

About The World

Vansire

I'm hoping that you ask
Does it have to end
I'll gladly acquiese and do it again
You're staring into space
There's something to see
But all I see is space and it's staring at me

To cry on return from sleep
And in the daytime
Assured it's a different thing

So when it snows
And you're inside
A week's gone by
With different skies

In transit I pretend
It's a lucid dream
Gennadius at night
It's no difference to me
Content about the world
When I'm half-asleep
And listening to the sounds of the BQE

I'm hoping that you ask
Does it have to end
I'll gladly acquiese and do it again
You're staring into space
There's something to see
A different time and place
Where the world's at ease