From a Silver Phial

Gene Clark

A refuse from a silver phial
Put her faith into the moons and stars
Said she had a mind that slept inside tomorrow
And time could only heal it's scarsShe was fire on the borderline
The lion in the fall of roles
Said she saw the sword of sorrow sunken
In the sand of searching soulsSleeping in the master's room
Seeing through his eyes for a gain
Keeping by his side not to be a victim
Falling in the darkened rainShe was taken from a cruel storm
The refuse from a silver phial
Took her magic master's words and sung
And made his lower self worth whileSleeping in the master's room
Seeing through his eye for a gain
Keeping by his side not to be a victim
Falling in the darkened rain

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