My Room Is White

Opposition

My room is white, the walls
And all my appliances all compliances
I live in silence, my windowsClosed to traffic, all that racket
You are the opposite, I could never fit
Into your apartmentAre we going to give up

Or we going to try?

Are we going to give up

Or we going to try to learn what life is? The tide comes in and were caught By the rocks and the wetness never endless

We kiss for the first time, our lips and tonguesTied in fitness, infiniteness

Then the ocean pulls back somehow

To reveal a crowd of uncertainty Are we going to live up

To the words we said?

Are we going to live up

To love we made, made, made, made? A house, a garden, a family tree Fruit aplenty, all varieties

Desire fulfilled, inspired untilThe awakening from our daydreaming Here in reality, what we make believe

We can make happenAre we going to give up

Are we going to try?

Are we going to live up?

Are we going to die, to die

To die, tonight, tonight? Are we going to give up?

Are we going to try?

Are we going to give up?

Are we going to try to learn what life is?

To learn what life is

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