

# Rush, Madrigal

When the dragons grow too mighty  
To slay with pen or sword  
I grow weary of the battle  
And the storm I walk toward  
When all around is madness  
And there's no safe port in view  
I long to turn my path homeward  
To stop a while with you

When life becomes as barren  
And as cold as winter skies  
There's a beacon in the darkness  
In a distant pair of eyes  
In vain to search for honor  
In vain to search for truth  
But these things can still be given  
Your love has shown me proof