

Giles, Giles And Fripp, The Crukster

You're ever in doubt about this world
With eyes cast in deep frown
Wheels of turbulence abound after sweet innocence
But no, not sweet innocence
Just a bright colour

A colour so purposely painted
Yet will not cover the stain
Nor stop the pounding rain
There is no shelter

There is no shelter for eyes that see
Troubled stumbling to be but condemned

For to realize and suffer
That is the penalty for you, me
No sound can open their eyes
Nor vision bring reality
To gloom, darkness

But don't sit at ease
Though the day is cold
The searing gap may weld
And once again while dew is wet
A bright colour will cover the paint
Till silence is set
And then once again you can hear hell's heat