Morning sun begins the day Mothers child has gone away Locked inside the game that they taught him all to play Closet city sleeping pretty tired from the day And if he leaves the tiny porch light dim He'll keep the dogs at bay Snotty little brat he plays Never puts his toys away Breaks the ones he's used if they don't sparkle anymore Dollies in the playhouse kissing All their little heads are missing Chop their tiny hands with this thing That's what daddy bought them for Red and White's turned blue today I laugh to dry the tear away Sitting in my ceilings face This boiling rainbow webbing place Smiles soft anger feeling shapes Of mouths and hands in sonic scapes Fingers spanning psychic burning Black Sabbath record turning Pools of vision, understanding Forms absorb to keep from laughing Climb the walls, half inside them Other side, air is thin there Friends inside pull me to them Cannot keep from laughing, laughing Ripples from the portholes making contact Center bending circles Growing echoes of each other Float reflections of this covered consciousness Inside this eggshell Masterpieces scattered not well spoken Yet still undertaken Tiny streams of orchestration Flow into this fisheye car ride Leaning close to catch his good side Tiny streams of orchestration