

Incubus (Blue Suit)

Tuxedomoon

Thin man in a powder blue suit with eyes that slice you through
The cut of his clothes was strange indeed (a hundred years too soon).

A passing stranger with no business here, a rest stop on a voyage through time – a rest stop.

A passing stranger in a dream we had – the man with the patented face – the one with the telescope eyes – the man who walked away.

Someone handed me a gun, – hit the switch and ran.

I laughed and shot at the ceiling – I laughed and shot at the walls.

The smell of fusing metal permeates the scene – music plays in empty halls – music plays in empty halls.

Underneath the street light the stranger calls your name

He flickers to a halt – and slowly fades away.