

## The Dazzled

Crystal Stilts

I sit in the window watching my days from a safe distance  
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant  
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence  
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my resistance  
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance

I sit in the window watching my days from a great distance  
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant  
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence  
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my resistance  
My resistance, thrives on my resistance

Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence  
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance, static distance