

## The Page

### Chromatics

When the world changes to the place so cold  
I wonder if I could be your mirror  
These days they that no man is an island  
But when I dream of who we were I slip away

Like the pages of the book I'd never get to write  
On the eastside of the city  
Where the ink is running dry  
And if you love me like you say  
Take this book and burn the page  
The rain will wash away the ashes  
On the eastside of my heart

Tomorrow when your eyes are growing old  
And your reflection starts to turn so cold  
I wonder if I could be your mirror  
And together we could crack and break forever

Like the pages of the book I'd never get to write  
On the eastside of the city  
Where the ink is running dry  
And if you love me like you say  
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