

Galt Aureus "The Glass Of Fashion"

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Would it be that I bow quietly and leave
And wonder ever if you'd chosen me?
Or join the procession of faithful suitors
Passing sated just to hear you breathe?
Or wait plain in sight, in secrecy
Bare thread and seams?
I beg tonight, all my wits reveal:
More than meets your eye

As you rise, the Fall enters inside
As you rise, you look to find what will be yours
And you will not be denied
As you rise, there's fire in the air
As you pass I whisper this as I stare:
"Oh, aren't you just the glass?"
Aren't you just the glass

Silk and gold, upon a throne in fashions late and old
So dressed up for a world's end, you know
You're all falling jewels as gleaming hair spills down
in pools
There's no sunlight left in sight, all beauty pours
from you

As you rise, the Fall enters inside
As you rise, you look to find what will be yours
And you will not be denied
As you rise, there's fire in the air
As you pass I whisper this as I stare:
"Oh, aren't you just the glass?"
Aren't you just the glass

The whole dancing court stops dead just to look at you
And wish you a good night

As you rise, there's fire in the air
As you pass, I move to tip my hat
But do I even dare?
As you rise, the Fall enters inside
As you rise, you look to find what will be yours
And you will not be denied
As you rise, there's fire in the air

As you pass I whisper this as I stare:
"Oh, aren't you just the glass?"
Aren't you just the glass

As you pass, I'm simply rapt:
Aren't you just the glass
Oh, aren't you just the glass
Aren't you just the glass

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