

Projector

Benjamin Stewart

I found a projector in the trash
Still has all its slides, I could sell this for cash
Let's see if this works, hang a bedsheet out
The first thing that I saw, couldn't open my mouth

Paisley sun strewn across eyes as white as a wave
Teeth gnashing for cuts at my cowering frame
Undercurrents of hope, pink smoke dancing through rain
And the smell of my mother on my pillows again

Timestamps fed by strangers, wings clipped now sterile
Doe-eyed, is it charming? So restless and wild
Spewing bile, trapped in corners so fearful of all
Of light and then darkness - now nothing at all

The youth in the friendships, the way that they moved
It put beauty in sadness, made you miss your bedroom
Now the glass on the frame has been taken away
And the light of my memory is making them fade

I don't want them to fade
I should just look away

Oh projector, I think that I'll protect ya
Oh projector, I think that I'll protect ya

(Oh projector)
The bow has broken, branch has fallen
The past is gone, please stop calling
(I think that I'll protect ya)
Shifting sands, grains in mourning
The past is gone, please stop calling
(Oh projector)
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