My Friend Steve, Chandeliers

Crystalline chandeliers hang from your sleeping eyes
Each stone seems more than a crystal to me
They're more like diamonds that you have wiped within your angel kissed skin
Far too many time these rigid stones, these diamond tears
With the numbers so great
They've formed the chandeliers from you

All these jagged years so mean
So lean of interludes of delight
Many an eve you've wept 'til blue
Many more you've held your feelings in tight

Deep down within you carry other's sins
And you cry to the man who sits up high
So many worries see joy pass in flurries
Can leave you wrinkled to die