In The Room Of Percussion

Kaleidoscope

Mountainous pictures of coloured scenes appear upon my face And the joss stick smoke of sense dissolves, forever in its pla се The shadowy friends that line the walls all dream while laying down While the window tapping silhouette in rain begins to drown In the room of percussion The discussion slides as you enter through the door And the one armed bandit Laughs aloud and disappears once more Foolish thoughts of ecstasy are dead but without too much conce rn In the heart, my hopes by millions lay twisted as they burn The crooked faces of clocks appear and die in nightmare dreams While juggling music surrounds us both and turns our thoughts t o screams In the room of percussion The discussion slides as you enter through the door And the one armed bandit Laughs aloud and disappears once more My God, the spiders are everywhere! With ruby wine and our tangled nerves, our mouths flap in despa ir And with tumbled words of poetry, we try and prove we care But the glow-worm light of creativeness moves out into the rain And the joss stick dies and disappears, its scent alone remains In the room of percussion The discussion slides as you enter through the door And the one armed bandit Laughs aloud and disappears once more In the room of percussion The discussion slides as you enter through the door And the one armed bandit Laughs aloud and disappears once more My God, the spiders are everywhere!