

Slow Coming Day, Watching It Fall Apart

Caught up in appearances.

What's on the outside is all that counts.

And through the mirror she can see deep into the heart of tragedy.

Watching it fall apart.

This cascading tower falls.

She drops to her knees in hopes to find tomorrow.

Billboards they reach the sky, decorated by star covered streets.

And picture perfect movie screens tell her who she should be.

Watching it fall apart.

This cascading tower falls.

She drops to her knees in hopes to find tomorrow.

Could she find, could she find the answer?