

Femme Mirage

The Legendary Pink Dots

I rise from sleep, as a ray strokes my shoulder. Wishing to walk unveiled
to the world - my flesh on view. These things stand in our way
- the cold
of the earth, the state of our minds. And the camouflage. The sticky
threads that communicate the meaningless in a thousand different ways. My
voice shuns your honey words on hour glass shapes. On the fragile, unreal,
objects of desire. The words don't flow, neither the feelings.
No more ink
on wood to betray my thoughts. Just this - a cry on the dark side.