

Kingston Falls

"Dry Skin"

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Mulling over those who determine to consciously live
an ironic lifestyle,
a little piece of my eye fell off.

Then it slowly floated away.
Had I not seen anything, I never would have known,
but a small bit of light was blocked out.

I'm an easy target, but who are you to tell me I can't
make fun.
I'm literally losing a way to see with your b-sides beside
me.

This time as the room drinks in water I will listen to your
voice
and feel rather nice about not ever waking up again in
this dry skin.

I breathe in your nuances in endless succession.
"I love you. It's murder". It's me.

When will I fall under the spell of the lords of slumber?
On "Tormentors", I heard thunder.
The perfection in this timing makes me wonder.

"When there's nothing to care for," nothing to love
anymore,
it's the control that you adore.
Now start the faucet and close the door

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