

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