

One Last Martini

Despised Icon

I used to think too much within this detached torpor
Sat with you, sun-drenched by radiant limpidness
Exalting vibrations of positivism emanate from your perfect nature
The intermittence of stirring lips reminds me of

Figh frantically demanding
To breathe

The way they danced made me believe you were speaking
Stories you have been telling for hours
Words aligned in a slogan of absurdities
The word interpreted by your materialist
Constitution came from your

Deepest sentiment (I don't exist) Obviously you have been gifted with the most precious piece of the puzzle
An emblem can be artistic and attractive but its meaning can be aimless and

Unreasonable

Sporadic abstractions

Through your fractionized sculpture, your world intertwines with mine
Resulting in something horrendous
The last dance is just another story
The last dance is just another story...

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

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