

Emily's Army

"Snapshot"

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You once got away with words at the house of the
wayward son
Black and white all over
Not fit for the purid soul of one

Skies above the trees are graffiti painted gold
Another win for the heart of the old

Snapshot of reflection for it's past
Just a misconception the coming of a reelection
(Snapshot of reflection)

Nothing on the screen except for painted black
Another foot note
Another broken glass

Nothing in my head nothing on my mind
Nothing in my brain nothing I could find

Snapshot of reflection for it's past
Just a misconception the coming of a reelection
(Snapshot of reflection)

Snapshot of reflection for it's past
Just a misconception the coming of a reelection
(Snapshot of reflection)

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