Falconer, Busted To The Floor

There are too many stones
and life is just made of glass.
Mark the words of the fool
he will tell you the truth, oh so cruel.

You say and I will believe
although I stumble and fall.
Deceived by my own eyes.
Trust is a gamble with pain, roll the dice!

Give me your confidence
and I'll lock the door.
Offer me the same
and I'll be busted to the floor.

Take a walk upon the ice
or ride the light of day.
Dance with flames of fire,
you will burn with the words, of the liar.