

On the following friday as I turned out  
the light  
Grandma' came and knocked at My  
door  
"Wake up King, wake up My dear  
I am gonna show You about the house  
of Amon"  
It is time for tea, it is time again  
"Even Your mother is present  
We made her sleep in My rocking  
chair"  
At first I felt really scared but there  
was no reason to  
As I saw the knife sneaking out from  
Grandmother's dress  
Then it cut a tiny wound in My  
mother's little hand  
It is time for tea, it is time again  
Blood was running into the tea pot,  
then I heard "THEM" laugh  
"A bit of this in a cup of tea, is what it  
takes to set "THEM" free  
You will hear "THEM" telling stories  
from far beyond this earth"  
What I saw and what I heard made me  
want to stay and learn  
I really hope this dream will never  
end, it's hard to describe the kind of  
feeling that went on in My mind  
A paradise  
Hearing "THEIR" stories and feeling  
"THEIR" warmth  
We laughed with tears in our eyes  
From the first cup of tea, to the last  
drop of blood  
Nothing seemed to matter at all  
anymore  
My Mother? She didn't exist to me,  
Oh I felt so heavenly  
It is time for tea, it is time again