

# The Breaking

Theatre of Tragedy

I see their face in the mirror suit, a hazy image in a sea of noise

Formations fixed and dimming, shapes slowly shifting  
Into a metal model display

Insight is failing, she's lost control  
As a new dawn fades, she breaks apart  
Minutes like decades, this day seems without an end  
Even trees in winter never looked so sad

A sparkling in the window pane, a hidden glimmer of the timid pain  
Reflections blurred by fumes  
Non-stop passers-by come and go from yesterday  
They're all awake with unsounded words  
Reposed in faux of life's splendour  
Some bright translation errors reset the time and scene  
I'm versed enough to know they always sleep