

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