

## Silver Light

Alpha

Late summer night  
Painted purple  
Storms from the right  
Words that hurtle

Lips curl to fight  
Eyes are startled  
Blood from the bite  
Seems to sparkle

Now is the time  
It's too late to fly

Hurting just to hurt  
No silver light to brighten  
Clouds in our sight

Now is the time  
It's too late to fly

I must try  
To stop this downpour  
And clear the skies