

## Tristitia

### "Blinding Light Show/moonchild"

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And from where I stand  
I reach my hand  
To catch a love blow  
But the selfish stare  
Though electric air  
Is a blinding light show

I see the face  
That has no place  
But somehow knows  
The truth is clear  
But hiding here  
In the blinding light show  
The blinding light show

The place is strange  
The colors change  
The dancer slows  
And shifts his pace  
And lifts his face  
Into the blinding light show

A naked heart is  
Quickly torn apart  
And the burning grows  
When you try to think  
It only makes you sink  
Into the blinding light show  
The blinding light show  
The blinding light show

And while the crowd keeps  
Calling out "Hoorah"  
Their greedy hands  
Keep clutching out  
"Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah"  
The aimless mob is calling out  
"Hoorah"  
And unseen candles  
Burning out  
"Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah"

The blinding light show  
The blinding light show

And the sounds of truth  
Ring hollow  
In this pretense world of show  
And the footlights  
Burn their pathways  
As the profits come and go  
And the seeming some-day singer  
Lives the Carney Barker's dream  
Selling all by saying nothing in  
The language of a scream  
The language of a scream

And the blind shall  
Lead the sighted  
As we lose the candle glow  
No one knows tomorrow  
In the blinding light show  
The blinding light show  
The blinding light show

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