

Paintings

Tiles

Trapped inside this dark & narrow mind
Fra from the outside
If I could stand beside myself
And see what you see
Left alone high upon a shelf
Dust collects on things discarded
I retreat while the world passes by
Scars to justify

Am I a fixture in time & place?
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Too plain to perceive

My finger points to my demise
But three point back at me to my surprise

All the same I'm a fixture in time & place
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Red & blue pale to black & white

Images live & speak a thousand words
In solitude clouds grace the tranquil sky
Sense the calm sighing in pain

I'm a fixture in time & place
As our old promises fade
Like the paintings we see everyday
That hang in decay
So the familiar feeds neglect
Simply too plain to perceive
Color drains from the scenery
When routine courts apathy