

Kaledon**"In The Room Of Percussion"**

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Mountainous pictures of coloured scenes appear upon
my face
And the joss stick smoke of sense dissolves, forever in
its place
The shadowy friends that line the walls all dream while
laying down
While the window tapping silhouette in rain begins to
drown

In the room of percussion
The discussion slides as you enter through the door
And the one armed bandit
Laughs aloud and disappears once more

Foolish thoughts of ecstasy are dead but without too
much concern
In the heart, my hopes by millions lay twisted as they
burn
The crooked faces of clocks appear and die in
nightmare dreams
While juggling music surrounds us both and turns our
thoughts to screams

In the room of percussion
The discussion slides as you enter through the door
And the one armed bandit
Laughs aloud and disappears once more
My God, the spiders are everywhere!

With ruby wine and our tangled nerves, our mouths
flap in despair
And with tumbled words of poetry, we try and prove we
care
But the glow-worm light of creativeness moves out into
the rain
And the joss stick dies and disappears, its scent alone
remains

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The discussion slides as you enter through the door
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Laughs aloud and disappears once more
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