

Belson

"Science Is Fiction"

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Do we walk on sand or streets?
It's your call.
We won't walk much anyway.

A story's untold of hands
That hold the key to all
That's locked up in you.

Let's take second chances at first impressions.

One moments time caught in suspension.
I'll take back the thoughts I thought
And replace them with your attention.
If this isn't how things in life will play out,
Then at least know that I will always wish they had,
And I'll be here for now.

We won't go far if you wont ask.
There are secrets in imagination.
This everything but coming clean,
And all alone is just in your head.

We could start again

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