

While the king he screams at the likes of us  
Her majesty waits at the back of the bus  
The stars willingly align  
And after all time stays on its own side

Without wings we're gathering  
Preparing for the rites of spring  
And from the swinging of the axe to the swaying of the hips

It's such a tangled web we weave from the soul to the lips

The time to live is hard in the ticking of the clocks  
As you and I make love to the equinox  
EmbedShare Url:CopyEmbed:Copy