

Eyedeia, Soundtrack Of A Romance

I could vividly recall my mood the day that art was murdered
The wind blew a thin layer of dust on my garden bird
Everything you knew was sideways and phallic
The highways traffic added to Friday's madness
The warm wrinkled skin loosely hung of earnest cheekbones
Below eyes designed to bury the wolf under a sheep's clothes
Some peoples sang, a few begged for change
A young girl skipped a long with her hand glued to a candy cane
I, however, walked with my back to it as usual