

## Flow "Perfect View"

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[Verse I]

The sun is blocking it all,  
How dark is that light,  
Yet behind there's a perfect view,  
How imperfect it is,  
Realizing themselves,  
They've been calling it,  
Is really all they're meant to do,  
They've been calling it.

[Verse II]

The village's lightened by moon,  
How dark is that light,  
Romantic scene, It's the perfect night,  
How imperfect it is,  
Winning immortality,  
They've been calling it,  
Is what they're all about to do,  
They've been calling it,

[Chorus]

How 'bout those distant smoke & dust poems?  
Do they bring back those painful memories?  
How would you like to be remembered?  
Dreading? Dreaded? Or maybe, rather deep?

[Verse III]

Naivety's simply dropped,  
How dark was that night,  
Left behind was a perfect mess,  
How imperfect it was,  
The night was just marked right there,  
They've been calling it,  
The night of pain in the village of death.

[Chorus]

How 'bout those distant smoke & dust poems?  
Do they bring back those painful memories?  
How would you like to be remembered?  
Dreading? Dreaded? Or maybe, rather deep?

