

Shades Of Fiction

"All Over Her Flesh"

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This i'll never show, cause I found a pathway home...
In a dark hiding place, blooms a rose...
Deep in subtle shades, eternity fades away...
Through our fingers with time, but we're holding on...
Complicate, these simple stones, they map it out...
To fools gold...

Tell me am I sane, or tell me should I go...
Or box and forget these broken bones and my foolish
soul...
Holding on, though it cannot be our secret lives and
fantasies...

I fell, fell out of grace, grounded, scar on my fate...

This i'll never show, I found a pathway home...
In that dark hiding place, I think they're on to me...

Everybody's right, I'm better off alone watching this
world fall apart...
But I'm holding on...

I fell, fell out of grace, grounded, scar on my fate...
Scar on my fate, scar on my face...

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