

Hondo Maclean

"Blinding Lightshows & Bad Clothes Dress Codes"

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See how the city walks
Out of step but synchronised
Synchronised and out of time

Limbs outstretched and we imagine that we could look
like stars upon
The bathroom tiles and pavement cracks
Out against the night

The ground we tread has turned to tracks

A cycle of seasons with no turning back

Aura winds are blowing cold in the bright lights of this
city

We are all passers by

Treading harder - i wish you'd say out aloud
Treading water - i wish you'd sink out of sight

I wish you'd sink

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