

Nomad Planets

"Bed Of Nails"

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Try to remember the old days
Scarlet and gray have blown away
Try to remember the old ways
We'd dance as the dice were thrown
Love let us think we were giants
We became one in the warmth of the sun
Now as we drink in the silence
We find ourselves chilled to the bone

Roll out the red carpet
Put the wind in my sails
Then pull back the covers
On our old bed of nails

Shadows above us are golden
Swallowing time at the scene of the crime
Shadows above has have stolen
Back from the dead to stay
They tear at the wall that's between us
They hammer and rail to no avail
They stare at the wall that's between us
Forever a world away

As we stumble to the looking glass
To assess our souvenirs
We resemble ancient photographs
Our reflection disappears

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