The Turning

Screaming Trees

Sand on the beach beats a hole through my hand
Hands of the clock stand where I have to walk
All the way around
Turn upside down
Just look around to the turning
Everything inside is burningSign on the wall that I don't understand
It's just a part of a dream that I had
Feet on the ground
Head in the sound
Just look around to the turning
Everything inside is burningWater so cool that it's thoughts seem to soothe
Some things are real that I don't have to prove
Now you are learning
Rome now is burning
Just look around to the turning
Everything inside is burning
Just look around to the turning
Everything inside is burning

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