

To Turn The Stone

Frida

The moon retreats behind a silver cloud
as darkness throws its cloak towards the earth
and mystery replaces what we thought we knew
to turn the stone, to turn the stone

The one dimension only shows one side
but do we see the same through different eyes
as you and I peer into life's kaleidoscope
to turn the stone, to turn the stone

Eternal sands of time shift endlessly
behind a veil of motionless disguise
an eyelid flash is all it really seems to need
to turn the stone, to turn the stone
to turn the stone, to turn the stone