Potions

Late Night Alumni

I said I hope, like a prayer.
And sent out my tears in a bottle of notes.
Find and drink up; it's uncommon and sweet.
Are you surprised? Is it making you mine?You morph into the last living thing alive.
I've no periphery, you're all that's in front of me.Are you the rock, paper, scissors
Casting those faded paper figures on the wall?
As providence seems to annihilate
Common sense, this is my down-to-earth defenseBrush it off again as trickery, slight of hand.
If you must but for all purposes and intents.Either I am right or I am wrong.
If it's in neither the words nor the song.
It's in this soundless, audible common sense.
Be that as it may, this is my down-to-earth defenseYou morph into the last living thing alive.
I've no periphery, you're all that's in front of me.Brush it off again as trickery, slight of hand.
If you must but for all purposes and intents.
You morph into the last living thing alive.
I've no periphery. You're all that's in front of me.

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