

Naumachia

"Iconography Of Pain"

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I scout holes in people
Holes that can't be filled
I sense your broken spirit
That will never be healed

You are still waiting
For your greatest day to come
In this rough world out here
Where people when they get from you
What they can get from you
They get mean with you

Shaped by accident
We all carry stories

Of accidental pain
Deeply encoded images
We flash elimatically
And forget right after

See me as a private collector
Willing to add to his gallery
It will be a private viewing
Of your personal iconography of pain
I'll keep a part of you with me
But take your dawn away in return

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