

The Postmarks

"Thorn In Your Side"

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A rose is undressed,
The faint perfume fills the air,
Feel a thorn as it grazes your side but you know it's not
the end of the world,

Words on your plate,
The cat run away with a lick,
Now you're sitting all by yourself in a room that's more
blank than a stare,

Far away,
You can find a place,
Where happy ends, begin,

A distant sound,
Can't escape the cotton air,
But an egg penetrates through the fog covered glass
at the end of the world,

Crystal ball,
In the mudd, all the sky disappeared,
Thirsty vases rest headless on tables while curtains get
snagged on the thorns,

Meet me there,
On a shooting star,
We can start again at the end of the world

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