

# The Grateful Dead, Dark Star

Dark star, crashes  
Pouring its light into ashes  
Reason tatters, the forces tear loose from the axis  
Searchlight casting, for faults in the clouds of delusion  
Shall we go, you and I while we can  
Through, the transitive nightfall of diamonds

Mirror shatters in formless reflections of matter  
Glass hand dissolving to ice petal flowers revolving  
Lady in velvet recedes in the nights of goodbye  
Shall we go, you and I while we can  
Through the transitive nightfall of diamonds