

Potato Eaters

"Wreckless"

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Imagine scenes where you were absent
fallen from the dreams of those you love
Far beyond all points of logic
drifting high above the laws of love
Where rhymes are served on empty platters
and time's the only truth, that tragic bore

Captured in a moment cluttered
with images of adolescence
Nonetheless he feels the ancient clutch
of velvet hands upon his
Without a clue, a cause or penchant
he wanders off forever wreckless

Are you sleeping?

Come close enough you'll see his eyes
fill with ruthless emotion
Still you strain to lead a life
subservient in your devotion
His mind is cluttered with abstractions
childhood stains and other lesser notions

Are you sleeping?

I'll design you a mountain
you can't tumble down
they may save you now
but they won't always be around

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