

Cruel Tricks Of The Light

Grammatics

In the hand and in the sleight, all the cruel tricks of
the light.

And in the cancel of the hum, in the ringing finally
gone.

You cool my blood until it creeps,
Build the tension and release under an inter-
constellation fracas.

We're getting older, getting older and slower...

A slow wave and slower in motion,
You crash with music and maths, syllables and graphs.
Braving the elements to swim,
A cold current to carry me in, I'm ready to begin again.

I'm ready to begin again.

Now and every shining time you were ghostly and mine,
I was the pallor of your dreams and a harbour of fears.
I'll be a cheat, be a lay, these are no halcyon days,
And a heart caught in suspended animation,
And getting slower, getting older, slower.

A slow wave and slower in motion,
You crash with music and maths, syllables and graphs.
Braving the elements to swim,
A cold current to carry me in, I'm ready to begin again.

I'm ready to begin again.