

Green Carnation, Myron & Cole

Myron and Cole had a plan heading of to another world
Inhaling an acre of Myrons sweet garden of pleasure
Waving goodbye to the rational patterns of thinking
High above, swans sails the orbits of earth
Waiting for peace below
Dying to go with the flow
Cole starts to shiver,
he's sweating and swears that an angel's here
He's crying while speaking of colors which does not exist
Let me bleed for knowledge an angel possess
Speak to the world through me
I live for a reason to be
Myron stood up and he laughed in his moment of clarity
Said to his friend "are we ever to come to our senses?"
High above, swans sails the orbits of earth
Waiting for peace below
Dying to go with the flow