

# Mechanical Poet, Vesperghosts Of Milford Playhouse

Once and again  
You see this stage in the rain  
Blanket of leaves  
Broken soffits twinkle...  
Pain and love, desire and sorrow  
Echoes of passion and hate...  
All that place lived by is now exhaled

Crystal horns of new moon in the puddles  
Autumn rain in the dark of night-time  
Airy bodies of specters go round in the dance  
Just repeating the dead actors mime

Rundown walls  
Depressing scrape of the gate  
Two hundred rows  
Like two hundred effectors...  
Fate, you can be such a bitch sometimes...  
Stealing the ultimate chance  
Stripping our lives of the Sense  
We're going all out, we do all we can  
Trying to bless everybody and then...  
There is only a desolate stage in the end!

Crystal horns of new moon in the puddles  
Autumn rain in the dark of night-time  
Airy bodies of specters go round in the dance  
Just repeating the dead actors mime

Never let me awake  
Let me drown in the deep  
Let me die in lethargical sleep!

Crystal horns of new moon in the puddles  
Autumn rain in the dark of night-time  
Airy bodies of specters go round in the dance  
Just repeating the dead actors mime