

## ❓ Pedestals

Kashmir

It came to our coast the wind of needles and sand  
The end of our street has lost its head in my head  
Tossed in that black nor in the feeling and boom  
The tower gave in to its poor stealing too soon

Your luck , your luck  
Your cold luck has turned  
Walk out, walk out  
Till bright side lost its blue

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Your cold luck has turned  
Walk out, walk out  
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The pedestals to which we hold  
All might fall down built upon on  
The pedestals to which we hold  
All might fall down built upon on  
The pedestals to which we hold  
All might fall