

The Echoing Green, Blind

Staring in the face of fallacy
Stepping on the glass of serenity
Sleeping in the arms of irony...
I find you.
You taste the crime
And slowly remind me
Of times when the "light"
Was blinding to me

And the glow is getting bright...
But it's not light.

Sipping from the cup of tragedy
Entangled in the web of vanity
While spitting in the face of sanity...
I find you.
The peace in your mind
Is deceptive by design
The pride behind your eyes
Is blinding

And the glow is getting white...

But it's not light
It's the daylight breaking down
In your mind
As the darkness tells its solitary lie

It's not light
It's not light
It's not the light
That's blinding