

Sculptured, Lit By The Light Of Morning

'Tis love that is lost
My heart lie bleeding
One last time I caress her flesh
On this cold and wet September
morning

'Tis beauty that has vanished
It's soft light growing dim
Without it life is only living
And death is but the end

The song of the swans is all I hear
I'm lit by the light of morning I shall
never love again
Never place faith in the pleasures of life again
Never turning back
Life's wonder has abandoned me now
She said, "I'll be with you till the end"
Then her life was cast away from me
right then
Now all I have is morning
So I'll bathe in the sunlight...

Alone I'm left to face the night
A drama of nightmare bliss
Captive of it's scaly arms
And whore to it's lustful kiss

Alone I am in twilight
Of Autumns cold December warning
By beauty entombed , my love lie cold
Now I wait for morning

The tension of Night's grasp
I can't breath, I feel I'm trapped
Without you I'm left as prey
To Night's dark, grim serenade

I pause and cool my head
I know that memories lie ahead
Filled with passion and tragedy
Oh please, morning rescue me

Where to now?
Alone with the sunlight of dawns magnificence
Conception of a new day

I can breath once more
Shower me with life, and lash me with love

No longer am I captive
To Night's darkened plays
Or the moon's shadowed glaze