

Missing Frames (Changeover)

On the Last Day

Ignite these flakes with flecks of blue and red. Through the window of my ambulance. Run through the events in shattered sequence. This shallow grave could mark the end. Quicken the pace of five heartbeats.

Eyes on me. (There are things you shouldn't see So keep your eyes on me) Now it's white on white, I'm helpless on my side. On my side, my side. Don't take this from me. It's everything I need. So keep your eyes on me. There are things you shouldn't see, like this absent memory Wade through the knee-deep snowdrifts in my head so I can see before the world spun left. Regret is all that I can grasp unlike the steering wheel that's in my hands.

Freeze. It's only 21 degrees.

(There's no traction; No traction) The traction is gone. Hands slip, no grip, never forget. Wake up, wake up, wake up. It's my fault. Sometimes there's something so wrong. Don't stop, don't take this away. Give back my gravity. I said it's my fault. Sideways against the grain. Don't flip, don't flip, don't flip, don't flip: We're over.

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