

Dead Confederate "Flesh Colored Canvas"

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My visions still blurred by the tricks that you turned,
I danced and fell back
I laid open eyed drinking heart wine
Soaking in all that I lacked
A lover accused of standing abuse then
Turning and running the track
A pawn in the game that muses had made
Somehow I always attract

Tainted and twisted, my drinks double-fisted
Aiming the path at a crash
Killing the time painting teeth with red wine
Spitting color to your back
A Pollock-like painting that don't keep you waiting,
The feeling bleeds out of a gash
Your cutting won't peel, the washing won't heal
The meaning however abstract

This is how I changed my mind

A quick stroke of black on a flesh-colored canvas
Emoting the sympathy left
Seven strokes red aiming ends at your head
Each for a sacrifice met
Dark blue blurs on the ends of your curves
The sadness you caused and I kept
I tie it all in with a solid gold pen
A frame to make sure that it's felt

The medium bleeds but at least you can see
A mirror can reach to your back
It reminds you of me and what I stand to be
With obvious subtle attack
Lay on your side so it lasts a lifetime
Learn from this simple abstract
The painter has gone and you stand alone
Gone with the tip of my hat

This is how I changed my mind

