

Hidden Cameras, The "Golden Streams"

Visit "[Golden Streams](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Golden stream

In the cold

It turns to ice

Runs down my knees in fright

Golden stream

Turns from warm to cold

In frightful time

In the frozen dead of night

The golden stone builds the golden road to heaven

Held up high by golden streams of ice

My golden bone meets the golden bun

Buns held high in our dreams of men

Golden streams of ice

In the cold

Hold up a city of gold

That lives in broad daylight

Two golden streams

Run down my cheeks

When buns are deprived

Of my dreams of men

I hold the golden bone on the golden road to heaven

Held up high by golden streams of ice
The golden bone belongs in golden bun
Bone and bun held high in my dreams of us
My golden wand waves down your golden rod
Our gold held high in sunny breezy sky
Then a stream of gold released from golden stone
Erupts late at night and melts the winter ice
The golden streams
The golden streams
The golden streams
...

Visit [Hidden Cameras, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.