

## Insincerity as an Artform

### Further Seems Forever

It's been a long time since I felt the rain upon my head  
It's been a long time since I felt the rain upon my head  
A moment in separation the foreground don't seem so bright  
These angels in my head are in between the shadow and the light  
.  
Were my arms to short to ransom you from broken skin and black  
and blue  
Unstitch your eyes so you could read this forever  
Dead and broken and I'm backwards turned to love  
My heart in a box I send you  
for a sky held up by stars  
Were my arms to short to ransom you from broken skin and black  
and blue  
Unstitch your eyes so you could read this forever  
It's been a long time since I felt the rain upon my head  
Your varying degrees of grayness tugging the deepest of heartst  
rings.  
Were my arms to short to ransom you from broken skin and black  
and blue  
Unstitch your eyes so you could read this forever  
Were my arms to short to ransom you from broken skin and black  
and blue  
I'll stitch your eyes so you could read this forever.