

Screaming Trees, Lines and circles

Crystal faces on a window sill
I can hear them whisper slowly like the chill wind
That moves around the sun I'm in
They're going places I've never been
Saying words I've never said
Thoughts and logic at once are dead
Moving up and around my head
Lines are forming, circling around my eyes
Turning around a voice would never die
Hey Mr. sun outside my door
Wears a revelation, a revolution
I know I would, I've seen it's real
I know I could set your mind free
There's a wide open tap to your flower
Every hour growing dead
Lines are forming, circling around my eyes
Turning around a voice would never die
Crystal evenings crack
Just like the smile I knew
We'll go nowhere so much faster
I can't try to make it stop, yeah
I know there's truth that lies beyond
This world that you perceive
Lines are forming, circling around my eyes
Turning around a voice would never die
It's forming
In a shapeless world I've formed a change