

## Of Kali Ma Calibre

Diablo Swing Orchestra

They measure him by his blood-shot eyes  
They measure him by his thick disguise  
Those nights of doubt and loneliness  
Inside the thoughts never rest

The jest, the pomp and the circumstance  
Won't fill the void nor soothe his sense  
He wears his secret like a cloak  
Truth makes it harder to cope

By the most enlightened matter  
I'll have your mind in the grip of my hand  
You despise what's on your platter  
Wish for a change, dreams will have bound you

Make peace with all you ever knew  
Make peace with all you ever do  
Make peace with it all  
I won't let you fall

Nailed down hope and with fingers crossed  
Pick up the dreams that were nearly lost  
Race for home and trusting arms  
The antic has forsaken the farce

When they shake him awake again  
Torn from the calm by a judging hand  
The daylight's hard when the mind's not free  
The circle starts over again

By the most enlightened matter  
I have your mind in the grip of my hand  
All he's done is try to bury  
Fleeing so far from the judge and the jury