

Mikomo

"Southern Tales"

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I found my way back
To the place I was born
A bliss dressed in black
I stood forlorn

Amidst the green
Falling leaves, moist by the rain
I dream unseen
Of her jugular vein

Words across the sea
She's the switch to my lamp
One moment it gleams
The next cold and damp

The orbit collapsed in a curl
When the A-bomb arrived
Like wine to the mouth
In the blistering south

And I sense it now
Somewhere, somehow
This relentless ride
Will reach its end

When up goes down
When smiles turns to frowns
Let me off this ride
I want to find home

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