

Disintegration

Theatre of Tragedy

It's blurring out of sight
The faces flickering
In the tinsel light
On the esplanades Fluid and vanishing, dissolving
Hiding things in your room
After the scene When the faces shift
Into someone else
The arcade is echoing
In a shattered self
The figure's shimmering Alter all the static thoughts
Into something less
Than what was sought
The splendor of within Inner helplessness no more
Empty habits cure the needs
Solely to concede
Never disagree
Seek obscurity in lucidity My identity is dying
Someone said
"Can you believe this line?"
And for all I know there's a cure Faltering, reversing forward
Sentiment's never odd or even
The minds are solid as liquid
It's reverberant and faint
Vaguely luminous Everything has changed
And nothing is the same

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