

You Got a Death Wish, Johnny Truant?

The Fall of Troy

Wake the sun, so the stars can shine above what we define...

(Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait!)

Can you still see, what you first saw in me?

Or are the words caught up in your teeth?

(Why!? Why!? Why!? Why!? Why!?)

Staring at your glass smile.

The one you know that we are just dying to see.

Cut apart the words, forgetting everything, forever contradicting...