

I need a taste
I can almost face myself
There is a way, a never-ending pavement cast
Land on a date such a long, long way, way back
Which has a crave for the path that ends in black
I gotta fade another day
I can taste it, I can feel it
And you can have, you can have my face right now
Standing back from the lapse
Children are what you are
Tim Gilbert weighs internally more than the scales say
Carries a weight such that no eyes see in air
Jean Nealy views from a place where time is flat
She sees a haze that could penetrate more black
She's gotta seize who sees
And she wants to live in lightning
God, shrinking multiplicity you are
And you can have, you can have my fate right now
Another grave, another blank
Children are what you are
Landscapes come and pass my way
Vision goes in a car
What you say, another day
Above you, you mostly are
And in the cradle, a newborn babe
Is a dot in the war
Spreads its wings, intervenes
Human atop a star