

Speed Of Film

Elliott

Turn around.
Turn to me.
Maybe you're the one who's overrated.
This painted town is blinding me,

Silver shock in its glow.
Trust the moving colors.
Trust the random actions.
This normal life,

It's not so simple.
Gate our conversation from their armored rumors.
This normal life is not so simple.
Predatory profiling is causing me to change shape.

Form their own illusions,
Form of metamorphosing.
It's escaping me to keep it in.
Let it all fall simple.

Let the color wash away.
Your motor sensors let them in to stimulate the moments,
This time it's not your timing,
This time it's not your timing.

Flash forms of skin and ink are marvels of the new world.
This time it's not your timing.