

Stars Die

Porcupine Tree

The moon shook and curled up like gentle fire
The ocean glazed and melted wire
Voices buzzed in spiral eyes
Stars dived in blinding skies

Stars die. Blinding skies.

Tree cracked and mountain cried
Bridges broke and window sighed
Cells grew up and rivers burst
Sound obscured and sense reversed

Stars die. Blinding skies.

Hello, Neil and Buzz.
I'm talking to you by telephone from the Oval Room
at the White House, and this certainly has to be the most histo
ric telephone call ever made from the White House.
I just can't tell you how proud we all are
of what you have done.
For every American, this has to be the proudest day
of our lives.
Because of what you have done,
the heavens have become a part of man's world.
And as you talk to us from the Sea of Tranquility,
it inspires us to redouble our efforts to bring peace
and tranquility to Earth.

Idle mind and severed soul
Silent nerves and begging bowl
Shallow haze to blast away
Hyper sleep to end the day

Stars die. Blinding skies.