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Chris Connelly "Too Good To Be True"

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The moment explodes every evening A fountain of flames melt the way Here she comes now collectin predictions A waking eclipse with nothing to say A paper-thin prayer will herald the morning Sent up in a scare you held in you sleep It burns in the sun before we could see it A waking emission that no one could keep Past came to life flew away and died Makes you wonder why that's in a daydream Dropped to the ground made an empty sound Bled til the world came back to me too good to be true {qotta be..} I tried to make sense of seclusion A million to one in the rain A thorn in the side of my sanity Silence a background of disdain Who in the world will comfort disaster? What in the world will save me tonight? Look at the stains that cover the ocean Look at the daydreams burning in flight Say it isn't ture what I said to you I could never breathe for fear of waking Look at the signs every one of mine Never any time waiting for me too good to be true {gotta be

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