

Astronautalis, Astigmatism

A little kid turns the corner, quick on his feed
My vision's no good no more; he's just a smudge in the street
The colors blur in my eyes just like ink in the rain
The city soaked in its light is slowly washing away

Everything is just a background, waiting to take shape and appear
Inside my windshield eyes with Vaseline tears
Muffled chuckles and leaky ceilings
Hazy coffee stains, collectible keyrings

A scrapbook of snapshots taken in shaky concealment
I never trusted my love and her wallpaper feelings
There was something so comforting about her uncertain arms
There's beauty in danger, there is safety in harm

A five dollar psychic offers bargain predictions
Connecting my murdering a mantis to my moderate affliction
Once when I was a child I ran to my door upon grabbing the knob
I crushed the prostrate bug inside of my palm

I watched his little green frame fall from my hand
(I guess his prayers were never answered by God, He'd got the upper hand)
Struck blind over time inside flashes in steps
We all pay for our sins in the most subtle respects

How quick we forget, how fast the past is washed away
Diluted in music, TV, and the talk of the day
How slick a little kiss can get her bony hips to block the way
Lend the world your ears and they'll just sweet nothing it all away

You made your bed now
You must sleep
Underneath the sheets

There's something inside this house, footsteps by the couch
It's all shade and shadows tracking the suspect silence down
It's not the sounds we make, it's all the noises we never hear
Old cliches on attraction, raindrops after the weather clears

Tapping fingers for living; counting out the notes
The door ticks when it sits and rattles when clicked closed
Twelve lines, one in the light switch, a chip in the globe
The radiator is always breathing like teeth clenched and lips float

It's more than I bargained for, but nothing I can't handle
I learned to listen for the kitchen, hear dust fall on the mantle
Everything is done in inches, fingertips, and little skills
Nothing is done quickly except tying shoes and electric bills

The relentless drills, constant repetition, the daily grind,
Same set of pants put on one leg at a time
Every moment is filled with breath and the rest is just fine
I never forget my mistakes but sometimes I forget I'm blind