Solanka

Hot Cross

Dolls and shells, dolls and shells.
Three sheets to the wind, and swollowed by fortunes twisted spells.
An empty hand for a lifeless eye glimmer lost and wasted and spent on hallowed stifled ties.
I preach to the converting with a tounge less disconcerting
and a name pulled forth from ashes scattered when the fruits of our labour hardly mattered.
The poor obessions of solanka.
Crash meets head in a blur of demons lost and fired fed
betting these last inches of rope on a new machine left for dead.
Wasting years praying for solanka an uncharted mind embracing spirits of another kind

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

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