

The Cyan Velvet Project, In the Attic

mother
my only
i should have known
deceiving and rejection
in here 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