

Dark Star (July 31, 1971 Yale Bowl)

Grateful Dead

Dark star crashes, pouring its light into ashes.
Reason tatters, the forces tear loose from the axis.
Searchlight casting for faults in the clouds of delusion.
Shall we go, you and I while we can Through the transitive nightfall of diamonds?
Mirror shatters in formless reflections of matter.
Glass hand dissolving to ice petal flowers revolving.
Lady in velvet recedes in the nights of goodbye. Shall we go, you and I while we can
Through the transitive nightfall of diamonds?

Songwriters

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