

The Battered Ornaments, Late Into The Night

It's getting late into the night
The leaves are slowly turning red
The days are falling shorter
The trees they wake up sighing
Every noontime I laugh sorrowed
Every midnight I cry happy
The fires they've lost their old flames
My trains have no safe stations
Stay with me
till the waves of the storm in the sea of dreams
shake your time into pieces

Till the jets of the storm
shake your time into pieces

Till the waves of the storm
shake your time into pieces

Till the jets of the storm
break your time into pieces