

Crystal Shawanda

"The Dazzled"

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I sit in the window watching my days from a safe
distance
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of
existence
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my
resistance
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance

I sit in the window watching my days from a great
distance
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of
existence
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my
resistance
My resistance, thrives on my resistance

Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of
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We are bound and marching to an ever static distance,
static distance

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