Golden Streams

The Hidden Cameras

Golden stream
In the cold
It turns to ice
Runs down my knees in frightGolden stream
Turns from warm to cold
In frightful time
In the frozen dead of nightThe 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 menGolden streams of ice
In the cold
Hold up a city of gold
That lives in broad daylightTwo golden streams
Run down my cheeks
When buns are deprived
Of my dreams of menI 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 usMy 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 iceThe golden streams
The golden streams
The golden streams
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