Twilightning, At The Forge

When the heat rises up to the point of maximum temperature To give birth to the flame
The fountain of passion showers high
New ways emerge in the endless search
For the expression supreme
And the true value of art

What does it take to feel it and make it real? Maybe you must deal with insanity or steel

When we are at the forge Of creation, but who knows What lights up the torch Illuminating the process for all those? Those who are at the forge

When the steam burns your skin And the mood is getting all so constrained And the flame's dying down

The fountain of passion dried up... suddenly No way out, there's nothing you can do about It but call it a day And this night isn't fine, by the way

What does it take to feel it and make it real? Maybe you must deal with insanity or steel

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To create or come up with something that is to thrill One must place one's soul between The hammer and the anvil