

Art Of Fighting, Night On Night

if you go walking down amongst all the dreams of others
hands out wide, fingers brushing the silver leaves
walk those fields right through the night all the way to morning
leave you weaving nothing better than misery
leave you and your time, filled with woe and wine
drowning on the shoulder of a crying sky
night on night
now every moment seems its always already over
anything that ever shone has been worn to dim
and everyone is either faded or cremated or just damn jaded
like all their hopes and all the dreams that they lost them in
and through the dying light, I can see your eyes
see them filling up amongst the crying sky
night on night