

Prisms

Temples

From an ancient time we came
With prisms in our eyes, praying with the wise men
Happiness is free
It wanders in the mind, never to be blinded
When you know the time is right
To share your queries of the day

Rest in visions of the day
Often we're reminded, a fool will lead the blinded
To a point of view
Triangles of light, above us in the sky turn
Grey with pure reflection
Fade into your queries of the day

Talk in spirit if there's time
A doubt you had in mind was never to be questioned
By three sides of light
Never too deceiving, watch until the sky turns
Grey with pure reflection
Fade into your queries of the day