

Opaque

Thrice

when you can want something you hate,
and lie in perfect honesty
from every angle things are crystal clear
when you doubt things of which you're sure
something seems just beyond your hand
you wonder if your living second rate
is my mind too open,
is my heart still beating
do my eyes betray a hint of loneliness
or an ambiguity,
i only want to see the light
when every word makes perfect sense
in every single line you read
but every single line seems to conflict
and the perspectives that i see
a picasso reality
i'm seeing truth through sheets of opaque glass
where does reason stop, and romance begin
i feel the ghosts hitchhiking on the wind
and since when did following your heart become a sin,
I only want to see the light