

Shakhan

"Worship At Our Temple"

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Mark has rattled that little bone in my head blowing
strong shes right on sweet NZ runnning around getting
our stuff together.

Single wing that flys with out a single feather.

Meeting a the paddock like perfect no drugs in me but I
feel like an addict.

Patches of rock that are sticking out like mange no
scabe dog shes the beautiflly Paeroa range.

Deer and boar they have a home on her true her top
scapes then it just cuts into the blue.

Also looks like a giant pushed dirt over a grave not
sure if I'm fool hardy or brave.

Dust is spiralling from the car like a vapour trail soon so
quiet slip throught the air under a sail.

At take off there is always a saftey check who wants to
break and then spiral into the deck.

Standing there I feel the glory of a thermal. We have
come to worship at our temple.

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