Federal Hill

Infinite Spectrum

Lost in my art, by my passions I'm consumed
Shut away from the world outside
My home this lonely attic roomOutside my window, the great unknown
The streets etched with mystery
and dreams unfulfilled
Sunset approaches and I train my eyes
on that spectral unreachable plane
called Federal HillFor months the typewriter ribbon weaves
nameless nightmares of horror and dread
My canvas holds the fresh dry paint
of images both hellish and deep blood redOver the rooftops and towers stands
the steeple awash in deep black
against the flaming orange sky
An obsession it's drawing me in,
the dark church whispers calling my name,
on to Federal HillGripped by a restless spirit, I stare out the window
and through the looking glass
The forbidding church stirs my inner thoughts
From dawn to dusk, so the hours passOver the rooftops and towers stands
the steeple awash in deep black
against the flaming orange sky
An obsession it's drawing me in,
the dark church whispers calling my name,
on to Federal HillNow the muse has left me
and I long to be inspired
The secrets of the church
upon the hill have sparked the fire
I resolve to climb the city streets
to see the things unseen and travel on this journey
into the smoke wreathed world of dreamOver the rooftops and towers stands
the steeple awash in deep black
against the flaming orange sky
An obsession it's drawing me in,
the dark church whispers calling my name,
on to Federal Hill

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