

## Still Black

Anacrusis

My touch means nothing, it's just a sympathetic mock embrace  
This pity for you leaves nothing but a bitter taste  
Persistent lies, nothing but useless words of waste  
Your voice seems harmless through these softened tones of grey  
But grey is still black

Your face is nothing but a transparent fixture  
Perception is nothing but a distorted picture  
Expectations are taking in the deceptive mixture  
Your substance is nothing but a lightened shade of grey  
But grey is still black

A carousel of vanity  
Apparently persuading me  
Still all the while evading me  
Accepting all, believing none  
Always pretending we are one  
So meaningless

Intentions mean nothing, it's only for the one inside  
Regression prevented, carried on the truthless tide  
Cold breath, mistaken, whispers with a senseless pride  
Your front is nothing, nothing but misted cloud of grey  
But grey is still black

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Your face is nothing...  
Perception is nothing...  
Expectations are taking...  
Your substance is nothing but a lightened shade of grey  
But grey is still black