

S.P.O.C.K

"Ice Machine"

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Running through my head secretly
Shout at the boys in the factory
I'll ring you on the telephone silently
Like blood, like the wine in the darkroom sea

A letter, once composed
Seven years long and as tall as a tree
Reading on the wall
Efficient, efficiency

Resurrect, as a feeling
on my window, of a past reunion
A vision of a picture
like the city and the air we breathe

She stood beside me once again
I knew her face
We met before, in the street
recalling all the children dancing at our feet
Their dancing feet

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