Gloom

Sparkyboy

Bobby was a man, he belonged to an old clan,
He had a sword with a handle made of silver,
He was no knight, he just couldn't really fight,
All he wanted was to stand in that magic light

His real aim, who's to blame,
Was to dance on a star,
Like a flame, with no shame,
He would fly so far

Once he touched a ray, but he lost it right away
It left a hole in his chest and he felt empty,
He was aware of the risk but he didn't care,
So he chased the light again,
It made another hole

His real aim, who's to blame,
Was to dance on a star,
Like a flame, with no shame,
He would fly so far

His real aim, it's not a game,
Was to ride on the moon,
Like a flame, with no shame,
He would escape the gloom

Life is a whore, there's no Bobby anymore,
He was more hole than his body so he disappeared,
His only legacy was his sword addressed to me,
Which I don't know, what to do with

His real aim, who's to blame,
Was to dance on a star,
Like a flame, with no shame,
He would fly so far

His real aim, it's not a game,
Was to ride on the moon,
Like a flame, with no shame,
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