

In The Heat Of The Night

Diamond Head

Steely eyes of a silvery people
Walk behind me, with evil intent.
Up to the tower, I stand alone
Stripped of rank before a throne I am sent.

What befalls us in the heat of the night?
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Before long, behind adamantine doors,
I taste of the wine of their joy.
Through delirium of a tortured mind
Her face gave me strength to this day.

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But love deceived me, and in my despair
I recalled the ring once again
Born of Sorrow my cunning revives me,
And I took them with me enchained

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