

Fire On The Moon

Steve Hackett

I feel like I've been the finest fool
Hanging on by my fingertips
The ground gives way beneath my feet
A black cloud descends
I lose my grip
Buried in the mud
Lying here with no relief

The world I've known is paper thin
Torn in shreds my finest hour
A drowning man still battling
One breath rattle gathering
Dust is dust, clean me now
All my strings are gutted
Turn it down

In the paralytic nursery of bygone fears
My old adversary reappears
Still confronted by the many faces of Eve
No matter how I try to heal this injury
Still the trophies line up on the wall
Pride that comes before a fall.