

# The Cyan Velvet Project, In the Attic

mother  
my only  
i should have known  
decieving and rejection  
inhere in life  
send your prayers  
to travel across the galaxies  
on a tail of every shooting star  
since space and time are on your side  
you're not alone up in the attic  
mother  
i don't blame you  
i do value this gift  
lovers  
i feel sorry for  
i see through it all  
again i can remember things  
when december brings a scented candle  
it makes this cold damned tower  
seem like a warming bed of flowers  
wish i could burn it for hours  
without wearing it out  
in its glow i know the taste of eager lips  
and feel finest fabrics with my fingertips  
send your prayers  
to travel across the galaxies  
on a tail of every shooting star  
since space and time are on your side  
you're safe up in the attic