

Smell

Sleeping at Last

Is this the part when the brain scans show where memories reside?
e?

Some ambiguous shape in me suddenly producing light
Triggered like a tripwire, every time I breathe it in
Isn't it strange that a Lilac tree is what unlocks where I've been?

Like a time machine rebuilds the past, our memories return
Like remembering the ashes before we burn

It is the friction that lights the match
Desperate attempts that make it last
So hold my breath for as long as I can
Before long, the wind swells in
Starting a fight I could never win
But I'll hold on as long as I can

It finishes against my will
The light goes out, my heart goes still
And just like that, I believe in ghosts

Time and space are at my back
Performing disappearing acts
Now I can escape the smell of smoke

Research says that the only way to keep memories intact
Is to lock 'em away and close the doors to countless years of past
I guess that explains why the strangest things can conjure up the past
And forgotten time will find its long way back

As thin as air, as light as snow
Some combination of the unknown
It doesn't matter, I just know I need more
Cause I feel like I've been sleeping through the better part of this
Laying dormant through an endless winter that doesn't even exist

It's gravity in an hourglass
Responsible for the avalanche
And the loudest silence that I've ever heard
Memory clear as a bell
A story that I will try to tell
Maybe this time without words