

WANTED WANTED

These days we don't have many choices
(you know I say we when I think of myself)
I listen to one of those hopeless voices
and look through the room till I fix the shelf

with my empty eye, with my hungry eye;
there is the brown piece of nothing and bliss,
dissolve it in coffee, you're ready to die
for a bitter but promising spoonful of this.

Lie down and rest now, my tired son,
the evil man of your nightmares are gone,
the mirrors are all that remain..

The streets are no longer calling for you,
you know what is useless and what to do:
secretly feed and nurture the flame..