

# Fire On The Moon

Steve Hackett

I feel like I've been the finest fool  
Hanging on by my fingertips  
The ground gives way beneath my feet  
A black cloud descends  
I lose my grip  
Buried in the mud  
Lying here with no relief

The world I've known is paper thin  
Torn in shreds my finest hour  
A drowning man still battling  
One breath rattle gathering  
Dust is dust, clean me now  
All my strings are gutted  
Turn it down

In the paralytic nursery of bygone fears  
My old adversary reappears  
Still confronted by the many faces of Eve  
No matter how I try to heal this injury  
Still the trophies line up on the wall  
Pride that comes before a fall.