

Lovestone Blind

Psychotic Waltz

Where does the weather go when I see blue around the gold
Circling the atmosphere in California clear ?
Where does the time go when today turns into long ago ?
Where are all the colors when a rainbow disappear ?
Someone's singing today I really don't know, I will never
Light the night to make it like the day, it really won't glow
It really won't
Make a line to make it mind the time, they really won't go
Where they ever ?
I stand surrounded here, imaginary interfere
Supersonic architecture Spanish castle cream
Press my hands against my ears to try to make the voices clear
An acrobatic, symphonic helicopter scream
All that shines will come in time
Never mind all that's left behind
Lovestone blind, well still is mine
Here I find my piece of mind
Now they look into the eyes of a silver screen can of lies
The city streets are the golden cage of the sleeping flies
Wings pounding to the concrete dance of stamping shoes
Gold seeping from the hand of the unamused
Down though the smoke to the trash scattered to the ground
Cut through the smell of the sirens screaming through the town
Kneeling down to the healing fix of a hypodermic crucifix
Hanging from the choking throats of giant stack of broken bricks

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