

## **Aaron Lewis**

### **"Black"**

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Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay.  
Her legs spread out before me, as her body holds still.  
All five horizons, revolve around her soul - like the  
Earth to the Sun.  
Now the air I tasted and breathed, has taken a turn.

Pre-Chorus...

And all I taught her, was everything.  
I know she gave me all that she wore.

Chorus...

And now my bitter hands, shake beneath the clouds, of  
what was everything.  
All the pictures, have been washed in black, tattooed  
everything.

Verse...

I take a walk outside, I'm surrounded by some kids at  
play.  
I can feel their laughter, what can I say?

Pre-Chorus...

And twisted thoughts that spin 'round my head - I'm  
spinning, I'm spinning.  
How quick the Sun it can, drop away.

Chorus...

And now my bitter hands, cradle broken glass, of what  
was everything.  
All the pictures have been washed in black, tattooed  
everything.  
All my love gone bad, turned my world to black.  
Tattooed all I see, all that I am, all that I'll ever be.

I know some day you'll have a beautiful life, I know  
you'll be the Sun.  
In somebody else's skies, but why, why, can't it be

mine?

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