

Hog Heaven, Glass Room

Enter my friend and be judged if you dare
By images forecasting doom.
Let the millions of eyes that are crystal and wise
Be the legend to your lasting tomb.

Orange and blues are the roads you may choose
To carry your thoughts away.
And the flashing of signs that enter our minds
Will brighten our sunshine day.

Only the pure of body and mind
Will be free to leave the glass room.
Ah, ah, ...

A photographed scene of where you've just been
Is suddenly bright and alive.
And the dreams that you made are beginning to fade,
For reality soon will arrive.
Somebody help me!

Only the pure of body and mind
Will be free to leave the glass room.
Ah, ah, ...