

# The Morning Of, Grey Turning, Gold Turning Light

The gears inside me grind,  
To a rhythm that makes these sparks fly in my mind.  
I make myself beautiful with an absence of complexion.  
Cynical with hopes and dreams,  
My white flag is raised and in this scheme,  
I see the start to a new direction.  
Though failure is fleeting,  
Now the atmosphere's retreating  
Come on baby dive right in,  
Lets sin with a little skin on skin,  
Oh I've been knocking all night  
But you still won't let me in.  
Come on baby dive right in,  
Lets sin with a little skin on skin,  
Ill make you finish first  
And then I'll add your ego in.  
They scarcely corrugate the surface  
With a wind of accidental burden,  
We all wear lips that are cold bruised  
Overused in tales of racy pasquinade  
The wind might catch me,  
Capture and dispatch me