

Fading Actor

Temples

I saw three pictures on a wall
They made me feel like I was lost
Inside a wall-less maze
In a dampened haze
In a motionless ravine

I stood beside a sculpture's soul
Soft angles made me feel at home
In wild and calm retreat
Silk blankets made of stone or made of sheet

Oh, when the pigment of your instinct fades
Then you'd better wash the past away
You'll revive yourself in a short while
If you just smile

Lately, I found
I'm lost in the crowd

Fading actor
Morning after
Fading actor
Hear the laughter

I read a message on the floor
Laid out like seashells on a shore
Those random couple words
Were enough to keep the interest of the crowds

There was a camera in the room
A voyeur left to catch the sleight of hand
That might just act
If a certain passerby just has the cheek

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