

# Akai, Camera

Paper autographs of the distant past  
Signed in memory at the factory

Where they pump out time in assembly lines  
Frozen poses smile from cryptic paper piles

Whole lives are spent on further moving away  
from the laughter and reminders

From skin much softer and from innocent minds  
now much older and hearts harder

Camera your eye is always on me, I'm never what I should be  
Camera I stumble and you stand there taking notes on glossy paper

Thoughts of loved ones lost on the way  
have forgotten sorrow delayed

Once a martyr idealistic  
Now those ideals bow to business

No need to ? just with sacrifice  
But the dim glow's now a floodlight

Your every frame jumps up and cuts in my skin  
Disappointment makes the wounds sting

Camera your faceless stare seems to follow everywhere  
Camera I confided; you exploited all my moments

Slow and subtle changes never seem to be so dangerous  
Even leaps and bounds seem harmless as you're drifting further from me

But then sentiment and hindsight seem to catch the conscience in flight  
Using memories to draw him back into the worldly party

Camera I wish my darkened failure . . .  
Camera you caught me in the act of growing older