

Versus The Mirror

"Wood And Gold"

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Articulate the something that's inside me for
presentation to the masses...and prepare for the worst
as the glue on my heart comes unstuck and I fall to
pieces in the face of interrogation from "the other".
Reasons are hard to come by.....
When it's done, is it done?
And I tried and I tried and I tried to get something out
of this life.....
All laid out in front of me....
And I tried and I tried and I tried to assemble the parts
all in time, but they don't quite fit.
How much of this syntax is traceable to me and me
alone, is it all a whitewash? A second-hand parade of a
second-rate collection of the thoughts of others, and
nothing I could ever call my own. I'll look away, pretend
I didn't hear them open fire until I'm ripped to shreds.
Maybe I'll never understand, but it's alright.
And though my dreams are ringed with fire, it's alright.
I'd rather burn than drown.
(And I'll) live each day like it's my first or last.....
(I'm) held up by my hang-ups, destined not to reach my
destination. I'm contra all this diction, the vagueries of
words and their untruths and they are thorns which
catch inside my throat and tear me up and bring me
down and represent me to the world although they
come not from my heart, but from my mouth.
It's alright, I'd rather burn than drown.

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