

# 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