

# 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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Reflections of mind, so deep  
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