stuck
you better try to picture this
what have been will be again
what we have seen is not the end
the interlude of life we will all gain
every time you speak of strength
I see your weakness
your lies reflect the truth
with mirrors attached to our bodies
you keep looking in my face
please turn around
I want to feel the grace
what have been will be again
what we have seen is not the end
the interlude of life
we will all gain
God has been telling me a joke
now I'm laughing at myself
I thought my word was my boundary
the time is far beyond twelve
I cross the line when I draw it
(and then I break the mirrors, to me it would mean luck)
what have been will be again
what we have seen is not the end
the interlude of life
we will all gain