

AUTHOR'S NOTES: I wrote this particular song with a guitar while in one of my more saddened moods, creatively. Taking approximately half an hour to fill the void with these lyrics, it seems to indicate the constant teeter totter of up and down mood swings, all of which some artists put on paper, in song, on film or whatever the medium is at their disposal. Sometimes I let it go, fade away, or put in creative form when/as it happens, sometimes not. It's a testament to that ongoing creative fulfillment which strikes at any given time, day or night.

WHY

You know, I feel, your presence
whenever, you're here, a pheasant
appears

And I lie, and cry, in my midnight dye
Why...
Oh why...

To heartbreak, when passion, confronts me
Is intellect, masking, perfection's passing

And I lie, and cry, in my midnight dye
Why...
Oh why...

Beside you, in memory, with our curtain
of progress, descending, to finality's ending

And I lie, and cry, in my midnight dye
Why...
Oh why...

I lie, and cry, in my midnight dye
Why...
Oh why...

I lie and lie and lie and lie and lie...
Why...
Why...

*Lyrics by Ronnie Electron

