

The Startling Secret Of Super Sapphire

HORSE the band

In down between the unseen,
secret rooms of wonder and despair.
Rusting and in disrepair,
un-here and un-there. Super Sapphire is smiling,
he's trapped in a room with three dying moons.
Pulsing bicep booms, cracks wheels of worlds,
his not-skin cold black.
A deep blue space like waiting.
Violent lights collide,
then shimmer in his hair and eyes.
Not wounds,
never bleed the lights of whispered stars.
He's a shattering perfection,
completely past detection.
His head is a comet's tail,
and his face is made of hearts.
Super Sapphire is smiling,
Super Sapphire is smiling.
...still Super Sapphire is smiling! I am locked in his black hole gaze.
I eat moons,
but he eats days!
I am locked in his black hole gaze,
I eat moons,
YET HE EATS DAYS!
Crashing, slamming, booming, dooming.
Eating worlds and consuming me.
Quonom eyes now back alive,
teasing learning blind.
Decamping his secret prison room
He is loose!
I was a fool Oh, no!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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