

## Crystal Stilts "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  
existence  
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance,  
static distance

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