

# 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