

# Dead Moon, Crystal Is Falling

the nights are lifting like colored glass  
the dawn that breaks might be the last  
for pointless views that i was after  
leave me struggling with disaster  
with pen in hand, the thoughts that fled  
seemed to shatter in my head  
tell someone, crystal is falling

your paperbacks and mag-by-lines  
seasick writers noone finds  
the feeling that we know they'll censure  
for fear they'd be caught in adventure  
the rumors we could not defend  
will find a climax in the end  
tell someone, crystal is falling

for all the blood that's turned to ink  
for quicksand moods when spirits sink  
for all the years i've been neglected  
my eyes are naked, inspected, infected  
my god are we all twisted glass  
catching pieces of the past  
tell someone, crystal is falling