

Take a magic carpet to the olden days.
To a mythical land where everybody lays.
Around in the clouds in a happy daze in
Kizmiaz...Kizmiaz

Flamingos stand easy on bended knees.
Palm trees wave over tropical seas
of azure waves and lazy breeze
in Kizmiaz...Kizmiaz.

Over raspberry skies spires of the Shaz.
Point to the heavens that this place has.
You would swim all the way from Alcatraz
to Kizmiaz...Kizmiaz.

It lies on the horizon in a golden haze.
No one believes their eyes the legend says.
Held hypnotized in a frozen gaze
on Kizmiaz...Kizmiaz.
The vibrations kiss the ships would pass. Kizmiaz...Kizmiaz.