

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