

# Lines & Circles

## Screaming Trees

Crystal faces on a windowsill  
I can hear them whisper slowly  
    Like the chill wind

That moves around this room I'm inThey're going places I've never been

    Saying words I've never said

Thoughts of logic at once stopped dead

    Moving up all around my head

Lines are forming, circling round my eyes

Turning round, voice would never dieHey mister sun outside my doorway

    Is a revelation, a revolutionI know I would, I've seen it's real

    I know I can set your mind free

    There's a wide open top to your flower

        Every hour growing dead

Lines are forming, circling round my eyes

Turning round, voice would never dieCrystal evenings cracked just like the smile I knewWe're going nowhere  
    so much faster

    I can't try to make it stop, yeah

    I know there's truth that lies beyond

        This world that you perceive

Lines are forming, circling round my eyes

Turning round, voice would never dieIt's forming

    In a shapeless world I've formed a change

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