

## **Kaleidoscope**

# **"In The Room Of Percussion"**

Visit "[In The Room Of Percussion](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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

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

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!

Visit [Kaleidoscope](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.