

Wuthering Heights, Carpe Noctum - Seize the Night

Live by dreaming
A walkabout in olden slopes
Wake up sleeping
In soil covered in ice
Where will the roses grow

Floating in a haze
Like seaweed to the shore
Who will bring back the silky scents
Of the hills of evermore

Then I woke up at the first break of night
My eyes were the only light
And I shall count these the last days of the sun
And seek comfort in darkness
'Til my life thread is spun

The colours of black
The music of the night

Throw your voice high into the air full of pride
Find your own road to glory
Use what powers life may give you
Never cease the fight
If you cannot win the day
Seize the night

Only given pleasure; to learn to yearn for it
Only given light; to be blind without it
Only given power; to be scared to use it
Only given mind; to finally lose it

The colours of black
The music of the night

Maybe this is my true realm
In truth I may be blinded by light
If such is indeed my purpose
I shall seize the night

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Find your own road to glory
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