

## Starlight Mints

### "Sir Prize"

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I see the flight of your awe  
And the fleece of your eye.  
I'm riding the escalator  
For the round side of you.

With the box of flash,  
I made you sigh  
Capisci, dolce vita.

I count your breath.

I see the why in the mouth  
Of a ray in the sky.  
Tossing me out with the cup  
Of the old swither, oooo!

With the box of flash,  
I made you sigh  
A time is up, Marina.

It's a mascarade,  
The mouse-scapade,  
And a ruby in your twist.

My array, shaking hands with a cat in a mirror.  
My array, waking up with the blast of a cold,  
My array, my array, I count your breath.

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