

I think her gun's  
unloaded now.  
I guess tomorrow  
will be after all?  
Who made me judge  
and jury here?  
It seems I'm bearing  
witness to her fall.

I don't know why  
she cries to me.  
(she keeps her pain  
as company)  
'Cause it's only time  
before we all must  
bleed.

Mirrors of her  
memory  
Reflect nothing with  
each word she says.  
Her views have got  
me spinning 'round.  
I think she's burning  
alters in her head.