

Crystal Is Falling

Dead Moon

The nights are lifting like colored glass
The dawn that breaks might be the last
 For pointless views that I was after
 Leave me struggling with disaster
With pen in hand, the thoughts that fled
 Seemed to shatter in my head
Tell someone, crystal is falling
Your paperbacks and mag-by-lines
 Seasick writers noone finds
The feeling that we know they'll censure
 For fear they'd be caught in adventure
 The rumors we could not defend
 Will find a climax in the end
Tell someone, crystal is falling
For all the blood that's turned to ink
 For quicksand moods when spirits sink
 For all the years I've been neglected
My eyes are naked, inspected, infected
 My God are we all twisted glass
 Catching pieces of the past
Tell someone, crystal is falling

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