

Thunderous resonant sounds call from beyond the depths  
And the winds of gravity change,  
In memories of the consciousness of the ancient rocks,  
Nature's answer to the eternal question

The tunnels of the sky  
Meet under oceans  
And fall into the vortex of Bermuda  
The secret of the poles  
Where the Eskimo never where

The lightning,  
The megatons of water  
They fly within  
A spinning thunderous vortex

At the poles of the world  
In the labyrinth of lost directions  
Mankind's falsehood is the weight of gravity  
Current current current

The sun has moved where the lines of the compass lay vertical at the  
gates  
Where the world inside  
Stands alone in front of eternity  
In the 4 fields of the hollow earth

I search for the riddle of the clouds  
Where the new world shall form from clouds  
Gouging funnels in the great abyss of the sky  
In the shape of the one stream

Where tunnels open into the great nothing  
And the giant spaces that rent gravity  
Unto the depths of the earth  
Alight becomes the riddle of the labyrinth  
Where the channels of the junction  
Reform the ethos  
And forget  
Everything

I search for the riddle of the clouds  
From where a new world shall form  
A tunnel gouges in the shapes  
Of the stream in the great abyss  
Of the sky