

Sleeper Set Sail

"Antique Bathtubs with Feet on Them"

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You've picked and watched die all the flowers you can hold,
so peaceful but you've traded all control.
Of what you remember and what you forget
when you let desire outweigh regret.

Sketch of heaven, you've erased it all.
Weightless spirits rising, rising,
nothing I recall.
Because you've shed what fills your mind,
it's a frantic search for words.

When your beating heart no longer provides,
and you dim the flash before your eyes.
It's a chance to choose, re-open your scars,
before you lose what sets you apart.

Sketch of heaven, you've erased it all.
Weightless spirits rising, rising,
nothing I recall.
Because you've shed what fills your mind,
it's a frantic search for words.

To describe the fear inside,
and the thought of not remembering when I die.

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