

Percy Shaw

"This Accident"

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It's not physical my minds mayhem. It's so subtle.
Lines and colors. Textures. Nothing beats this fear.
Poetry becomes one line on lies and smiles.

I don't want to be in that place. A finished work of art.
Smooth, Polished in a cold stand. I'd rather be a paper
cut.

I've written away from lines to be free in a black screen.
Sheared. Alive. I Breathe. Bleed. Bled. Woke.
Nothing to say. Your cheeks turning white. New hope.
You're dressed in white on an operating table.
I drove you to the hospital.

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