

Dark Circles



No moonlight seen
No sunlight beam

Dark paths
Have her pacing in dark circles

No Roadway maps
No exit ramps
No Bridge-way paths

Each step is like falling straight into a deep blue mass

Yet it's a colorless scheme

Pharmacy trips
to tame her
Psychotic trips

Syringes grow a matrix
From her back-alley trips
Just to give herself a fix

Endless fights on endless nights
Have her pacing in dark circles

She longs for a daydream
But from the dark
She can't get past

Everyday, she tries to redeem
From a colorless scheme