

# Boris, Pink

I knew that, but I chose it  
You knew that, but you chose it  
You chose it after ignoring why, with no time to look back  
No eyes to meet, but a smile you made  
What color would I use to paint all over  
To open your eyes  
In a line, trying to kill off the dizziness  
In an agony, trying to make the reason  
In a line, without averting the eyes, as always  
Knowing the reaction, making an empty attempt to make the reason  
'The reason why...well, I can't tell'  
And such a smile  
'My eyes are...just reflecting'  
And such a smile,  
painful smile  
Following the line, It's all so superficial, all these eye-contacts  
that are going back to the lies  
In a line, as always, without averting the eyes  
Knowing the reaction, making an empty attempt to make the reason  
'Already, I knew it.'