

Patterns Of A Diamond Ceiling

Marnie Stern

I am not looking to find a pot of gold
I will paint you a picture that's inside my head
First I must carve out a place
Picture yourself carving out a place in a room
Now look up there's the diamond ceiling
Look up now, this is what it sounds like

Around you is a solitude trilogy
And glass slippers are on your feet
When I say go
You'll here the solitude trilogy come in clearly
Go
Now look down the glass slippers are on your feet
This is what they sound like as they meet
Now walk in the self-eaters
Their sound is much clearer
Here
So you sit down and start to think of ideas of the north
But in walk the latecomers
They back shuffle forwards
Their sound is weird

I am not looking to find a pot of gold
The picture in my head is my reward
Go

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See how easy to dream a scheme of sounds in your head
We must dream on. We must dream on
You see the pieces fall away from the outer shell
We must dream on. We must dream on

So you see, I am not looking to find a pot of gold
The picture in my head is my reward
The picture in my head is my reward
Go