

Deaf Club "Mirrors"

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These maps are folded, these letters waiting
All written out but too late for sending
The pictures comfort, with equal aching
Just like the mirrors, just like the paintings

Can you hear the sound?
A fitting and glittering hold on this town
It doesn't surprise me at all
You know echoes are all I need to be content
But when will the rising waves come to an end?

Don't paint let's just draw, see where I'm looking?
This painless hunger, the neck I'm wringing
So walk white with chalk, and run red with hating
Cos the blueness of this month is fading

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It doesn't surprise me at all
You know echoes are all I need to be content
But when will the rising waves come to an end?

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