Next Time Maybe

Post Industrial Boys

Primary feelings, devoid of memory,
References vanish. I'm back to the start.
I don't name it. I don't say it.
I just face it,
Where there is no now and then,
Where there is only an unexpected turn.
Next time maybe, next time maybe...Lucid and clear, far or near.
Leaving behind temporary me
Temporary white...
Next time maybe, next time maybeMy thoughts are reflection of yours
But scratched and uneven
I'm trying to follow your pace
Pause and poseAnd no grand figures
Icons and masks
I stay empty
Next time maybe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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