

In:Aviate

"The Saints We Portray"

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You will run and I will hide. You'll be scared of what you
find
A clock that ticks but won't keep time
A heart that beats just to break
Such flawless fashion sense appealing to the camera
lens until the light suspends and seals your fate
Step back, let it fall into place. Out of focus, out of
place
Somehow we fit the frame
The saints that we portray appear shattered on window
panes
Place me in your gallery, I'll be your novelty for all
those starving eyes to see
This seals your fate
Step back, let it fall into place
Oh, seductress you're ever so seductive
We're dancing in the sky, up, down, around, left to
right
The saints that we portray rearrange to fit the frame
Watch the world curve and slip away
I'm not afraid to die, I'm just afraid I might lead an
unlived life and leave this world with empty eyes

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