

## At the Forge

Twilightning

When the heat rises up to the point of maximum temperature  
To give birth to the flame  
The fountain of passion showers high  
New ways emerge in the endless search  
for the expression supreme  
And true value of art

What does it take to fell it and make it real?  
Maybe you must deal with insanity or steal  
When we are at the forge of creation

But who knows  
What lights up the torch illuminating  
the process for all those?  
Those who are at the forge  
When the steam burns your skin  
And the mood is getting all so constrained  
And the flame's dying down

The fountain of passion dried up... suddenly  
No way out, there's nothing you can do about it but call it  
And wait as long as you find another way  
To create or come up with something that is to thrill  
One must place one's soul between  
The hammer and the anvil