Morocco

Beaver

the astral map that's overhead
watch it while it is unfolding

the fabric of the universe
out of which this earth is woven
the moon is a mirror alike
she returns my loving

wheels are turning before my eyes
reels of film are running by
I can see miles passing

the astral map that's overhead
watch it while it is unfolding

maybe it won't be that far
it won't be long before we're getting
to enjoy this setting

we're getting closer to where we're heading
we've been chosen
to enjoy this setting

that astral map that's overhead
watch it while it is unfolding

wheels are turning before my eyes
reels of film are running by
I can see miles passing

into fata morgana's I melt
onto the buckle of orion's belt

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