

# Vapors, Sixty Second Interval

By Dave Fenton

The moon is up

It's grey tonight

And the stars on the battlefield shiver in tears

A dead bright lesson from a million light years

The game is up It's cold tonight

So we crouch in our overcoats waiting for a dawn

Both hungry and simple and calm and warm

Sixty second interval

Here it comes

Sixty seconds, in to view

They're out tonight

The masks are down

And friends meet strangers and strangers are friends

And pain is passion and passion must end

They're here tonight

No fear tonight

And the hands on the faces have started to move

It's slow at first but it's over too soon

Sixty second interval

Here it comes

Sixty seconds, in to view

They're here tonight

No fear tonight

And the hands on the faces have started to move

It's slow at first but it's over too soon

Sixty second interval

Here it comes

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