

Too Late

Bob Catley

Outside the moon is playing on star-like timpani
I feel the gloom embracing this twilight symphony
And still the brightest comet pales in the light from your eyes
My love, I stand before you, transformed in masquerade
I have become this creature, maimed by a twist of fate
The opera house was burning, they thought I'd died, I survived!
Darling sleep, be at peace with your dreams tonight
Let their bittersweet threads weave the music of light

Too late, this taste for romance, refrains of wasted hope
Too late, too late, to take this starring role
Betrayed, these faithless omens, berate this cameo
Too late, too late, this face is scarred enough

There can be no escaping, how can I set you free?
I pray that your forgiveness might find its way to me
See through this apparition, come look behind this disguise
My Christine, you are more than my world could mean
You've become my obsession, my reason, my life

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Too late! - Too late!