

Pure Reason Revolution, The Intention Craft

The night is blue; clouds in the skies
And I can't explain the night shine through closed eyes
I see through the walls behind
I see the same; the feelings mask the skies

A million bright in her heart, answer the alarms!
Rainband pendant; deadlight grew
A million lights radiate from her heart, answer the alarms!
Waveband cadence; daylight grew

I see blue; the ocean writhes
Vision denied, we're too high, sold his eyes
Light shines through on the sharpened knives
Knee high in rhymes; we climb, confusion behind

The memories gone!

She seems to be on my mind through armagnac
Will your eyes visit solar highs?

There was a sort of trembling, eager emotion, a strange nostalgia, as of a lost world, half forgotten,
A vivid recollection, half forgotten, half recalled

It came in colours they knew
Behind the rhymes in the night
Inside the opal wide sky
It takes the greatest of mind
It's nearer dawn now than night
They tremble near to the side
The silent echoes of you
The ashes catching alight
Behind the faces and lies
The sharpened knives are disguised
He stares emotional guise
And joins the octopus ride
You ease my memories too soon
And now were changing the rules
I'm veering closer to you
Desire, obsession and truth