

Crystal Hall

Temples

High tide, flood forever rising
Low tide calling out your name
You'll find slowly disappearing
Statues in the clouds standing out in the rain

High tide, charm forever hiding
Low tide spreading over land
You'll find ankhs of fallen lightning
Statues in the clouds standing out in the sand

Shockwaves, storm forever rising
High tide calling out your name
You'll find sequins made of silver
Statues of the mind standing out in the rain

Sandstorm glistening my eyes sore
Shining on the back door
Of a crystal hall

Sunshine seeping through the skyline
Tropical the wildlife
Masquerading ball

Unaware, unprepared
Question everything you know
Understand, he concerned
Watching everywhere you go
Listen out, up and down
Counsel everyone you know

Can you feel it coming down?
Can you feel it coming down?

Sandstorm glistening my eyes sore
Shining on the back door
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Sunshine seeping through the skyline
Tropical the wildlife
Masquerading ball