

Infrared

Tall Heights

I came along, an empty planet

Well I was born beside a lake

The days were long and there was nothing in my eye

Not a tear, not a bird, not a snakePhilip claimed I must have missed him

At the point of faith and misbelief

The red man died without a spear there at his side

I never learned the shape of a maple leafIn infrared is there anyone talking?

In infrared is there anyone hawking
a sign of life, something bright throwing heat?

In infrared in a little black box

they won't forget, through the ticks and the tocks

In a little wood chest, a little heart with a beat

A little heart with a beat

She awoke the vast reflection

The way we hold, let go, repeat

To synthesize a joy in someone's afterlife

I never knew, I never know, I never tryIn infrared is there anyone talking?

In infrared is there anyone hawking
a sign of life, something bright throwing heat?

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In a little wood chest, a little heart with a beat

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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