

Let me speak free from scorn
Stars like weeds grow unshorn
They lie austere and vain
Old, still as the clay
Crows show our way home

Night was rain, a falling sea
A rusted dawn strains to be
Stones steam and snag the mists that rose
From the low sun, a solemn glow
O lustrous glow, the sun is low

You've started a fire , you've started a fire you can't
put out
You've burned your bridges, can't go back from where you
came
Vision is falling, just writhe and burn out of control
No use pretending, slither back into your hole

You'll drag your house down, when truth comes calling at
your door
Stare through the misty wonder, the life of men's souls
Your cup is empty and you are running out of time
Caving your head in, don't dare to dream it will implode