

Omen, Cry For The Morning

Steam is rising off the ground
And the hot air is only cooled
By the sound of rain drops falling
And the night is so near
She takes me in her arms

And then far away the fire streaks
Through the sky and
I second-guess what I hear
I'm sure there's something there
But not yet

Here I sit in this place
So cramped and tired
And I pray for distant morning
The embrace of painless morphine
Her breath on my body
I need her where I'm going

And crash in the nights
I stand and curse the era
When we make our own terror
Is sanity getting rarer

And then

There's no warning
From the embrace
To the final attack
There's no warning
Feel the crack

Feel the crack of the
Whip of my back
No more pain
No more fear
Reality is here

Cry for the morning
Cry for the morning