

Long Slow Waves of Colour

The New York Room

underneath my eyelids
I can see the shape of a glowing light
and I smile, and I cry the light it gleams of a perfect bright
and then it shifts to a soft, pale white
so precise, and it shines it floats and climbs
then soars and winds
and spins its web over my eyes
falling like rain, never the same with delight
with mirth and melody
gleaming bright
with myth and majesty shimmering in long slow waves
the colors swirling all the many shades
of the sky, intertwined the streaking rays of color bend
they push and twirl until they blend
into one and become so small and frail
crimson and pale
and curls around its silver tail
the lights they shine in this my shrine with delight
with mirth and melody
gleaming bright
with myth and majesty ooh, the glimmering hue, so warm and so new
ooh, the pieces of blue, that open unto
glittering
blossoming
dividing
gliding-colliding
ooh, this beautiful view, so pure and so true
leaping up, soaring ever more
warm and close then beside of me go
darting down, dropping further
amber and rose in fading rows
and trailing off, downward float
and drift into a rippled arch they fall

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>