

## Full Spectrum

Cover up what can't be moved, and pack up all that's small  
Elbows bent, taping off, and wiping down the walls  
Spackle holes and apply the prime, taking time to treat the wounds  
Your preparation makes or breaks how well you paint a room

I hope that you can trade the eyes of youth  
I hope that you can trade the eyes of youth  
For full spectrum truth

There was a time when they painted your life white  
They never really knew you even though the coat was light  
When the peeling of the picture started it stripped more than just the paint  
No longer on the color wheel, the opposite of a saint

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A stylized illusion of myself in monochrome  
A face-saving work of fiction penned in an omniscient home  
A mosaic made of memories, out of context, out of touch  
With reality to think you see so far and know so much

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For full spectrum truth

You cover up what can't be changed, and rearrange the scene  
You stage the room to suit the tune you hope that they'll believe  
But a coat of paint will fade, revealing secrets that you kept  
Just like body language gives away a wordsmith so adept

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