

# Jethro Tull

## "Dangerous Veils"

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Desert candle in a tented space  
throwing softer shadows on a covered face.  
Sister, silent to the likes of me --  
Pay my respects to her propriety.

Is this some crazy woman here,  
dancing behind her thin black veil?  
Am I misreading those mysterious eyes?  
Duet impossible to harmonize.

I'm not inviting any stiff reaction.  
I'm not one for naming holy names.  
And I won't peek behind those dangerous veils.  
Though you might hate me just the same.

Name of the Father ringing in her head --  
Thinking over what the prophet said.  
Words and tradition bind her in their spell.

Don't drink the water from this holy well.

I'm not inviting any fierce reaction  
and I'm not one for naming holy names.  
I won't peek behind those dangerous veils.  
Though you might hate me just the same.

Desert candle in a tented space  
Softer shadows on a covered face.  
Sister, silent to the likes of me --  
I tip my hat to her propriety.

I'm not inviting any fierce reaction  
and I'm not one for naming holy names.  
I won't peek behind those dangerous veils.  
Though you might hate me just the same.

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