

In The Room Of Percussion

Kaleidoscope

Mountainous pictures of coloured scenes appear upon my face
And the joss stick smoke of sense dissolves, forever in its place

The shadowy friends that line the walls all dream while laying down

While the window tapping silhouette in rain begins to drown

In the room of percussion

The discussion slides as you enter through the door

And the one armed bandit

Laughs aloud and disappears once more

Foolish thoughts of ecstasy are dead but without too much concern

In the heart, my hopes by millions lay twisted as they burn

The crooked faces of clocks appear and die in nightmare dreams

While juggling music surrounds us both and turns our thoughts to screams

In the room of percussion

The discussion slides as you enter through the door

And the one armed bandit

Laughs aloud and disappears once more

My God, the spiders are everywhere!

With ruby wine and our tangled nerves, our mouths flap in despair

And with tumbled words of poetry, we try and prove we care

But the glow-worm light of creativeness moves out into the rain

And the joss stick dies and disappears, its scent alone remains

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