Marble Fields

Klaxons

Heigh Helen

Something was born in the mirza's dream
And then left in the tomb of the effigies
Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The copies we made in the gale wind

Synchronicity

On a great pixel throne footage shows
Rolling the gods on the palace beach
There is hardly an afterlife mirrored here
But there flutters a shadow of sanctuary

Synchronicity
With the psi copy
Synchronicity

Now these marble fields
Still lay in tact
Brimming with prime
Still forming

Time couldn't bottle the five stone rings
Nor leave you marooned on the sea machines
Synchronicity
With the psi copy
Synchronicity

The hydra white head of delusion
Brought forces of more than a million
And caused the stone angles to glisten
Now various species have told me
To wield a harvesting sickle
And fear not the after responses
We'll swim with tides of lake lerna
Fast charms are on route to forever
While dreaming of young capricorn

Now these marble fields
Still lay in tact
Brimming with prime
Still forming...

And time couldn't bottle heigh Helen
And time couldn't bottle heigh Helen

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