

# Tilt, Land Of Fragments

Hold a beverage and  
A ruined reflection  
Underestimated  
My trajectory  
A single pane is  
All that separate us  
Thank goodness that  
The glass is gracious

How can this shattered  
Vessel hold up under  
Such close scrutiny?  
Cruel light is cracking  
Every mirror that  
Ever flattered my vanity

I'm the fairest in  
A land of fragments  
Target window stained  
With time's advancement  
I'll hold that note so high  
Or tie it to a brick  
And let it fly

You put up a brand new  
Sheet of see through  
A double thickness will  
Just break twice  
Cold air rushing in  
Through the fracture  
We saw the flaw  
In the glare