

# Psychotic Waltz, Another Prophet Song

the seekers of a stellar race  
have disappeared without a trace  
could they have found the distant place  
they have longed to go

opposite four corners lie  
rise to kiss to meet the sky  
in images the secrets hide  
how could they have known them

now Jupiter deceives the stars  
to dance in masquerade with mars  
while sabbath moon casts shadows far  
to wake a final dawn  
the heretics that gazed the sky  
left us not a reason why  
or did they try

painter of the stars  
sailing the ghost ships of a poets mind  
song silence dry bush in hand  
spinning webs of images from the sun

the windless ships have trimmed their sails  
to caravan beyond the the astral skies  
why can't we just spread our wings and fly  
oh how we try

the flames of sorrow blazing on  
to light the sun of babylon  
while bloody moon lies dying on her own sword  
dying long

child of tomorrow cries  
unsung hero lays and dies  
await the final sacrifice  
another prophet song