

# Last Train To Istanbul

Steve Hackett

Your two eyes like minarets  
Rise in twin pools of white  
The incandescent fires of spring  
Radiant against the vault of night

On the last train to Istanbul

Journey to the heart, dancers on thin ice  
Lantern moon, a magic carpet ride  
Soulscapes, island nights  
In your eyes an afterlife

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Curling smoke becomes the djinn  
Lovers wish for everything  
Temple pillars built on clouds  
In your sleep awaking now

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