

Pedro Costa, Glow of The Midnight Sky

Walking through this shadeless land, mixing colours in the sand
Smiling faces capture those, with every right to know.
In the book, devoid of hate, we pulled the helpless at any rate.
We cradled the week to ease their fall.

Born into the world as one of them, But he never felt that he belonged.
Roaming with forgotten feelings, through a graveyard of his own dreams.
In the midst of darkness, a race of silhouettes cease to breathe.
Degrading their purpose to seek and guide a victim like me.

Bathing us with light the silent screams in flight.
Cradled by a feeling of utopia.
Trading sights of grace we try to kiss the face.
Blinded from the light of reason.
Silent screams begging for something worthy of hope.
Driven by the glow of the midnight sky.

Painting portraits devoid of what's to come
Cradled by the glow of the midnight sky

Bathing us with light the silent screams in flight.
Cradled by a feeling of utopia.
Trading sights of grace we try to kiss the face.
Blinded from the light of reason.

Yielding him his sight, the silent screams in flight.
Cradled by a feeling of utopia.
Carried by the mist he ceases to exist.
Oh, he's arrived in paradise.
He recalls an endless path where lies had

Guided by the glow of the midnight sky.
Guided by the glow of the midnight sky.