

Maddening Swarm

Light This City

It may feel like it's too much to handle,
But it's not time yet.
Your body operates, automatic,
Like a breathless engine,
It shines in the swimming haze and heat.
While your mind,
Like a swarm of insects in a gust of wind,
Crumbles and reassembles,
Forgetting its original, innocent form.

No, it's not the time.
Don't let your frantic mind
Run you away
From me.
No no no, it's not the time
You'll be alright
Don't let your frantic mind

In our oldest, wisest years
We'll laugh,
Looking back
At our losses.
Yours, the self-control you longed to
Trust,
Mine, any adequate words to dissolve the
Mounting Pressure Moment.
And in our tissue-paper skin,
We'll mock the frailties of youth.
And cherish the steel-solid minds
We acquired in time.

No, it's not the time.
Don't let your frantic mind
Run you away
From me.
No no no, it's not the time
You'll be alright
Don't let your frantic mind

I know life starts in slow motion
And ends in a fast-forward-flash,
When all you want to do is rewind
So you can relive
Those days we spent
Never wondering about how it all will end
Remember the languid, mesmerizing
Hours we spent, spellbound,
Dreaming of the life we lead
Now?
Don't be disillusioned
Dreams and reality may
Never synchronize
But someday, we'll get away
With a perfect day
And we'll laugh,
Looking back.

The machine hums to the whine
Of the cloud, the swarm
No louder than before
When did it become
The anthem of impending tragedy?
A maddening melody building
In shrill intensity?
Maybe it's just a new song to sing us to sleep
It's not going to end the way you think