

Of Kali Ma Calibre

Diablo Swing Orchestra

They measure him by his blood-shot eyes
They measure him by his thick disguise
Those nights of doubt and loneliness
Inside the thoughts never rest

The jest, the pomp and the circumstance
Won't fill the void nor soothe his sense
He wears his secret like a cloak
Truth makes it harder to cope

By the most enlightened matter
I'll have your mind in the grip of my hand
You despise what's on your platter
Wish for a change, dreams will have bound you

Make peace with all you ever knew
Make peace with all you ever do
Make peace with it all
I won't let you fall

Nailed down hope and with fingers crossed
Pick up the dreams that were nearly lost
Race for home and trusting arms
The antic has forsaken the farce

When they shake him awake again
Torn from the calm by a judging hand
The daylight's hard when the mind's not free
The circle starts over again

By the most enlightened matter
I have your mind in the grip of my hand
All he's done is try to bury
Fleeing so far from the judge and the jury