

Matisse, Mind The Gap

you're a painful void as ever
to be a void is always sad
your ideas are wet weather
and your bodies made of mud

you were told to enjoy your flight
but the plain is out of sight
vultures resting on its wings
waiting for the holy night

if you let them entertain you
it's one way ticket to the gap
you are sure to stay forever there
as they never give you a map

to all passengers on board
we'll be flying underground
to all passengers on board
stay calm and praise the Lord

mind the gap between the verses
mind the gap between the lines
mind the gap between our bodies
that's where life always runs