

## Feed from the Floor

AFI

Dust on dust, in a new room,  
First impressions of the sun  
Burnt the skin now are buried.  
We've been staring up too long.

Eyes gone dry. No more tears.  
Salt and shame upon my tongue.  
Dust on dust, drying flowers.  
We've been coming here too long.

Here in the golden mirror  
Watch every word you say  
Shatter and find a way  
To cut like golden days.

Flesh on flesh on the dry earth.  
Our reflections are the same -  
Wearing dust, match the desert.  
Past is captured as it's made

In your image, like an actress  
Lying to protect her age.  
Dust on lens. Dying flowers.  
We shall not return again.

Here in the golden mirror  
Watch every word you say  
Shatter and find a way  
To cut like golden days.

You're watching as I fade,  
Fading as I'm watching every word I say,  
Loving how I fade, wilting like a flower  
Knowing that the rain...

That the rain may fall too late.  
It can't revive my dying flowers.  
Oh the rain may fall...  
Too late. This is our final hour.

Here in the golden mirror  
Watch every word you say  
Shatter and find a way  
To cut like golden days.

You're watching as I fade,  
Fading as I'm watching every word I say,  
Loving how I fade, wilting like a flower  
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