

You know you'd say,
"Just one minute more!"
If I gave one.
Then what would time turn me into inside of your dreams?
A lying fool?
A peasant?
Or a king?
A show of strength
Your show of strength.
You know you'd say,
"Just one minute more!"
If I gave one.
Then what would time turn me into inside of your dreams?
A lying fool?
A peasant?
Or a king?
A show of strength
No one to thank.
Your show of strength
Your page is blank.
You'd know a way you could soak me through
To heavy to leave.
But now you'll sleep thinking of all your brightest things.
A dire fool,
A resting eye,
A scene.
These dire fools,
These resting eyes,
A scene.
A show of strength
No one to thank.
Your show of strength
Your page is blank.
What was I back then?
Your faded face?
Your welcomed ache?
Look at me that way again.
Stay awhile until we wake.
(It's strange to think that at some point,
Your brain might interpret me as just some
Beach ball bouncing down a sun heated asphalt driveway,
Or maybe a villain who's on his next conquest into the
Dimmed-black outer reaches of your mind's kingdom,
To explore and steal secrets and regrets.
But I have to ignore anecdotes like that
Or they might just squeeze my ribs into a
Blackhole formed from the gravity on my chest,
And implode in on the very purpose of this exercise
In independence and subjectivity.)