Sweep (Mikkel Metal Reshape Vox)

Blue Foundation

The floor you walk on is smooth. There is no ground there.
Magic begins with blood. Outside, there are trees,
With concrete under their roots. But I have passed the tombs of kings,
Regaled them with pacing, checked bins for food and wrappings.
I have scoured the seas for miles, cloaked my face with ash.
My fingertips opening, accepting my time.The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes
For me, I'm your sorrow
Calling in your dreams
For me, I'm your shadow
Howling in the streetsWater chimes in the space between rocks,
speakers discharge and laughter is in the air.
Glass divides us, empty bottles mark the steady sweep of days.
Tomorrow, I will walk the streets
And steel myself for the familiar. Your eyes
Will not settle, a hunger. You'd be happier in your grave.
When we meet, share stories, you stretch me. I see,
I see a semi-circle of teeth.The dark cylinders of half-smoked cigarettes
For me, I'm your sorrow
Calling in your dreams
For me, I'm your shadow
Howling in the streets

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