

Triumph, Blinding Light Show/Moonchild

And from where I stand
I reach my hand
To catch a love blow
But the selfish stare
Though electric air
Is a blinding light show

I see the face
That has no place
But somehow knows
The truth is clear
But hiding here
In the blinding light show
The blinding light show

The place is strange
The colors change
The dancer slows
And shifts his pace
And lifts his face
Into the blinding light show

A naked heart is
Quickly torn apart
And the burning grows
When you try to think
It only makes you sink
Into the blinding light show
The blinding light show
The blinding light show

And while the crowd keeps
Calling out "Hoorah"
Their greedy hands
Keep clutching out
"Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah"
The aimless mob is calling out
"Hoorah"
And unseen candles
Burning out
"Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah"
The blinding light show
The blinding light show

And the sounds of truth
Ring hollow
In this pretense world of show
And the footlights
Burn their pathways
As the profits come and go
And the seeming some-day singer
Lives the Carney Barker's dream
Selling all by saying nothing in
The language of a scream
The language of a scream

And the blind shall
Lead the sighted
As we lose the candle glow
No one knows tomorrow
In the blinding light show
The blinding light show
The blinding light show