

The Apers

"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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