

Reflecting on what's been
Though past will be future
When again yesterday to be made

For me hazy times fume all around
Burning grass in a field of endless supplies
Tall people casting shadows on the short
Little people running circles round the wide

Lazy times waste it well
What better to do with my mind!
Crazy times no rhythm too hard
Deep corners and people with my time

Overground in joy in clouds sunlit
Snow untouched make pure silhouette
Catches steam grass and dew
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Hosts bring out a game of openfields on the box
Watch the guests who bring the heat of outside
Flags of faith for boundaries to fight
The young so so wise before their time
My time your time all time
My time your time all time

Overground in joy in clouds sunlit
Snow untouched make pure silhouette
Catches steam grass and dew
Rays not harm the upward gaze

Rhythm to your right rhythm the other side
Expression outside and poetry inside
Pleasure to your touch
Taste of heaven on your mind
And colours before your very eyes