

Come and find me in my place

Between the trees
there I'll dream until there or no dream to see
or hear
or know

it rises from below, it knows your heart blood or flow
within the fifth-dimension gulf, it pulls your dream and
echoes back

from daytime or light they shy, lest the GREEN DECAY
take hold

LEAVE NOW. YOU MUST. Or it will call the tomb-Aard
from its place beneath the Temple of Temp Hill. They'll turn
the road back... turn it back turn it back turn it back turn it
back turn it back turn it back turn it back turn it back turn
it back turn it back turn it back turn it back turn it back
turn
turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn
turn turn turn turn turn turn turn turn