

## Honorary Title, The "The Smoking Pose"

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With the color in your eyes ablaze,  
Sleeping but awake,  
Desperately, you're searching for remains,  
To feed that part of you  
Crawling and scratching,  
Sifting through ashes,  
Your fingers are blistered,  
Right down to the filter,  
The blistering that carved that shape in your all night.

With your chin down to your chest,  
Speech drooling, out in a mesh,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of what  
you mean,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of how  
you seem.

Your eyes were just blatant hints at your elevation,  
Allowing the two of you, completion.

With your chin down to your chest,  
Speech drooling, out in a mesh,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of what  
you mean,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of how  
you seem.

Sing your throat when the door is open,  
Beneath the smoke I can see that,  
Sing your throat when the door is open,  
Beneath the smoke I can see thatâ€¦!

With your chin down to your chest,  
Speech drooling, out in a mesh,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of what  
you mean,  
Of baritone slurs, incomprehensible, unaware of how  
you seem.

Your eyes were just blatant hints at your elevation,  
Your eyes were just blatant hints at your elevation.

I can see that you have come alive again.

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