

Morning Of, the "Grey Turning, Gold Turning Light"

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The gears inside me grind, to a rhythm that makes
these sparks fly in my mind.
I make myself beautiful with an absence of
complexion.
Cynical with hopes and dreams, my white flag is raised
and in this scheme,
I see the start to a new direction.

Though failure is fleeting, now the atmosphere's
retreating.

Come on baby dive right in, let's sin with a little skin on
skin,
oh i've been knocking all night but you still won't let me
in.
Come on baby dive right in, let's sin with a little skin on
skin,
ill make you finish first and then i'll add your ego in.

they scarcely corrugate the surface with a wind of
accidental burden,
we all wear lips that are cold bruised overused in tales
of racy pasquinade

The wind might catch me, capture and dispatch me.

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