

The Red of the Morning Sun

Tiamat

I woke up early this morning
When the columns of night went pale white
The shades of faith disappeared
And the sky above you were no longer blue

When did our moon cease to bleed
When shall the colours be freed
To bring back our gold
And to bring back the red of the sun
To bring back our gold
And to bring back the red of the sun
The red of the morning sun

One part of crystal oxygen
Two parts of glycerine
Three parts of cold spring water
To bring back the four river daughters
Five steps out of the black room
With six six six of gloom, leaving
Seven sea shells on the shore
Whisper eight nine ten and I wanna hear more

I looked through the prism
When colour went away and faded into grey
And the sun was still shining in the morning
But pale white, so white
Is this all we get?
Is this all there is?