

# Procol Harum, Something Magic

In the centre of the storm  
something magic being born  
When the world is torn apart  
by the beating of a heart  
Like a dam about to burst  
Like a drunkard's crazy thirst  
In the centre of the storm  
something magic being born  
It's the dark hours of the soul  
when the nightmares take their toll  
when the shadows come to mock  
against the ticking of the clock  
When the demons of the night  
come like vultures for their bite  
In the dark hours of the soul  
when the nightmares take their toll  
It's the dawning of the day  
night-time's panic swept away  
When the clouds which seemed so dark  
are exchanged for morning's lark  
When the stars which burnt so bright  
are exchanged for morning light  
In the dawning of the day  
Nighttime's panic swept away