

I think I've had enough of your world for today.  
My head has opened up and your pictures fall like rain.  
In front of my face they spin.  
We were corresponding shapes like the rocks in a ledge.  
Now this puzzle has been rained upon and the corners  
lost their edge.  
Nothing fits as it once did.  
But at least we had finished at

All over this room I reign you are.  
All over this room I reign you are.  
All over this room I reign you are.  
And what's wrong with that? Nothing I guess...

So I entertain my mind with little ticks and movie  
flicks.  
Combinations of quirky comedies, but they've all got  
romantic twists.  
And when I can't forget I write.  
That's how this whole thing came to be.  
It helps me when I'm lonely.

All over this room I reign you are.  
All over this room I reign you are.  
All over this room I reign you are.  
And what's wrong with that? Nothing I guess...

So, I guess you're right. I did abhor the awkward  
silence we endured. And spoke a truce to stop the swell  
and slow this spinning carousel. Yet still it spun from  
time to time, laced with mistrust that cracked the  
spine. This feeble frame just would not hold and  
sparked the drifting of two souls. I am not ready nor  
deserve a line of love that can't be blurred into a  
shallow blotch of lust. A dirty thought. A pointless  
fuck. I never properly explained, this bodied beauty  
you contain is too much for a man to take at such an  
age-less feeling age.

Works. This circle never works. This cycle of the poet  
and his dame who never could explain this tired plot.  
Insistent it would stop. Convinced that every problem  
soon would rest. That bad things at their best would  
fix themselves. But those things you just can't tell.  
And its taunting in this straight jacket of hope. It  
blinds and it disrupts the ebb and flow. The process of  
letting go. The pattern on this strange bright lighted  
stage. The stigma at this age-less feeling age.