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 Nightime's panic swept away