

Psychotic Waltz "Spiral Tower"

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there a world who's smiling face
was spinning in circles out in space
on the day that the architects
have caused their plague of stone
turn the ancient land to street
spiral tower high defeats us
bursting out, standing tall
in lands we call our own
burst the dams with tidal waves
of twisting walls, each brick in place
into the dizzy heights the chase
but swaying in the wind
tearing, clawing, burning down
mountains hammered to the ground
building cities, building towns
not an inch of land unturned
still stand the eyes of all
gazing to the skies
breathless and still none the wise
of what they've really done
looking back to see the past
they win the race yet finish last
you suffer from the spell they've cast
spiral tower standing high
smashing all it passes by
earth lies bleeding starts to cry
no one cared to know
money, greed sees falling trees
all dropping to their sickly knees
found no cure for this disease
nowhere left to go
iron bars and bricks of stone
have left the earth picked to the bone
racing higher to the stars
the architects arise
shattering the sky
to stand a thousand miles high
as the shaking spiral tower
starts to fall to their surprise
burning are the eyes
wider just to see the skies
out of breath, none the wise

of what they've really done
a million light years from the past
we're stepping forward, moving back
there it falls to die
to be born again

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