

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