

Steve Hackett, Shadow Of The Hierophant

Veiling the nightshade bride stalks a flower revealed
Nearing the hour make haste to their threshold concealed
Lost in thought in search of vision
As the moon eclipsed the sun

Casting the same steps glimpsing his own fate to come
Melt in the dream void from which he never can run

Lost in thought in search of vision
As the moon eclipsed the sun

Tears fill the fountains breaking their promise to heal
Rippling the waters mirror an ended ideal

Deep in thought but robbed of vision
As the moon eclipsed the sun