

## Lovestone Blind

### Psychotic Waltz

where does the weather go when i see blue around the gold  
circling the atmosphere in california clear ?  
where does the time go when today turns into long ago ?  
where are all the colors when a rainbow disappears ?

someone's singing today i really don't know, i will never  
light the night to make it like the day, it really won't glow  
it really won't  
never mine i really don't mind i really don't care  
i really don't  
make a line to make it mind the time, they really won't go  
were they ever ?

i stand surrounded here, imaginary interfere  
supersonic architecture spanish castle cream  
press my hands against my ears to try to make the voices clear  
an acrobatic, symphonatic helicopter scream

all that shines will come in time  
never mind all that's left behind  
lovestone blind, well still is mine  
here i find all my peace of mind

how they look into the eyes of a silver screen can of lies  
the city streets are the golden cage of the sleeping flies  
wings pounding to the concrete dance of the stamping shoes  
gold seeping from the hand of the unamused  
down through the smoke to the trash scattering the ground  
cut through the smell of the sirens screaming from the town  
kneeling down to the healing fix of a hyperdermic crucifix  
hanging from the choking throats of giant stack of broken brick  
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