

Pursuit of Misery

Kashmir

And the ring is golden
And the gate stands open
And the lilies of the valley
And the girl is more than shrewd
And this place is such a scoop
And the crowd looks up

To your marble tower
To the jolts from your silver drum
To the sweets gone sour

You're the perpetrator
You're the escalator and
You're southbound
So southbound
But never coming down
You're a lunaroma
With a gloom diploma
And the crowd stands up

To your marble tower
To the jolts from your silver drum
To the sweets gone sour
To the torch going out
To the song of a lemon flower
To the strong pursuits

Time won't listen
Time won't listen
Time in time will make you listen