

Ananda Project, Cascades of Color

And at sunrise
And at sunset
But when night falls
But the music
And at sunrise
And at sunset
But when night falls
But the music
Cascades of color, slip right through your hands
Your castle's in the clouds, turn back into sand
You'll find your swept away with no helping hand
The music is your beacon back to dry land
And at sunrise
And at sunset
But when night falls
But the music
Cascades of color, slip right through your hands
Your castle's in the clouds, turn back into sand
You'll find your swept away with no helping hand
The music is your beacon back to dry land
Oh, the music, now this is why I sing
Oh, the music, my sunrise
And this is why we sing
Bring it back on home