

What's My Name

Steve Hackett

Stone mirror mountain rises from a low stream
The scent of flowers like an ocean of weeds
I take a boat formed like a long handled sword
The Heavens are vast and the sea is broad
What's my name

We find the great cave of burning clouds
The water horses come flickering down
A gap in consciousness a picture takes shape
I hear a thundering
A tidal wave breaks
What's my name