

# Falling Out Of View

Holly Brook

Tell me what good will it do  
To paint it red or blue  
When inside it's burnt and black  
Will the light ever come back?

It's been twenty days or more  
And I'm still lying on the floor  
I would give up anything  
Just to hear you sing

We've been killing off the days  
Now there's nothing more to say  
And the bullets of your words  
No longer seem to hurt

We're like strangers in our own land  
Falling out of view

Once it was a dream  
Like a dress worn by a queen  
Now it's so hard to believe  
One broken thread can tear the seam

After everything we had  
All the good and all bad  
I'm beginning to believe  
That I don't know who I am

We're like strangers in our own eyes  
Falling out of view