

# The Apex Theory, Mirrors

bite wants to sink into trouble  
in the dumb-side of your heart  
like a fiend reaching for you  
it's just inches from your war  
run to live under mirrors  
taste the sunspots of your words  
like a pen leads to something  
you leave behind

now here's your chance  
you've been running around  
like a porter

eyes love to sink in your trouble  
in the front side of your words  
like a blink thinking for you  
cause you're chewing up the world  
like a dead wind up hero  
leads to some kind of war  
in your head  
like a fishbowl  
i can see you hide

now here's your chance  
you've been running around  
like a porter

give in this gut of mine  
you're what comes to mind  
don't you wander off