

Something For Kate, Electricity

i'm running here
every focus is splintered
every attempt he can afford
rendered pointless and it's streaming down
senses together they move cleaner than transit will allow
and sometimes i wanna move cleaner than transit will allow to be
electricity (x4)
now inbetween
leaving and arriving
i can try to digest this sequence of events
again i draw it out
and again i get delayed reaction
i get splinters
i watch the people and the cars
it's slow motion
they're beautiful like breaking glass
not yet broken
my motion is silver on the point
of a moment - splinter - moment
my vision, the colour of
electricity (x4)
moment splinter moment
splinter into colour
and let me be
electricity (x4)