

## Doors

# "Hour For Magic"

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Resident mockery  
Give us an hour for magic  
We of the purple glove  
We of the starling light and velvet hour  
We of the arabic pleasure's breed  
We of the sundome and the night Give us greed  
To believe  
A night of Lust  
Give us trust in  
The Night  
Give of color  
Hundred hues  
A rich mandala  
For me and you  
And your silky  
Pillowed house  
A head, wisdom  
And a bed  
Troubled decree  
Resident mockery  
Has claimed thee  
We used to believe  
In the good old days  
We still receive  
In little ways  
The things of Kindness  
And unsporting brow  
Forget and allow  
Did you know freedom exists in a school book  
Did you know madmen are running our prison  
Within a jail, within a gaol  
Within a white protestant  
Maelstrom  
We're perched headlong on the edge of boredom  
We're reacing for death on the end of a candle  
We're trying for something  
That's already found us

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