

Tabula Rasa

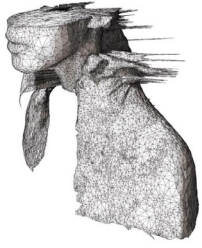
Michael Akuchie

When the river in your voice sings about frost,
about the way your body breeds loss,
about how your shadow gets forced
onto a tour of pain's rough track.

There's a bit of you in the sky,
walls of confidence collapsing into snowflakes
drifting downwards without cheer.

Maybe you'd look out the window,
visualize what happens when you resist desolation
& stay afloat.
Peace will look for you.

When your body doesn't want bad things,
the nightmares suddenly wear a brighter look.



Coldplay

"Amsterdam"

*A Rush of Blood to the
Head*

08/2002

Parlophone · Capitol