

Tiny Streams

Psychotic Waltz

Morning sun begins the day
Mothers child has gone away
Locked inside the game that they taught him all to play
Closet city sleeping pretty tired from the day
And if he leaves the tiny porch light dim
He'll keep the dogs at bay
Snotty little brat he plays
Never puts his toys away
Breaks the ones he's used if they don't sparkle anymore
Dollies in the playhouse kissing
All their little heads are missing
Chop their tiny hands with this thing
That's what daddy bought them for
Red and White's turned blue today
I laugh to dry the tear away
Sitting in my ceilings face
This boiling rainbow webbing place
Smiles soft anger feeling shapes
Of mouths and hands in sonic scapes
Fingers spanning psychic burning
Black Sabbath record turning
Pools of vision, understanding
Forms absorb to keep from laughing
Climb the walls, half inside them
Other side, air is thin there
Friends inside pull me to them
Cannot keep from laughing, laughing
Ripples from the portholes making contact
Center bending circles
Growing echoes of each other
Float reflections of this covered consciousness
Inside this eggshell
Masterpieces scattered not well spoken
Yet still undertaken
Tiny streams of orchestration
Flow into this fisheye car ride
Leaning close to catch his good side
Tiny streams of orchestration