# Pretty Things, Remember That Boy

Like a breathless summer evening,
When the silence simply roars,
You're so attached to what you're holding now,
But can you prove it yours?

You're the saviour of the drowning moon,
The bringer of the luck,
You're a concrete case for open space,
Who swears the cities suck.

You're the keeper of stars
Shining their cars
Applauding with the one hand you've got free.
You're amazingly graced,
Doesn't show on your face.
You're lysergically removed from what you were.

Asleep with the past
You're engaged to a dream,
You're a sepia creature
On the yesterday screen.

Like a forest in the winter,
When all life has gone to ground.

Holding wordless conversations,
You're slaughtered by the sound.

Like a river of forgotten dreams,
You lie strangled in the reeds.
Your sack is full of wild oats,
Why don't you sow come seeds?

The seconds drip, minutes click,
Set the trap, turn the lock,
Turn your back.

Moon dissolves, sun explodes
In the sky, it's getting dark
Very dark, wonder why.

Knelt before, piece of cheese
On your knees, you always were
Hard to please, hard to please.

Hidden in, liquid clear
Swims the fear, tomorrows child
Doesn't see, doesn't hear.