

Staind, Black

Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay
Her face spread out before me, as her body once did
All five horizons revolved around her soul
As the earth to the sun
Now the air I tasted and breath has taken a turn
Ooh, and all I taught her was everything
Ooh, I know she gave me all that she wore
And now my bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds
Of what was everything?
Oh, the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...

I take a walk outside
And I'm surrounded by some kids at play
I can feel their laughter, so why do I sear
Oh, and twisted thoughts that spin around my head
I'm spinning, oh, I'm spinning
How quick the sun can, drop away

And now my bitter hands chained to broken glass
Of what was everything?
All the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...
All the love gone bad turned my world to black
Tattooed all I see, all that I am, all I'll ever be...yeah...

Uh huh...uh huh...ooh...
I know someday you'll have a beautiful life, I know you'll be the sun
In somebody else's skies, but why
Why, why can't it be, can't it be mine?