

Portugal. The Man "Sapphire Magic"

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Back to the world,
The acrobats spinning around
With his head in the bay,
Stepping in close to that door
Shivers in pain,
His mind slipping back in to
Behind his view
A place he made through that door

Back filling gold and colors that
Poured from his mouth dripping shame
Found as the flowed through that door
Comforts in time
That pull and push against the
Moon climbing games
That reach us to get through that door

Now back to the world,
The acrobats spinning around
Their heads in the bay
All the way back to that door
It's in the door

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