

The Doors, Wake Up

Wake up!
You can't remember where it was.
Had this dream stopped?
The snake was pale gold
Glazed & shrunken.
We were afraid to touch it.
The sheets were hot dead prisons.

And she was beside me.
Old, she's numb.
Her dark, red hair,
The white soft skin.

Now, run to the mirror in the bathroom,
Look!
She's coming in here
I can't live thru each slow century of her moving.
I let my cheek slide down
The cool smooth tile
Feel the good cold stinging blood
The smooth hissing snakes of rain...