

## **Tuxedomoon**

### **"Incubus (blue Suit)"**

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Thin man in a powder blue suit with eyes that slice you through

The cut of his clothes was strange indeed (a hundred years too soon).

A passing stranger with no business here, a rest stop on a voyage through time

A passing stranger in a dream we had the man with the patented face the one with the telescope eyes the man who walked away.

Someone handed me a gun, hit the switch and ran.

I laughed and shot at the ceiling I laughed and shot at the walls.

The smell of fusing metal permeates the scene music plays in empty halls music plays in empty halls.

Underneath the street light the stranger calls your name

He flickers to a halt and slowly fades away.

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