

Reflecting on what's been  
Though past will be future  
When again yesterday to be made

For me hazy times fume all around  
Burning grass in a field of endless supplies  
Tall people casting shadows on the short  
Little people running circles round the wide

Lazy times waste it well  
What better to do with my mind!  
Crazy times no rhythm too hard  
Deep corners and people with my time

Overground in joy in clouds sunlit  
Snow untouched make pure silhouette  
Catches steam grass and dew  
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Hosts bring out a game of openfields on the box  
Watch the guests who bring the heat of outside  
Flags of faith for boundaries to fight  
The young so so wise before their time  
My time your time all time  
My time your time all time

Overground in joy in clouds sunlit  
Snow untouched make pure silhouette  
Catches steam grass and dew  
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Rhythm to your right rhythm the other side  
Expression outside and poetry inside  
Pleasure to your touch  
Taste of heaven on your mind  
And colours before your very eyes