

Buddy Lackey, Whispering Into Oblivion

the candy cane calliope
comes rushing ever slow for me
the paling shades of indigo
are raining from the sky
the storybook chameleon smiles
the dreamer stays awake awhile
detune the discord violins
play them long for me

two tries second flies
spider ties the little flies
wide eyed sky spies
idolized the bible lies
realize they hypnotize, remoralize, dehumanize
futilize, finalized the lies advise
or otherwise you know

your shoes, my plate
the god love you only feel through hate
your soul is dead, you're only living in your head
these pills you taste, they drag your shadow onto your face
your knees may bend, it don't matter if they bled
sometime you'll find the heaven that you all left behind
was all the time just a picture in your mind
the thing that's sad, I mean the thing that really makes it bad
is you knew it all along man, you knew it all along

whispering things to the everflow
the blue changing yellows that painted the sky
colors the place that I want to go
the slow breathing mescaline circus rows by
shadows that drip through this fluidness
they sink to the surfaces fluttering high from me
voices tell no one about me here
I sing to them slowly as they wave goodbye to me

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in a pierce of light, sharp with the fragrances
of the thin and tired dawn
the silken and burning face of her sleeping frail picture
you know . . .