

# Dead Moon, To Nowhere Down

To the way things might have been  
To roads that never end  
Why do we all pretend?  
Through a pane of colored glass  
I watch as chances pass  
Knowing they won't last

[chorus]  
So why's the road become so narrow?  
Maybe I'm a broken arrow  
Falling slightly down to nowhere  
Take me now if only somewhere

In a sky of scattered blues  
I watch them break in two  
The way I used to do  
From a sea of wasted rhyme  
I ask myself sometimes  
Are any thoughts really mine?

[chorus]  
To nowhere down