

# Carcosa

## High On Fire

We have moved though time  
Contemplate gold signs  
Majik eyes a must  
Dragons in the dust  
Papalcy, the cult of existence  
My demons run at resistance  
Conjure life, inject the conjecture  
Psychic anomaly catchers  
The waking dreams align  
Cross thread my rival's mind  
Twin suns burn our fate  
Collision worlds of great  
Implore our earthly feet  
In silent tragic means  
Cosmic throne, earth and its citizens  
To understand our existence  
We have to dig and instruct the children  
The beings of death that instilled them  
The waking dreams align  
Cross thread my rivals mind  
Brain to flower of life  
Waking up to time  
Never have to die  
Growing our third eyes  
Papalcy, the cult of existence  
My demons run at resistance  
Conjure life, inject the conjecture  
Psychic anomaly catchers  
The waking dreams align  
Cross thread my rival's mind  
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Cross thread my rivals mind

Songwriters

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