

Gone Jackals, The "Blue Pyramid"

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As the delta mines it's run,
There s no one source, there s just the sum
Of masters, slaves.

The laying bare of tortured souls.
A lonely wail, sensuous moan.
Sober, stoned.

Once upon a time
My fascination grew.
I found myself at the foot
Of a blue pyramid.

Tucked within the mountain s robes
Are jazz and country, rock and soul.

Hip hop, doo wop.

Timeless tones of gold
Haunt a lost plateau.
There is no turning back
On the blue pyramid.

Its power and magic grow
In echos, new and old.
Never may it peak -
The blue pyramid .

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