

Recurring Dream

Idiot Pilot

In this fever
And sleeping as it overrides my ability
A diaform of carrying the day
It seems a day is all it takes to forget
That our watches run backwards
And our cells begin to disappear
Loosing what colour they once retained
Possession framing intentionary In hidden messages
What dreams do you have for me?
In hidden messages
What dreams do you have for me? What dreams do you have for me now?

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