

Rosicrucian, Column Of Grey

Civilised temples in black, white and grey
walls closing in from around
wherever you turn the night is the day
you accept this and utter no sound
And now - this voice from afar
coloured in purple and red
It calls - it calls out your name
reaches your soul yet not dead
Life as you know it exposed to the sand
your self assurance breaking away
you cover it up by tightening the bands
curse the things that set you astray
Doubts now cover your mind
again turning colours so black
The fera turned up from behind
you didn't cover your back
You stifle your lust
Turn your back on the day
You must - swallow the dust
Colour the column of grey
Why don't you tell me the truth
Pain - repays - stealing you youth
The solid ground on which you stand
a tower ready to fall
Without an open mind it won't expand
don't force yourself to crawl
Truth - seal by a bond
cracking but only by will
Open up - and let it blast through
the light is there to thrill
You stifle your lust
Turn your back on the day
You must - swallow the dust
Colour the column of grey