

Gramm Lou

"Inkjet Lakes"

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Bed-rest kittens, womb of opiates,
Biba dresses, blinking morning sunshine.

Can I get an idea? Tell me what did I do?
Tell me what did I say? Tell me what did I prove?

Time's a frivolous display, both a healer and a bane,
I'm in a prism of refractions and burning gamma rays.

Are you mourning for an era,
When your blood sang and your hear trilled?
Are you wading a nightmare scape,
Over valleys through inkjet lakes?

Bed-rest kittens, womb of opiates,
Biba dresses, blinking morning sunshine.

Can I get an idea? Tell me what did I do?
Tell me what did I say? Tell me what did I prove?

Time's a frivolous display. Time is a presidential waste.
I'm in a prism of refractions and burning gamma rays.

Time's a frivolous display, both a healer and a bane,
I'm in a prism of refractions and burning gamma rays.

Are you mourning for an era,
When your blood sang and your hear trilled?
Are you wading a nightmare scape,
Over valleys through inkjet lakes?

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