

Strange or Be Forgotten

Temples

I was looking at the stars
Not the ones you've seen
Silently opaque through the silver limousine
Floating in the air
Powdering to preen
Chandeliers will crack
Crumble reconveen

Is there a pride before we fall?
Born of the night time
Wait in desire for something more
Bored of the night time

I don't know what to take now
I will wait for the upward feeling
Meant to be any day now
Will I ever be something more than

Strange, strange or be forgotten
Abstain from the passing fashion
If fame is really an illusion then
Be strange, strange or be forgotten

I am living in the past
Future came to me
Caught up in the tide of a distant memory
Coming to the fore
Waiting to reveal
Caught up in the time of a different century

Myriad eyes
You were alive for the first time
Elegant smile
You were revived for the last time

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