

LORD KNOWS, THE FICTION HAS WORN OUT

Music: Martinsen/Schau

Lyrics: Schau

There are times when I am barely able
To do a decent impersonation of myself
All the fiction has worn out
And taking breaks to go outside and cry don't help

The look life chose for me
First a sentence, then a trial
Sure as hell ain't me
Full disclosure, then denial

All the scars I see
Are defense wounds
I'll keep on staring at the mirror until I find the right face staring back

Guess I should be thankful for the seasons
They confirm that time is actually moving on
Cause no hard evidence says I'm alive
It's the mirror that insists that I'm not gone

The look life chose for me
First a sentence, then a trial
Sure as hell ain't me
Full disclosure, then denial

All the scars you see
Are defense wounds
I'll keep on staring at the mirror until I find the right face staring back

I'm like that wounded bird in a shoebox
Lined with tissue paper
Left out on the balcony
So it won't die now, but later