

Violet Dawning

Enslaved

I am a part of the darkness
Used to watch from afar
Sensing the violence of morning
And breathing:and waiting for nothing
Devouring the spirit, grinding the heart
There are good things in the burning fields
There's peace in the slaughtered flesh
There's life in the frozen seeds

I'll dream in the deserts
And comfort the thirst for seeing
The violet dawn in the distance
Beckons me to steal its light

I'll wait for you here

I'll wait for you here

I'll wait for you here

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