

The Creatures, Morning Dawning

The dawning is over
the morning is over
and I can't look into your eyes

a cold November morning
a shivering new dawning
I watched your energy slide

It's sad to see it dying -- that fire once so lively
now three tears have fallen from my eyes
a dampened need for fire -- a kindled desire
the power just vanished from your eyes

the dawning is over
the mourning is over
I still can't look into your eyes