

Give him hope
Give him progress
Give him time

Sell him communion
Dream angels telepathy
It's an item
Of appropriate backing
Regardless of enemies

Things are fine beneath your zodiac sign
The dancing monsters
Have all gone home to bed
To find their secret hideaways

If this is the reason
That I have no recall
Each man has his fuss
It's not a thing
You think you can run
But you know you must fall
Ever spiralling down
Afraid forever

It fazes me slightly
It dazes me nightly
But these things won't hurt me
And I feel like a completely different person