

Jupiter Sunrise, This Beauty

When your words come too easily for me to believe and this paint goes on too thinly to peel away,
I will find a silver lining sometime.
Blur my vision and I'll be fine. And I'll be fine

Burn the pages of the magazines,
I hate the way they look at me. With every smile and laugh, there's something I will always lack.
And maybe, just maybe,
an imperfected me will not be seen.

When your words burn forever in my mind and those greens and those blues seem too perfect to b
I will be fine,

I will be fine.

Burn the pages of the magazines,
I hate the way they look at me. With every smile and every laugh theres something I will always lac
And maybe just maybe an imperfected me will not be seen.

But I'll go on, yes I will be, And I'll be strong, fortunately this beauty's not clear to me to me to me, t

Burn the pages of the magazines I hate the way they look at me, With every smile and every laugh

And maybe just maybe just maybe this beauty will be clearer to me. to me. to me.