

Stations

Piano Magic

I don't know why
the lights they never change.
Been stood here far too long.
It's time to disengage.

I don't know why
we're better when it rains.
I'm cold to your design.
You're cold to my embrace.

I don't know why
I gravitate to loss.
I feel too much inside.
I cannot shake it off.

I don't know why
you never hold a kiss.
You snap it at the heart.
It freezes on your lips.

We're stations
disconnected at the heart.
Our rails are rusted veins
our switches, torn apart.