

Cymbaline

Steven Garreda

The path you tread is narrow
And the drop is shear and very high
The ravens all are watching
From a vantage point nearbyApprehension creeping
Like a tube-train up your spine
Will the tightrope reach the end
Will the final couplet rhymeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake meA butterfly with broken wings
Is falling by your side
The ravens all are closing in
There's nowhere you can hideYour manager and agent
Are both busy on the phone
Selling colored photographs
To magazines back homeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake meThe lines converging where you stand
They must have moved the picture plane
The leaves are heavy around your feet
You hear the thunder of the trainAnd suddenly it strikes you
That they're moving into range
And Doctor Strange
Is always changing sizeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake meAnd it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

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