

The Remote Viewer

Oh Sees

What's a dream that runs cold after dark?
And it can recognize you anywhere, of course
The garden scene feels empty and divorced
Yet, it can pacify you anywhere, of course

Both you and me are junkies for despair
How long, wind blow, evil affair?

What have you seen? You'll wax all night till dawn
I hear it drips all evening, the candle, of course
And just between, buildings and blown apart
I hear the curtain falling, everywhere, of course

Both you and me are junkies for despair
How long, wind blows, evil affair?

So, how's it feel? Frost crawling over you
We're here, preserved forever, so frozen through

Both you and me are junkies for despair
How long, wind blow, evil affair?