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 fallingYour 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 fallingFor 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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