

Praise Be Man

Russian Circles

Praise be man.
He lives in gold.
Take me, your soul,
To mountains.
Slow gaze upon the sea, the
Four walls are bleeding empty.
Praise your steel soul.
Taste the tail and fire.
Tread on with me, tomorrow.
Through time gaze on.
Water down the treasure,
You won't get it all until fall.
You're scared.