



bolander

Now I open the door to the buried and the dead like to know what a journey might bring
In the wall I throw the wall between the floor and the homestead to make way for my mind to get in
Give this a thought don't you mind what you ought what you owe let it blow let insanity show
Lose the control of your soul and fall into this hole

Here comes the words talking out of it's prison this is the game in the garden of Jesus
Walking in pain down my stomach and listen to words without shame because nobody sees us
Don't miss this chance for a paper and pen dance people will blame you but they never try
You can stop here and live in a lie or go on and get high

Rhyme without reason will sigh in it's sign of the crime of the run out of time and will die in it's cry of don't try to get high in a
cell cause we're all in this square on the stairway to hell
Move over honey let's spend all your money on beer and on drugs which will mess up your face
And heaven and hell has the same taste all over this place

The crowd will be screaming out classical music when Mozart and space travel is how they'll use it
These will be days in the space of inside which only the blind face of outside can hide
Then we'll cry alone in houses and homes and screw the discovery out of our heads
Climbing the wall as we lie in the cold of our beds

You look so good in the light from your lamp you look good in beginning of cramp when your neck is stretched into a moonlike
paralyzed air in your chair from which you never can rise
Be Don Quijote until the daylight has brought a sharp-sounding signal to chase you out of bed
Open the door to the world and forget that you're dead