Spirals

Django Django

Back where it all began
Plotting on the drift like a smoke city dream
Every part of the endless season is bleached out
Cast aside, forgotten seeds still in the rooms of our realm
Rolling in the ugly thoughts of a soaring flower

Higher and higher in spirals
Turning in circles in silence
Crossing the line that divides us
Been here before, this time we'll make it alright

Put the feet on the floor
Standing in a room and it's dry to the bone
See the warm air rise and it's starting everything that we are

I can feel it
Can you feel it?
Look onto the heavens to show
Pushing off to a place where we think can't put roots down and lay back

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