

Dead Soul Tribe, Just Like A Timepiece

The ghosts of my own song have names themselves no one
Run through the flowers they say
The hands of the dream wind that blows from beneath them
Circle the hours away

They offer a ride in their submarine dragonfly
Brought me inside to a chair in her head
The blind jester pilot, he smiles and he says that she knows where to go
As he lies down instead

I couldn't help noticing pilot began to dream
Started me wondering time of the day
The carousel sea horses picturesque circus dress flowing behind them
Began their display

The pantomime symphony slowly pretends to me
Stopped for directions out of my dream
Then one broke his silence, and pointed to me and said
Just like a timepiece, keep circling, circling

Blue for the sky
The world only turns from far away
Only blue from this high

It feels like flying
It feels like dying

Far and away, the icy Sun is on the rise
On the run
They're choking on the smoking gun
The swans have died
Tomorrow's finally come
Fly ...

The harlequin juggler in porcelain masquerade
Bicycle playing card joker in green
The jack rabbit rocking horse pendulate back and forth
Tick-tocking aperture carnival stream

Then came time in which i began wondering
The distance behind us inside of this dream
The blind jester pilot, he woke and he said to me
Just like the world, we keep circling, circling on

Just like the time circles on...