

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