

Sleep

RPWL

The new born moon seems like a cradle, shining on the desert sand
Scent of sandalwood and jasmine, a goddess with a silver skin
I am painting all your flowers, I'm the shadow of your dream
Who changed your opium to money shiva calls your name,
Why don't you sleep?

You're not worth a passing glance, I'm the picture in your mind
Who can feel the wind blows gently sparkling dust over the land
A stone is not a stone until I tell you what it's supposed to be
Who changed your opium to money shiva calls again,
Why don't you sleep?

And all our dreams are rushing to the river
The river that has always flowed
When maya comes and sets our hearts on fire
Our dreams will show the way back home

Lighter than a tuft of feathers, dancing with the rays of light
Digging oceans with my fingers, patterns carved into the sky
The creation of the earth is in my sight which no one's seen before
Sparkles of awakening knowledge shiva calls your name,
Why don't you sleep?

And all our dreams are rushing to the river
The river that has always flowed
When maya comes and sets our hearts on fire

Frightened and weeping
I read my name on a tombstone in a graveyard I don't know
In another dimension sitting with a pale face
On the hill of the dead!
The clouds all painted pink
Me wrapped in white cotton, nobody can see me at all
The letters of my name, iridescent and melting in the sun

Unsatisfied and restless, seeking in wrong places
Wading through a sea of my desires
When I burned away my bonds
I knew that I could not remain the same!
I left a fragment of my soul
Knotted in a tree top as a present for the endless universe
My form is full of light
As I'm going to the woods to find myself again

All the good, all the bad
All the pleasure, all the pain
All the yearnings of the brave,
All the sun and all the rain

All the beauty, all the dirt
All the love and all the hate
All the laughing, all lamenting, the acceptance of our fate
All illusions that we have,
All our secret fairytales,
Are doomed to slow decay; are flowing down the stream.

Tištěno z pismicky-akordy.cz
So come and kiss my silver skin while I paint pictures in your mind

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