Oh it's so easy
When parts take over
My conversation
Is nothing more than lies

You're just the viewer So cold and distant I've no intentions Of saying "I love you"

My conversation

We are not gods
We are not men
We are not making claims
We are only boys

You are not strong You are not force You are not regular You are just wrong

There are no faces
This is my complex
You are my picture
I call you 'mirrors'

These are not my tears Not my reflection Am I a photo? I can't remember

My conversation