

# Under Black Clouds, The Night Of Our Flight

Great fires, happy faces  
a boiling cauldron before the eyes  
the blood within the veins run hot  
a thousand laughs fill the dusk  
unaware of the cloak rising  
defeated by the mighty flames  
while everything lives for the moment  
and among all merriment is me.

I dance within the trance of extasy  
till I step out of the burning circles  
and - for a second dance - the jig  
of midnights slowly rhythm  
the rains of fire surge towards me  
to surround me and bring me back  
but still I feel the chillful breath  
between the columns of the heat.

And I see the darkness blue and black  
the eye of the night opened so wide  
i leave the glade  
to meet the silent trees.

And somewhere on my way i find you  
still warm, your face towards the sky  
while silver blackness caresses our cheeks  
shapes our upright bodies  
there at the brink within the forest  
form where we see eachothers way uphigh  
until we knw that this is our night  
somewhere on my way i found you  
it is the night of our flight.