

Screaming Trees "Lines Circles"

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Crystal faces on a windowsill
I can hear them whisper slowly
Like the chill wind
That moves around this room I'm in

They're going places I've never been
Saying words I've never said
Thoughts of logic at once stopped dead
Moving up all around my head
Lines are forming, circling round my eyes
Turning round, voice would never die

Hey mister sun outside my doorway
Is a revelation, a revolution

I know I would, I've seen it's real
I know I can set your mind free
There's a wide open top to your flower
Every hour growing dead
Lines are forming, circling round my eyes
Turning round, voice would never die

Crystal evenings cracked just like the smile I knew

We're going nowhere so much faster
I can't try to make it stop, yeah
I know there's truth that lies beyond
This world that you perceive
Lines are forming, circling round my eyes
Turning round, voice would never die

It's forming
In a shapeless world I've formed a change

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