

## Paintings

## Tiles

Trapped inside this dark & narrow mind  
Fra from the outside  
If I could stand beside myself  
And see what you see  
Left alone high upon a shelf  
Dust collects on things discarded  
I retreat while the world passes by  
Scars to justify

Am I a fixture in time & place?  
As our old promises fade  
Like the paintings we see everyday  
That hang in decay  
So the familiar feeds neglect  
Too plain to perceive

My finger points to my demise  
But three point back at me to my surprise

All the same I'm a fixture in time & place  
As our old promises fade  
Like the paintings we see everyday  
That hang in decay  
So the familiar feeds neglect  
Red & blue pale to black & white

Images live & speak a thousand words  
In solitude clouds grace the tranquil sky  
Sense the calm sighing in pain

I'm a fixture in time & place  
As our old promises fade  
Like the paintings we see everyday  
That hang in decay  
So the familiar feeds neglect  
Simply too plain to perceive  
Color drains from the scenery  
When routine courts apathy