

Twilightning, Seventh Dawn

In a cold sweat of my distress
Need to catch my breath, in this odd mess
Can't abscond from my own prison
Like bashed on the head to death

A crying shame, no vigor for rancor
Can't pin the blame on my lord with anger
Dash my thoughts against the wall
And take my eyes off a glare

Oh, no one can camouflage the
Muck on my reflection

Affection's what I've pleased
At the seventh dawn
Those flaws revealed
A frown again flitted across my face
I couldn't get out of this haze

Reflections of mind, so deep
At the seventh dawn
I can't proceed
Oh lord, I'm on my knees
Don't fail in my need!

Mister felt he bore a charmed life
Couldn't hold his horse at nighttime
Asked for damsel to be his nightwife
Would you fly me to the skies?

His charred mind, of that distress
had been blind with his mistress
Dashed his thoughts against the wall
The gleam in his eyes had died

No sloven can camouflage
The muck on his reflection

Affection's what I've pleased
At the seventh dawn
Those flaws revealed
A frown again flitted across my face
I couldn't get out of this haze

Reflections of mind, so deep
At the seventh dawn
I can't proceed
Oh lord, I'm on my knees
Don't fail in my need!

No use to hide
The muck on my reflection

Affection's what I've pleased
At the seventh dawn
Those flaws revealed
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