

Starstruck?

Syclad

So here they are, these heroes, these giants
Holding there over our affairs, heedless to the human cares
Like spotlights, a backdrop for performance
Wishing I could be so clear, certain to shine and charge the night
Where all these roles I play, whatever the mean to me
(The father the son or the man on the run)
And though this world I'm shown, scares me tonight
Starstruck? Are we starstruck?
Starstruck? Are we starstruck?

On this dark stage, over the years
We have featured, and we have played, strutting a fretful, anxious hour
This cold cloud hangs like a curtain
"A bowl inverted is the sky, where wise men as captives lie"

Where all the world I'm told, whatever they mean to me
(The truth, the lies, and the noise in-between)
And though this world I'm shown, scares me tonight

The signs in the stars, twilight for the idols
Portents for emperors, astrologers and their lore
Vagabonds and dreamers, sharing their glory
With the bold men of science and a love of the metaphysical

Where all these roles I play, whatever they mean to me
("The stars incline us, but they do not bind us")
(Astra inclinant, sed not obligant)
And though this world I'm shown, scares me tonight
Start-struck? Are we starstruck?
Start-struck? Are we starstruck?