

Pale Interior

Grouper

Look into the light of a pale interior
Where blueness moves along the edges
To the hiding place where clouds align

How can we relate in a world where people move along the edges
Sit in hiding places
Waiting for the world to die

Wish as I pull down the barriers
Is it even very far too deep
Or too long

Listening along as the clouds play through the tidal waves
Pulling back on me, so abrasive I can't sleep at night

Echo in a lighthouse burying the thoughts of being human into pieces that rain, the chatter on the sky above
Wish I could relate to people's barriers
Laying in a box against the barrier
Lost some kind of key
They're falling back asleep
Bury those thoughts real deep
Bury those bodies deep
Put us back to sleep

Waiting for the light to erase the room I'm laying in
Cast the shadows of us against, against my fingertips

Hollow in the sway as they move in windy shapes
Against the blueness making images in the place where people die