

Split Shift

"Moth Of Many Flames"

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(Alan Morse & John Boegehold)

Take a giant leap
Off the only ledge you know
Kiss the ground above your head
Surf the blue sky down below
Taste the air that's burning sweet
With all the words you can't take back
Eighteen orchids at your feet
So ride the one that leads the pack

You're a grifter off his game
In a town with many names
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES

Play it safe and sterile
Staying on the well-worn path
Praying that your fertile friends
Never find the strength to laugh
They lead you through the shadows
Where you live beyond your means
Not a whim is sanitized
When you give into your dreams
Or so it seems

Yes it really seems a shame
That you're gonna have to take the blame
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES

So you sift down all your thoughts
Like fine dust through a cloth
But there's no way out my friend
Cause the law of nature's one that you can't bend

You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES
You're a MOTH OF MANY FLAMES

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