

# Down To Earth Approach, Exhibit of the Year

Where you when I said "You remind me of a portrait in a dream"?  
So I'll say, "Cry, but your watercolors fade  
This ain't science baby, it's called creativity"  
If I move my hands right  
If I move my hands right would you see yourself disappear?  
I wash my filthy hands off  
As your watercolors stain my fingers red and black  
So, take my brushes off your portrait of a face  
'Cause I will paint your smile into obscurity  
Fill lips with black lines  
Darken your smile  
Layer paint upon paint until the words dry dead  
Deep in your mouth, a desert's dry air  
Layer pain upon paint like you were never there  
Would you see yourself disappear  
Like you were never there?