

In transit you pass among the strangers of the world  
Paying tribute to the thief who stole away your shadow  
You look into the bedrock and listen to the bells  
Calling liquid lust, call for solid white

I see the stalker in your face, the secrets of your skin  
I keep the wisdom that you need, the password that you want  
I feel the stalker in your mind, the fire in you veins  
No hope to be released

I'm a multitude of travels to the other side  
Through the broken wall I saw your fellow man  
To the west of the horizon there's a bitter world  
And if you try to sense the smell of your face

For you found the keyhole, but lost your backbone  
No courage left to join the march of endless time  
You saw the sleep of habit on those who walk in trance  
To their catatonic aimless lives

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So let them start the engine grinding mountain dust  
And reproduce your ego, too much is not enough  
You dig holes through the earth to meet the king of worms  
To steal away his wisdom and learn to decompose

You chant like fifty Indians to charm the prince of eagles  
To learn the art of seeing and the tongue of the winds  
So don't you try to fool me for I watch your every move  
We are kindred spirits like two voices in the wild

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