

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