

## Metal

### Second Person

I see myself from many angles  
This room has got so many mirrors  
I am among an alphabet of angels  
But nothing is at it appears

Sweet alchemy  
Take away my misery  
Sweet alchemy  
Take away the agony I made for me

One by one the stars are going out  
And the sun has no-one to laugh about  
Less light in the candle chandelier  
How low will I go before I disappear  
How low will I go  
Before I disappear

I am possessed of twin opinions  
Each one lies heavy on my chest  
I peel away at them like onion skins  
But they continue to coexist  
When I am sensible and settled  
I'd like to try and wish him well  
But when I'm full of heavy metal once again  
All the pride inside me would give him hell

Sweet alchemy  
Take away my misery  
Sweet alchemy  
Take away the agony I made for me

Heavy metal well it gets inside  
No matter how decisively or nice you slice it  
It insinuates until the driest ice  
Has taken every synapse for its own devices  
Throat is coated with these frozen crystals  
Notes you hold are only broken whistles  
Slick as sequins are the icicles glistening  
I think his kisses were sick as strychnine

Sweet alchemy  
Take away my misery  
Sweet alchemy  
Take away the agony I made for me