

Tribe

Queensryche

Taken to a place underground,
a cavern, ten thousand steps down.
The only light was fire fly glow,
reflecting in the blue crystal show.
Feeling in the darkness surrounding me,
roots of giant Sequoia trees
anchor the canopy of life that's above.
The answer to the mystery of life is _

Traveled through the jungles of the Yucatan
and drank the potion from the magic man.
Held the starlight inches from my face,
pushed the door open, # 7.
I walked the path way to heaven.
Saw the same face of God.

Seems every where I go
I see the same face, I feel the same flow.
With every one I meet and every hand I shake,
I'm every man, trying my best to get to know
because everything's at stake.

We're the same tribe.

Passing through Morocco for the faithful is a trip.
Hallucinating visions drives my desert ship.
For a thousand miles we could not fail,
can't enjoy if you can't inhale.
Clearly a lifetimes need of some experience and
for the record, peace.

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I see the same face, I feel the same flow.
With every one I meet and every hand I shake,
I see myself in every man, trying my best to get to know
because everything's at stake.

We're the same tribe