

Sunday Matinee (Reel To Reel)

The Sleeping

Scented a rose, and as the shocked machines still scanning pavements screen, ground with siren eyes. Sounding through blinding sight. Piecing of pieces fit. Shifting the overwhelming. Fault lines now open.

Now I can't forget (buried in pain and thought, just because i wasn't there)

Slide show incarcerated with grief and I know times have changed in our eyes. That's for sure, so I quit. This is bad news another album going nowhere, going nowhere.

Now, without you, I can't.

Eyes, slides are spinning. Toss, the ground is gone, dizzy and overthrown. Slide my feelings, my eyes away.