

Race The Sun, Solo Tonight

the air is bruised with ghostly fumes of condensed smoke
but in my interpretation the world's not moved she sleeps tonight
the harvest breeze will refrain her lullaby
i walk solo tonight
witnessing this moving painting
still i'm the only soul moving
the only distracted child
still i'd rather be the one last sleeping
the one to hear her sigh the trash cans are still on the curb
enlisted soldiers awaiting departure still no lights reflect dawns intellect
she speaks with silence
i've understood every word
are you with me tonight witnessing this moving painting?