

Secondperson "Metal"

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I see myself from many angles
This room has got so many mirrors
I am among an alphabet of angels
But nothing is at it appears

Sweet alchemy
Take away my misery
Sweet alchemy
Take away the agony I made for me

One by one the stars are going out
And the sun has no-one to laugh about
Less light in the candle chandelier
How low will I go before I disappear
How low will I go
Before I disappear

I am possessed of twin opinions
Each one lies heavy on my chest
I peel away at them like onion skins
But they continue to coexist
When I am sensible and settled
I'd like to try and wish him well
But when I'm full of heavy metal once again
All the pride inside me would give him hell

Sweet alchemy
Take away my misery
Sweet alchemy
Take away the agony I made for me

Heavy metal well it gets inside
No matter how decisively or nice you slice it
It insinuates until the driest ice
Has taken every synapse for it's own devices
How low will I go

Throat is coated with these frozen crystals
Notes you hold are only broken whistles
Slick as sequins are the icicles glistening
I think his kisses were sick as strychnine

Chorus

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