

## Casey Stratton "Projector"

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Gone is the sense of safety  
I'm on the edge of a cliff  
I'm tossing my love over  
Listening for the sound of impact  
Scenes shown with your projector  
Images focused on the memory  
You and I in circles  
Over and over

I need you to let me go  
This is the only place to hide  
So you turn me around to face  
My certain disgrace is here now

Can you remember back then?  
We used to click into each other  
Thought it would be so easy  
To live in harmony  
But time played a nasty trick  
Years brought on a bitter taste  
I didn't see it coming  
So I denied it

Silly me so used to having my way  
I couldn't contain my surprise  
Funny me so used to knowing what to say  
I couldn't remain in something that would suffocate my  
passion  
And kill my pride

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