

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