

Kip Winger, Song Of Midnight

Song of midnight smoky sea
Native eyes can read
That the fire's sayin'
What the risk would be
What it meant to me

Tried only to pretend

Black eyes, sang a song of midnight, her potion
Stone blind, tapestry of moonlight in motion

She filled the eastern sky
From inside of me
Dancing indigo
An ancient touch, I've felt before
In waves of vertigo

Until we meet again

Black eyes, sang a song of midnight, her potion
Stone blind, tapestry of moonlight in motion

My secret room.... darkening
Eclipse my waking soul
Fuse the memory of our lost goodbye
To a story never told

Tried only to pretend

Black eyes, sang a song of midnight, her potion
Stone blind, tapestry of moonlight in motion
Red sky, held the treat of sunrise confession
Black eyes, heart of my obsession