

We are jigsaw pieces aligned on the perimeter edge  
Interlocked through a missing piece  
We are renaissance children becalmed beneath the bridge of sighs  
Forever throwing firebrands at the stonework  
We are siamese children related by the heart  
Bleeding from the surgery of initial confrontation  
Holding the word-scalpels on trembling lips

Stand straight, look me in the eye and say goodbye  
Stand straight, we've drifted past the point of reasons why  
Yesterday starts tomorrow, tomorrow starts today  
The problems always seem to be  
We're picking up the pieces on the ricochet

Drowning tequila sunsets, stowaways on midnight ships  
Refugees of romance plead asylum from the real  
Scrambling distress signals on random frequencies  
Forever repatriated on guilt-laden morning planes  
We are pilots of passion sweating the flight on course  
To another summit conference, another breakfast-time divorce  
Screaming out a ceasefire, snowblind in an avalanche zone

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Are we trigger happy? russian roulette in the waiting room  
Empty chambers embracing the end  
Puzzled visions haunt the ripples of a trevi moon  
Dream coins for the fountain, or to cover your eyes  
We reached ignition point from the sparks of pleasantries  
Sensed the smoke advancing from horizons  
You must have known that I was planning an escape

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