

# Kirlian Camera, The End Of The Day

And at the end of day, pain's getting real  
as no more light could shine for thousands of years

Where is the gentle haze that brings on the peace  
Father of fear you ate the dark heart of night

Mind weeping rides away  
tired of these long white nights  
in silence I perceive  
the years rolling by  
for it's a puzzling feeling  
that grows so much inside,  
inside, inside my dream  
tired and trembling I hide

A long night should feed the dawn but no light dwells here  
The way to find the sun seems so distant now

Father of fear, my Lord, what are you for real?  
You gave my aching heart to the wind from the abyss

Tollings of the new sun  
have the same noise of dreams  
while things just fall apart  
and I can't resist  
and like in troubled waters  
I might now drown  
so inside, inside my dream  
tired and trembling I go

And death mows with her wing  
as darkness drops down again  
and wish I had courage now  
equal to my desire  
and have that proud look  
shining in my eyes, as though  
I had gazed, gazed for days  
into the burning sun