

The Hourglass and the Landslide

Ten

Why does it feel like you're comin' on? And why do I feel like
it's never gone? The tendrils of dark, like cerebral knives Cut
straight to heart, hyposensitise, Perceptions are sharp, "work
ing overtime"

Steppin" outside, steppin' outside

It's a timeless dream With a mindless scene Where the Sandstorm
drifts As the world turns rifting time, In this Hourglass it's
a landslide. From the hand you're dealin' The Tarot reading Is
so misleading, The cards burn, shift and glide, In this Hourgl
ass it's a landslide.

The scene is surreal, like a battle won, But now I can see, I'v
e been overcome, You took me apart in the candlelight, Dissecte
d my heart while anaesthetised And now I'm a slave to your darke
r side

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