

Blind Man's Sight

Phantom

Voodoo child says, "the answer lies with the dead-
The blind will lead the blind-
And night will give the blind man sight"

Wolves cry to the moon to align with tulum
The crossroad-the devil's door
Drawing near the midnight hour

The bones are rolled to tell the tale
To cast aside the night
They come to rest in this omened place
To give the blind man's sight

No star, no light
No lore, this night

The mountains of the moon
Craggy heights from which to swoon
Hand held eye can see the glory hour drawing near

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