

Robots In Disguise, Postcards From...

Sea, dark, indigo and deep
Horizon straighter than it's ever seemed
Aqua, a cure to the touch
On my way from Praslin to Mah

Space, blue bright, split in view
Breathing shapes out in verdure
In easy company I can be
In Mesnibus time hangs lightly

None so small, none too sure
None so small, none too sure

Sky, off white, city full
Constrict to construct, shift the scene
Held up, tied down, pushed around
Seasons slurred on the Harrow Road

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