

The Apex Theory "Mirrors"

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bite wants to sink into trouble
in the dumb-side of your heart
like a fiend reaching for you
it's just inches from your war
run to live under mirrors
taste the sunspots of your words
like a pen leads to something
you leave behind

now here's your chance
you've been running around
like a porter

eyes love to sink in your trouble
in the front side of your words
like a blink thinking for you
cause you're chewing up the world
like a dead wind up hero
leads to some kind of war
in your head
like a fishbowl
i can see you hide

now here's your chance
you've been running around
like a porter

give in this gut of mine
you're what comes to mind
don't you wander off

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