## **Psychotic Waltz**

There lies a dying sparrow Lying still with broken wings Till his eyes close to pass the night And part the tears He slips into a dream See him fly o like an arrow In the skies he rules as king Though he's never really left the ground Lord you should hear him sing I can fly O I can even touch the sun Chase me to the sun Run down his face, tears of a blind man Eyes that never seen the sun Waiting for the light of morning to come To end this seemingly endless night Where is the light I've never seen you But I've seen your many faces In my dreams I have seen you But I must fly away again Now dim his ears to silence Never heard a church bell ring Still his eyes are closed for evermore Still the chains are on his wings Lord hear him song I'll cease to find the point in living Only if I cease to dream