

## Mirrors

## Microwave

Feet on the side mirror  
With a sunset in the rearview  
I'm coming back  
Back to the state, to a constant state of crisis

Because what do you do once you're safe  
And you find that everything you wanted is everything you hate?

Time hasn't been kind  
It's been building up under our eyes  
But we've got time still we'll figure it out  
We've taken it this far so why stop now?

Show me some teeth, I want to feel it  
I need something worth keeping a secret  
I need something