

Mysterium

"Spiral Mystery"

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Heal me, mizzling modern mood has moistened me
folly
Statue at day
Heal me, mizzling modern mood has moistened me
Invincible saviour at night

Wash me clean, wash me clean, wash me clean
Hold me up, pull me down, steal my dream
Eat this war, eat this raw, beat this self
A mussed up thought process defends me from it's
shelf

It's hard to tell that this heaven has just brightened
Up to loose myself
It's hard that you've just brightened up to loose grip
On me
But's easy to see that a God hides behind such truth of
None
But's easy to hear that I see that you loose grip on me

Wash me clean
Hold me up
Eat this war
Defend me
Wash me clean
Defend me from it's shelf

"And they say - the starry choir
And the other listening things
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and signs
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings"

Wash me clean, wash me clean, wash me clean
Hold me up, pull me down, steal my dream
Eat this war, eat this raw, beat this self
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shelf

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