

# 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 scars  
She 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 souls  
Sleeping 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 rain  
She 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 while  
Sleeping 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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