

Slow Motion

Throes Of Dawn

And life spins in slow motion
faded pictures of you
lie scattered
all over the floor
Sedatives and memories
the daylight left behind
Searing into grey opium dreams

I held the moment
the wordless sequence
Saw the death of reason
the endless Spiral down

Years ago
through our futile juvenile eyes
We watched
as the days caught fire
The constant noise
of the burning world
Growing ever
louder and louder

I held the moment
the wordless sequence
Saw the death of reason
the endless Spiral down
Down
Down
Down

There's a place
where the wounds grow
Beyond the reach of words
Where the dreams lie suspended
in slow motion

Breathing in and out
these pictures come
in violent repetition
Somewhere down
in the immaculate depths

Distorted and false

You come to me
With open arms