

Jones Keziah

"Cubic Space Division"

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Space and sound
Are jesting with me
Witness the way she agrees
Cubic instantly
Amazing creation
Speaking in crimson
She's a freshly created breeze
Case closed no more pleas
The fabric of surprise
Is dreaming with your eyes
Cool is the breath of the wind
As I fall in a cubic stream
When I speak of love divided
I can feel her deeper sorrow
She tries to teach me memory and all her favorite
things
If only I could steal a chance I'd be with her tomorrow
She says
"Tell me, Tell me, Tell me,

Till this life is just a dream"
Midnight is skinlight
October to my right
April done left me
She's gone with the Autumn breeze
Whenever the season
Starts jesting-testing with your vision
Cry for the color blind
The sound is oh so fine
The season has got no reason
To believe in this crimson
Witness the way you'll be
"Cubic instantly"
April done left me
She's gone with the Autumn breeze

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