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