

Ane Brun, On/Off

I look in the mirror and
I am weaker than my reflection
This image is all I seek
As I restlessly wonder up a peek
So I turn it off
And on again
Just like the shifting lights
Of day and night in my doorway
And the memories
Of everything
Thats ever said and done
It makes it easier to leave it on
Monotomy makes me weary
Assurance awakes destructiveness
As I lie in my diary
To justify the choices I make
So I turn it off
And on again
Just like the shifting lights
Of day and night in my doorway
And the memories
Of everything
Thats ever said and done
It makes it easier to leave it on