

Interleave

Anything Box

You turn your eyes into mine
And I can see my cold reflection,
Smiling as if everything was faltering.
I could touch your skin so softly, as
The breath of winter calls me 'innocent.'
I hear you laughing...
I hear you crying...
As I watch your lips are moving,
Saying words that bring me closer.
If I shut my ears I hear them,
Echoing as if they were inside my head.
I hear you laughing...
I hear you crying...
I don't care about what they said,
All I want is to do is hold your hand,
See this through to the very end,
Never count the hours we've spent
As innocent.
If I smile, I weep inside...
If I laugh, I'm really frowning...