

# Colour Haze, Pulse

Be in a field now  
Between raging earth and racing skies  
Weed fingers reaching  
Lower your soul to the roots and seek the light

Seed was spread to the mountains  
Brooded in the boiling seas  
Examine a drop of water  
A universe of vivid shapes is to see

Mind the calm between the stars then  
Overwealming something is  
Once you get back and feed some ants son  
Be calmed for it won't disappear