

Green Screens

Sleeping at Last

If only worry could make it change,
Suddenly our world would take new shape;
On miles and miles of green screens
Love hangs on invisible strings.

So roll up your sleeves,
This could take some time.
Everything waits on assembly lines - but not here.
In the emergence of plan,
We'll be surrounded by hands.

The storyboard outlines our escape
And second guesses will be erased;
On the cutting room floor
Everything falls into place.

If only our futures could be tamed,
Suddenly our past would have no say.
And in the emergence of film, pouring overhead,
Our bodies relearn how to feel.
And somehow the screen embodies every ideal
As the orchestra so sweetly reveals,
And the background artist carries us there...
The conflict compliments repair.

We're all on the edge of our seats,
We're all on the edge of our seats
Until the end.