

## **Fighting Instinct**

### **"Picture Of A Key"**

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Sculptors Hands

At work spreads thin Clay over frames  
It's just what he wanted flawless skin-deep deep eyes  
to look with  
Mesmerize  
In blank stare  
He looks at his hands with hopeless fear as the clay  
crumbles down towards the earth

Bleed my thoughts on a picture that's lost will you be  
mine  
I locked the door that my trust is behind will you be  
mine  
Just not at this time

Cracked smile waves  
At the mirror tries to say  
That light is now clearer with eyes that pity self-  
reflection  
Throw away your movie tickets  
Wash away your romance kisses  
Collect the thoughts that keep it driven to be what I  
wanted to be

Bleed my thoughts on a picture that's lost will you be  
mine  
I locked the door that my trust is behind will you be  
mine  
Just not at this time

My Berlin wall surrounds the town once again  
The seas of fear from a hopeless man  
And to rise to king it was only the plan can you see me  
Can you read me  
Can you feel my love story

Bleed my thoughts on a picture that's lost will you be  
mine  
I locked the door that my trust is behind will you be  
mine  
Just not at this time

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