

On The Last Day, Missing Frames (Changeover)

Ignite these flakes with flecks of blue and red. Through the window of my ambulance. Run through

Quicken the pace of five heartbeats.

Eyes on me. (There are things you shouldn't see So keep your eyes on me) Now it's white on white

Wade through the knee-deep snowdrifts in my head so I can see before the world spun left. Regret

Freeze. It's only 21 degrees.

(There's no traction; No traction) The traction is gone. Hands slip, no grip, never forget. Wake up, v