

# Eyedeas, 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