

Psychotic Waltz, Lovestone Blind

where does the weather go when i see blue around the gold
circling the atmosphere in california clear ?
where does the time go when today turns into long ago ?
where are all the colors when a rainbow disappears ?

someone's singing today i really don't know, i will never
light the night to make it like the day, it really won't glow
it really won't
never mine i really don't mind i really don't care
i really don't
make a line to make it mind the time, they really won't go
were they ever ?

i stand surrounded here, imaginary interfere
supersonic architecture spanish castle cream
press my hands against my ears to try to make the voices clear
an acrobatic, symphonatic helicopter scream

all that shines will come in time
never mind all that's left behind
lovestone blind, well still is mine
here i find all my peace of mind

how they look into the eyes of a silver screen can of lies
the city streets are the golden cage of the sleeping flies
wings pounding to the concrete dance of the stamping shoes
gold seeping from the hand of the unamused
down through the smoke to the trash scattering the ground
cut through the smell of the sirens screaming from the town
kneeling down to the healing fix of a hyperdermic crucifix
hanging from the choking throats of giant stack of broken bricks