

These Paintings Never Dry

Marble Sounds

Waking up the dream
Pushing figures to extremes
We are kicking out the symmetries
Completing their defeat

The light is never low
Still the colours lose their glow
And it strikes me now how black and white
Can touch me to the bone

These portraits take control
Of the people they behold
And you never know who's puzzling you
The master or the muse

We're constantly naive
Still endeavouring to mean something
Spocking fivers, doodling fun
Running down but tempted to go on

These paintings never dry
These sounds will never die out
They will always be around

The essence of a dream
Lives forever underneath these
Pieces of a broken man
Making on the mend

If beauty hides in grief
it will show when there's relief
But it disappears step by step
With every tear you shed

You never took the time
To close your focused eyes
But then inspiration compensates
When concentration dies

This canvas is a trap
You don't see what you get
But apologies' efficiency
Will never beat these bittersweet regrets

Do you wanna know what it's like
To leave your town, settle down?
What if I haven't said the words that apply
For a better line
What if i never tried
Claiming back impressions that are mine?

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These sounds will never die out
You will always be around