

Bob Catley, Too Late

Outside the moon is playing on star-like timpani
I feel the gloom embracing this twilight symphony
And still the brightest comet pales in the light from your eyes

My love, I stand before you, transformed in masquerade
I have become this creature, maimed by a twist of fate
The opera house was burning, they thought I'd died, I survived

Darling sleep, be at peace with your dreams tonight
Let their bittersweet threads weave the music of light

Too late, this taste for romance, refrains of wasted hope
Too late, too late, to take this starring role
Betrayed, this faithless omen, berate this cameo
Too late, too late, this face is scarred enough

There can be no escaping, how can I set you free?
I pray that your forgiveness might find its way to me
See through this apparition, come look behind this disguise

My christine, you are more than my world could mean
You've become my obsession, my reason, my life

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