

# after

*by* Tim Young

when the mirror cracks  
my eyes won't cry  
it's a perfectly  
respectable (romance)  
between her and i  
know exactly  
what it is  
and that's so cool  
i feel a chill  
but so soon  
i'm warn(m)ing up baby  
you take me  
and slide me in the oven  
where i'll burn  
for hours  
loving my cousin (asking for something)  
but you know  
the sun still shines  
and if the hill  
is still there  
then i'm still going  
to climb  
aboard the mystery train  
chasing my love  
across the endless  
tracks sipping coffee  
drinking in the back  
loading my dice  
with heartache and pain  
spinning these tales  
in the mind  
of the train

shaking my fever  
to the edge  
of the night  
holding myself  
away from the light  
amid dangerous designs  
to regain my sight  
and fail miserably  
but in the trying  
i cry  
drinking the smoke  
the truth and  
the lies  
all such a jumble  
a puzzle  
a lock  
a mystery solved  
if i open  
the box

