

Fighting Jacks

"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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