

Cynic

"Comet's Tail"

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Days go by like fire burning in your hand

A map of destinations written on your skin

Days go by like rivers flowing from your eyes

A face beneath the water ripples in the sky

Days go by like flowers in a stormy bloom

Comet's tail a flying

I find me finding you finding me finding

You finding me finding you finding me

Days go by like love poetry forgotten

A pendulum of shadows on the moon

Days go by like dreams and swirling clouds on planets

Comet's tail a flying

I find you finding me finding you finding me finding

You finding me finding you

Comet's tail icicle fire

Comet's tail dripping silent

Where when there then til it's Time

If so why how

Is it Time?

Herenow we are here

It is Time to be Going

Dust to dust against the dark

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