

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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