

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