

# 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