

# Age Of Electric, My Mistake

My stain glass soul, all consumed  
Drown in denial, choke on the truth  
My swollen tongue, has left me dumb  
Tune in on my confusion  
Bitter words, not meant to hurt  
Game over, start again  
Waiting, that was my mistake  
Timing, too little too late  
Courage is pressure over grace  
Freedom a smile, on tortured face  
My golden tongue, from blackened lung  
?My tears are the color of your tongue  
All's not well that ends not well  
The credits strike the side  
Waiting, that was my mistake  
Timing, too little too late  
I can't see you  
Won't you save your breath  
I can't hear you  
Won't you save your breath  
I can't hear you  
Won't you save your breath  
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