

# Downhill

## Roman Lob

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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