

## Quicksilver Clouds

Throes Of Dawn

The hand that smothers all dreams  
Can never be lifted  
From your tormented lips  
Flew the infinity of pain  
Cut down the voice  
And let the echoes rise  
To those dark clouds above  
That hate our freedom

Before the arrival  
Of the final Silence  
You wished for the bright, liquid fire  
The coldest silver  
Like the purifying rain  
To take you away  
To take you away

Down in your pit  
Where your broken body lies  
I stare into your silence  
Your eyes reflect the sky

Far away  
Out of your reach  
Those quicksilver clouds