

# Staggered Crossing, Dancing In The Mist Of The

Under the red sky of a baked half moon  
The grass was covered in morning dew  
The village streets, they looked tragic  
Filled with magic from the last three nights

It's pretty hard to resist it the carnival  
And the barroom eyes  
You stare into all the faces and  
Listen to dingy lullabyes

Checked in your ticket near Brussels  
The train took you to a hilltop range  
Stripping all inhibition  
Hoping to see the world inside out

You all went up to the castles  
The music blaring countless rhymes  
The tapestry it looked plastic  
With crushed velvet drapes hung real high

The stone creatures were staring  
Through your soul with their daughnted eyes  
Something stops men from caring  
Traped in the wicked endless night

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