

Ladytron "Mirage"

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Footsteps cross the schoolyard,
Holding hands with a mirage.
You don't listen,
You do not exist.

Image of a suggestion,
The broken ball in question.
Through shattered mirror,
Enter caravan.

New mirage, mirage
It seems to me.
Or maybe stop feeling
You do not exist.

Train tracks through the desert
Sad eyes, little puppet
You don't listen,
You do not exist.

Happy not to notice.
The room retracts the focus,
Where you cannot see.
Reflections from within.

New mirage, mirage
It seems to me.
Or maybe stop seeing.
You do not exist.

Or maybe stop feeling.

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