

# Patterns Of A Diamond Ceiling

Marnie Stern

I am not looking to find a pot of gold  
I will paint you a picture that's inside my head  
First I must carve out a place  
Picture yourself carving out a place in a room  
Now look up there's the diamond ceiling  
Look up now, this is what it sounds like

Around you is a solitude trilogy  
And glass slippers are on your feet  
When I say go  
You'll here the solitude trilogy come in clearly  
Go  
Now look down the glass slippers are on your feet  
This is what they sound like as they meet  
Now walk in the self-eaters  
Their sound is much clearer  
Here  
So you sit down and start to think of ideas of the north  
But in walk the latecomers  
They back shuffle forwards  
Their sound is weird

I am not looking to find a pot of gold  
The picture in my head is my reward  
Go

Around you is a solitude trilogy  
And glass slippers are on your feet  
When I say go  
You'll here the solitude trilogy come in clearly  
Go  
Now look down the glass slippers are on your feet  
This is what they sound like as they meet  
Now walk in the self-eaters  
Their sound is much clearer  
Here  
So you sit down and start to think of ideas of the north  
But in walk the latecomers  
They back shuffle forwards  
Their sound is weird

See how easy to dream a scheme of sounds in your head  
We must dream on. We must dream on  
You see the pieces fall away from the outer shell  
We must dream on. We must dream on

So you see, I am not looking to find a pot of gold  
The picture in my head is my reward  
The picture in my head is my reward  
Go