Centro

Blood Ruby

Was water-white
Sung winter glass
Plaque-platinum cold
Stun Stockholm sun
Tram traveler
Electric hum
Pilgrims on the CentroFloating, drifting,
Eddy-spinning.
Leaving, breathing,
Headlong swimming.
West precipice
Hung hanging swing
Flit-flying pines
One swanlong dive
Tent tangle-dense
Met meadowood
Sky parted by the CentroI don't know
Where it is I've been.
I've come so far,
But I don't know
Where you are.I don't know
Where it is I'll go.
Just take me home,
Somewhere
I'm not alone.
Sleepwalker,
Dream passenger.
We're strangers,
Lone travelers.Floating, drifting,
Eddy-spinning.
Leaving, breathing,
Headlong swimming.I don't know
Where it is I've been.
I've come so far,
But I don't know
Where you are.I don't know
Where it is I'll go.
Just take me home,
Somewhere

I'm not alone.Cut countryless
No nowhere map
With windowless
Past passage back
Born borderless
Cull cornerstone
West precipice
Hung hanging swing
Left limbo on the CentroLyrics
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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