

Game "Flash Back Memories"

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Play With My Cards

here we go,
bait and reel
my my aloha
gone and left the feel
just a stone throw away
just the closest of the daze
oh what a day of days

my mind works its own matrix
well it is actually a web
every moment with a connection
flashes right back in again

here we show
carrots and stew
flamenco
stars shine in the night
the firmament firm mist
mmm the closest of the day
oh what a day of daze

my mind works its own matrix
well it is certainly a web
each memory links a connection
lightspeeds my thunder in

here we know
buttons and ties
contention
inspires me for words

letters you've already heard
on the closet of daze
oh what a day of days

my mind flashes its matrix
tightening the weave of a web
gossamer strands of a oneness
this game that starts in your head.

here we blow
the man up
with reservoirs
drops upon drops
of sweet and succulent energy
oh oh closest of days
oh what day of daze

my mind bends at the matrix
triangulation to feed the web
angles shifting together
future flashes in your bed.

here we sow
seeds of growth
generations
ancestral pods
of living color
yes closest of days
oh what a day of daisy

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