

## No More White Hats

No one wears white hats anymore  
And the features below  
Can no longer be read into the story.  
For every circle has more faces and it shows.

Poison is no problem unless it's mixed with wine.  
Rejects find the shoulders  
Above which they can climb.  
And the reject holder stands there  
Like he's, winning all the time.  
In heat from competition  
Deep within his mind.

### Instrumental

Mystery lurks in every mind  
Where navigators die.  
There is not the slightest clue  
Who or where or why.  
Sometimes all there is to do  
Is hold you head and cry.  
Even though you knows so well  
You have the wings to fly.

So, look out for volcanoes  
With corks that tightly fit.  
Every time there is a quake  
That damper's got to slip.  
And one-time friendly mountains  
Breath fire up from hell.  
Destroying all around it  
With itself as well.