

# Theatre Of Tragedy "Disintegration"

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Disintegration

It's blurring out of sight  
The faces flickering in the tinsel light on the  
esplanades  
Fluid and vanishing  
Dissolving, hiding things  
In your room, after the scene, when the faces shift  
Into someone else  
The arcade is echoing  
In a shattered self, the figure's shimmering

Alter all the static thoughts  
Into something less than what was sought  
The splendour of within  
Inner helplessness no more

Empty habits cure the needs  
Solely to concede  
Never disagree  
Seek obscurity in lucidity

My identity is dying,  
Someone said: "Can you believe this line?"  
And for all I know there's a cure  
Faltering, reversing forward  
Sentiment's never odd or even  
The minds are solid as liquid  
It's reverberant and faint  
Vaguely luminous  
Everything has changed  
And nothing is the same

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