

Postcards from...

Robots in Disguise

Sea, dark, indigo and deep
Horizon straighter than it's ever seemed
Aqua, a cure to the touch
On my way from Praslin to Mahé
Space, blue bright, split in view
Breathing shapes out in verdure
In easy company I can be
In Mesnibus time hangs lightly
None so small, none too sure
None so small, none too sure
Sky, off white, city full
Constrict to construct, shift the scene
Held up, tied down, pushed around
Seasons slurred on the Harrow Road
None so small, none too sure
None so small, none too sure
None so small, none too sure
None so small, none too sure