Downhill

Moca

I'm leavin' to walk the road inside my head
with cord in hand and powder breath I stand and wave goodbye
goodbye...the system automatic thinks, while buying blood on Broadway street where the old messiahs go
that pulsing through the atmosphere are answers to the questions you should know
don't let it go, or it's all downhill from hereexamples of the afterlife responding visions half the time and the other vertigo
spun off the Earth a thousand times and caught the wind that purifies the soul
you should know, it's all downhill from herelost out here adrift in lights, it's wondrous
weightless in clouds of colors the world will never see
and I am a figment of realitywrapped in the shroud of endless night I scream aloud
but no one hears, so I tell my stories to satellites
and I am lost inside a memorythe pattern picks the pockets of the palindrome
back to front the loss remains the same
and it beckons to the East to give the West its eyes
while the oscillating rhythm marks its bones
to the young it gives a vision of the dead and gone
while the old receive a passion to survive
and the pattern picks the pockets of the palindrome
before the oscillating rhythm takes to flight...

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