

Falling Out Of View

Holly Brook

Tell me what good will it do
To paint it red or blue
When inside it's burnt and black
Will the light ever come back?

It's been twenty days or more
And I'm still lying on the floor
I would give up anything
Just to hear you sing

We've been killing off the days
Now there's nothing more to say
And the bullets of your words
No longer seem to hurt

We're like strangers in our own land
Falling out of view

Once it was a dream
Like a dress worn by a queen
Now it's so hard to believe
One broken thread can tear the seam

After everything we had
All the good and all bad
I'm beginning to believe
That I don't know who I am

We're like strangers in our own eyes
Falling out of view