

The Sleeping "Sunday Matinee (Reel To Reel)"

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Scented a rose, and as the shocked machines still
scanning pavements screen, ground with siren eyes.
Sounding through blinding sight. Piecing of pieces fit.
Shifting the overwhelming. Fault lines now open.
Now I can't forget (buried in pain and thought, just
because i wasn't there)
Slide show incarcerated with grief and I know times
have changed in our eyes. That's for sure, so I quit.
This is bad news another album going nowhere, going
nowhere.
Now, without you, I can't.
Eyes, slides are spinning. Toss, the ground is gone,
dizzy and overthrown. Slide my feelings, my eyes
away.

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