

## Storms over Parades

Socratic

The clouds drew dark as I rolled in  
I sat down next to a man with five empty cups in front of him  
He said "aren't you a little too young to be alone in these parts"

If being alone is completely lost then I guess I am

The storms carried me home, over parades  
The people caught colds, from the pouring rain  
When you sit on this lawn, you are not in order  
This painting's ready for it

At the age of six is when I started talking  
At the age of ten is when I started walking  
They told me I would never get to fully express myself  
And any place that I wanted to go I could only go in my mind, so...

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And I'll take the hands that gently sweeps across the planes of  
your physique  
Retire them into stables with horses that no one has rode  
The planes always pass my body and cast the darkest shadow  
If I told you where I was heading, you still wouldn't follow

The storms carried me home, over parades  
The people caught colds, from the pouring rain  
When you sit on this lawn, you are not in order  
This paintings never framed us together  
I'm missing from your pictures these days