

Too Late For Light

I see myself slow-moving in a dream. Ankylosed, my brain is sluggish.
Everything is stiff now—I have no desire left at all! I'm numb and lost.

Lost and numb. My mood is phlegmatic, my moves they slack.

Preppies, punks, nerds, jocks, they relented! It's too late to be young; it's too soon to be old. Each day unfolds like a reel of overexposed film. A staccato of painful white flashes, punctuated by razor-sharp strokes as black as death. A cryogenically frozen brain that could dance the ska and no morphine to fetch... I'm in a state of a permanent tooth ache.

Ha... ha!...

Virtually no activity—unless you count the fractions of a second between two thoughts steeped in emptiness. A stroboscopic image—frozen as instantly as it is painful—the aborted flashes of a flagging memory. Preppies, punks, nerds, jocks, they relented! It's too late to be young. I am just becoming a cam and I feel like I've become a visual effect in a movie with no animation.

A permanent toothache, and nothing to grab. A mouth that is suffering from a constant scream, and I don't have anything on hand—to mute it.

That is how this body feels: the day in a state of permanent stupor, and the night in the hallucinatory void of insomnia. “How can I find relief?” Somewhere between the two—between the idea of a wretched old age and the vivid memories of my youth—I'm no longer in the mood!

A cryogenically frozen heart that would dance the ska! *The ska...* Now the sky is clearing of clouds, leaving nothing to see but its meager stars. Even the moon is not visible: I have turned my back on it. My heart is no longer in it; I can't bear it anymore. Here is a spoon, and here is some absorbent cotton. A light, but no stuff!

Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!! Hum-hum. Hum-hum...

Each day unfolds like a reel of overexposed film. A staccato of painful white flashes, with razor-slashes as black as love—a dying love. I'm so lost. Preppies, punks, nerds, jocks, they relented! It's too late to be young; it's too soon to be old. I'm numb and lost. Lost and numb. Lost in love: no more flashes!

Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-oooh...

I see myself slowly drowning in a dream.

Ooh-ooh!! Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!!

Lyrics : Lisa Frost.