

Syd Barrett, Rooftop In A Thunderstorm Row Mis

With yellow, red and roomy food, and quivered
crouching on a golden cushion
undressed himself to disappear
through an infinity of pleasure
and smiled to free the running me
with "Am I my brother's keeper?"
his meek hand on devils gloves
shaping running blood.

The prophecy, to ricreate the truth
in visions of a seasonal mood
in truth, the only sight he saw
lay hidden in the bathroom door
and spat on the rug
as high is high, so low is low
and that's the end of it.