

# Psychotic Waltz, Spiral Tower

there a world who's smiling face  
was spinning in circles out in space  
on the day that the architects  
have caused their plague of stone  
turn the ancient land to street  
spiral tower high defeats us  
bursting out, standing tall  
in lands we call our own

burst the dams with tidal waves  
of twisting walls, each brick in place  
into the dizzy heights the chase  
but swaying in the wind  
tearing, clawing, burning down  
mountains hammered to the ground  
building cities, building towns  
not an inch of land unturned

still stand the eyes of all  
gazing to the skies  
breathless and still none the wise  
of what they've really done  
looking back to see the past  
they win the race yet finish last  
you suffer from the spell they've cast

spiral tower standing high  
smashing all it passes by  
earth lies bleeding starts to cry  
no one cared to know  
money, greed sees falling trees  
all dropping to their sickly knees  
found no cure for this disease  
nowhere left to go

iron bars and bricks of stone  
have left the earth picked to the bone  
racing higher to the stars  
the architects arise  
shattering the sky  
to stand a thousand miles high  
as the shaking spiral tower  
starts to fall to their surprise

burning are the eyes  
wider just to see the skies  
out of breath, none the wise  
of what they've really done  
a million light years from the past  
we're stepping forward, moving back  
there it falls to die  
to be born again