

# Trance To The Sun, Horse Head Lake

Two birds met in a tree  
And for a second the world vanishes  
Diverts the eye beams to the subconscious  
From the plasma universe  
Like all she ever wanted to be was written in sand  
Long lost on a planet  
Sweet the sleep that comes to the opening eye  
Sand on sand and facts on file  
The tranquility sea of the moon is on fire  
Books on mechanics say nothing of I  
And the things they're telling her are total lies  
She regrets not having a lucid life,  
She never expected the fortune you feel that you deserve  
I caught her crawling out a window  
The front door was wide open  
The past is receding beyond control  
Each hour is a brick in the wall  
A brick for each hour  
The echoes of the saddest things are lunched in the stone