

Pink

Boris

I knew that but I chose it
You knew that but you chose it
You chose it after ignoring why, with no time to look
back
No eyes to meet, but a smile you made
What color would I use to paint all over
To open your eyes
In a line, trying to kill off the dizziness
In an agony, trying to make the reason
In a line, without averting the eyes as always
Knowing the reaction, making an empty attempt to make the
reason
The reason why, well...I can't tell
And such a smile
My eyes are...just reflecting
And such a smile
Painful smile
Following the line
It's all so superficial, all these eye-contacts
that are going back to the lies
in a line, as always, without averting the eyes
Knowing the reaction, making an empty attempt to make the
reason
Already I knew it