

No one here
Believes in suicide
You can't turn off the show
Under your eyelids

Ones in turquoise
Zeros and violet
Are lonely

Spinning mid-air
See the blue heron
Drowning in radio waves
In the suburbs

Feeding from koi ponds
Spying on lovers
How lonely

The colors are real
No one denies
It's a beautiful trick
That you dream into life
A beautiful trick of the eye

In the dance of the body
Her fleshy red treasure
What cannibals crave
What scientists measured

And all that you feel
Maybe all that you ever are

No one here believed in suicide
When you lift the skin
With your cinema eyes
It's more than an eyelid
Dreamt on her island
And lonely right where

The colors are real
No one denies
It's a beautiful trick
That you dream into life
A beautiful trick of the eyes