

## The Morning Of "Grey Turning Gold, Turning Light"

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The gears inside me grind,  
to a rhythm that makes these sparks fly in my mind.  
I make myself beautiful with an absence of  
complexion.  
Cynical with hopes and dreams,  
my white flag is raised and in this scheme,  
I see the start to a new direction.'

Though failure is fleeting,  
now the atmosphere's retreating

Come on baby dive right in,  
lets sin with a little skin on skin,  
oh i've been knocking all night  
but you still won't let me in.  
Come on baby dive right in,  
lets sin with a little skin on skin,  
ill make you finish first  
and then i'll add your ego in.

they scarcely corrugate the surface with a wind of  
accidental burden,  
we all wear lips that are cold bruised overused in tales  
of racy pasquinade

The wind might catch me,  
capture and dispatch me

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