

## The Apathy Eulogy

### "Mirrors"

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Bite wants to sink into trouble  
In the dumb-side of your heart  
Like a fiend reaching for you  
It's just inches from your war  
Run to live under mirrors  
Taste the sunspots of your words  
Like a pen leads to something  
You leave behind

Now here's your chance  
You've been running around  
Like a porter

Eyes love to sink in your trouble  
In the front side of your words  
Like a blink thinking for you  
Cause you're chewing up the world  
Like a dead wind up hero  
Leads to some kind of war  
In your head  
Like a fishbowl  
I can see you hide

Now here's your chance  
You've been running around  
Like a porter

Give in this gut of mine  
You're what comes to mind  
Don't you wander off

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