

Ashbury Heights, Make Shift

Keeping along the ways.
Denizen of days.
Love has left us incomplete.
An automated play.

Twist your mind to fit.
This won't hurt a bit.
Make your heart a number.
A tidal spell to break the slumber.

Swallow all your fears.
Feed them to the tears.
All of us are makeshift gears.
Disassembled spares.

Twist your mind to fit.
This won't hurt a bit.
Make your heart a number.
A tidal spell to break the slumber.