

# Jack Foster III, Limbo And Flux

Bittersweet the rain falls, spiraling by so far below  
I hold on tight and pretend to feel the coaster dip and roll  
I remember the games we played  
I remember like yesterday  
climbing anticipation for the ride

It's colder than it should be and my fingers won't line up  
the rock is slick and slanted and I think I might fall off  
It's all inside of your head she says to me  
where will it be when I'm dead I say to her  
I climb a quiet mountain to the stars

Limbo and Flux  
never know quite how much  
mother on the pearl  
or love in the world  
caught in between  
worlds of wonder and of sheen  
worlds of blinders and bucks  
in my Limbo and Flux

I tackle disrespect by being blissfully detached  
I give away my music but I want to take it back  
It isn't there to be spit upon  
I only wanted to sing my song  
A muffled bell might as well be lost

When every day is a feature for the comic strip  
I can speak in bubbles, only words that fit  
I walk on pins and needles  
my head up in the clouds  
I hold my tongue just thinking  
the words don't leave my mouth

Turning through the twilight to the corner of my mind  
I wonder how I got to where the colors seem so bright  
everything around me is within  
everything around me I can touch  
in the thick of it looking towards  
the Limbo and Flux

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