

New Trolls

"Flow Of The River Of The Mind"

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Running white, tasting ever sweeter wine
Touching blue, smelling even greener pine
Oh, so we flow
Knowing what we wish to know

There will come a point
I wonder will you miss me
We will see a stairway
Up into the other side

Ways on, backwards is the goal
Tearing past, did you really want to know?
Live, the land will give
Our answer, for they want to go

You can see it now
The finish looks no closer
Then we're near the end
Keep pushing till we pass the sky

Over the diamond studded rocks below
Stranger thoughts, silver feathered, flying low
To grip us as we overflow, overflow

Into time out of time
Into time out of time
Into time out of space
Into out
Outwards on
Outward flow
Flowing slow

Now we drop, form the top
Of a pit of light
Out of sight, falling flight
Down and around the form
Through a storm, getting warm
From a sun in the rock
Now we're caught, but we hear
The cavern is playing for us

