

Yes, The Preacher The Teacher

Sad preacher nailed upon the coloured door of time;
Insane teacher be there reminded of the rhyme.
There'll be no mutant enemy we shall certify;
Political ends, as sad remains, will die.
Reach out as forward tastes begin to enter you.
Ooh, ooh.

I listened hard but could not see
Life tempo change out and inside me.
The preacher trained in all to lose his name;

The teacher travels, asking to be shown the same.
In the end, we'll agree, we'll accept, we'll immortalise
That the truth of the man maturing in his eyes,
All complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.

Coming quickly to terms of all expression laid,
As a moment regained and regarded both the same,
Emotion revealed as the ocean maid,
A clearer future, morning, evening, nights with you.