

Skylark, Music

Sparks of fire, a moment of pleasure, that night when music was born.
Steps of iron, like tears of a Dragon, that night when music was born.

Nowhere to run when I've lost my direction
Nowhere to catch what is drawn in my soul
Should I come back to my oldest affection?
To the night, when music was born.

Drops of darkness, silent charade, that night when music was born.
Treasure protected under the blade, that night when music was born.

There's no escape for the souls lost in time
If you forget you're not leading the world
Into the mist there's a sign of a crime
But that night, the music was born.

You grab me when I fall down, Lord of the Night.
You grab me when I fall down, please let the music fly high.