Cloud Banks

Jason Rubero

Where is the paintbrush

That picks up the color which drips from your hand?

The spectrum's a fan

You craft white light out of the shades and the hues

Which man seems to lose

You've just obscured a few

And kept them like a coin between your fingers

Like a clever joke that lingers

Where is the camera?

Open the iris, point your lens to the sky

And stop questioning why

Saved from the hangman's noose

We told the devil to shove it

And the axe that we deserved

Well no one else could budge it

From your swing

I may rattle the cage

Is it fool or sage?

To stiff arm all of man's rage?

I may rattle the cage

Where is my ink well?

Random thoughts appear on the page

You say it's only a phase

But I put all my money in the air

In the cloud banks up there

Where it's got more perspective to share

The collective wisdom of the wise

Is nothing but a cold stare in your eyes

I may rattle the cage (I love you too much now)

Is it fool or sage? (I love you too much now)

To stiff arm all of man's rage? (I love you too much now)

I may rattle the cage...

I may rattle the cage.

Lyrics submitted by Jason Rubero.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/