

Truth

George

She always said it was difficult to be jealous
Of something that wasn't really there, I thought I knew love
But I was simply trying to convince myself of it
Trying to justify and prove myself

Finding your own love of yourself
And sharing it with another love, your truth sears through me like
like a giddy rush
But like a too sharp knife as well its hurting me
It's not so scary, its is liberating, it is truth

I see your truth and you see mine, we shock ourselves with the
imagery
Only cause I hold up the mirror and I show you me and you show
yourself

I think it's called truth, I know that it's right
In all its splendid beauty and vivid gain
I think it's called truth, I think its deserves
To bring beautiful glory with necessary pain

You do not make me feel complete
Just pain of another whole that halved is another wonderful self
Joined in a beautiful mystery journey
A snake finding legs and horse learning to sit a while

Making mistakes along the way and hurting another is a part for
the course
If you are following your own, which of course you need to do
As broken winds are mended and we watch us fly

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