

You see shapes inside the paintings
But all I see is black
At a chapel here in Houston
Where we're standing back to back
Questions here are useless
Nothing answers back
But I can't stop my mind from trying
All it wants to know is why

Other people's prayers
Hanging in the air
Between you and me and everything
We've kept unsaid so carefully
I don't want to care so much
For someone I can barely see
But I can't stop my body pining
All it wants to do is try

Me without a hill to die on
You without a ring to kiss
With nightfall comes that fool Orion
Who never swings so can't be missed
A machine with no sense
Is just a wheel to spin
For all we try to invent
We wind up here again

Me without a hill to die on
Guess I'll have to heal from this
Pool cue and a pair of pythons
Make my own caduceus
We seem to be ending
Before we begin
It's like losing the feeling
In a phantom limb

We choose which fools to suffer
And they choose to suffer us
We lose all use of color
Just water on the brush

But you and me
We could be

Cadmium
Cadmium red
Cadmium
Cadmium red