

Mirror Tricks

The Awakening

feeling like these photo-scenes
your world is black and in-between
the paradox you call your life
you stop to cry
i picked up where
they left off and
held you 'til you
were alive and
now the room is mirror-tricks and dappled light
and if you walk away - i won't understand
you were like a work of art - that
had its canvas torn apart and
found itself an icon
in its disarray
i was just an afterthought
who practised everything he taught
but innocence can sometimes
be an enemy
every phase is something new
with your eyes away from mine
oh this isn't living proof
it's only borrowed time
i'm here waiting for you