

Back to the world,
The acrobat's spinning around
With his head in the bay,
Stepping in close to that door,
Into the shore.

Shivers in pain,
His mind slipping back in to
Behind the view,
A place he made up through that door,
Into the door.

Back filling gold and colors that
Poured from his mouth dripping shame,
Found as he flowed through that door,
Into the door.

Comforts in time
That pull and push against the
Moon climbing games
That reach us to get through that door,
Into the door.

Back to the world,
The acrobat's spinning around
With his head in the bay,
All the way back to that door,
It's in the door.
It's in the door.

Back to the world,
The acrobat's spinning around
With his head in the bay,
All the way back to that door,
It's in the door.
It's in the door.
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Back to the world,
The acrobat's spinning around
With his head in the bay,
All the way back to that door.