

Scales

words by **David Campbell**

Scales of the ebony fish, the blind poet's wish,
as the cities lie dying.

Tales of the mariner's rime, the song of a time,
the dawn of denying.

And this, the moment of naught

when all that we've got

are the bones of past movement.

This, the age of decay

The era when day

is no different than night.

Scales of the ebony fish, the blind poet's wish,
as the cities lie dying.

Tales of the time before night, when the reign of the right
was the essence of lying.

And this, the moment of naught

when all that we've got

are the bones of past movement.

This, the age of decay

The era when day

is no different than night.