

Vincent Minor

"Headscape"

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I made my way
Back to the cloudy city
I layed down in rain
Remembering everything

You left me in the ocean
With a ginormous open sore
And I hated you for that
But now I'm ok

Forgive my lunges
I was in a bad place
Till you were out of the picture
I was left with an empty frame

Last night was dream of horses
On the western hemisphere
It felt just like on mushrooms
When I heard them talking

It comes in waves like signals
Like the flicker of a motel sign
When I can't decipher it's meaning from a neon light

Put a bandaid on it
For a brand new bad habit
It's easy to notice don't need to be psychic

This is my planned headscape
Dressing up as a skitzophrenic
And I wish and I wish and I wish I wasn't
Loved up with Loveless love

Left the land below ground at bay
Shook it's hands for a mortal headache
And then wake and then wait and then wait and then
and then waaaaaaaaake...

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