

Seventh Dawn

Twilightning

In a cold sweat of my distress
Need to catch my breath, in this odd mess
Can't abscond from my own prison
Like bashed on the head, to death...

A crying shame, no vigour for rancor
Can't pin the blame on my lord with anger
Dash my thoughts against the wall
And take my eyes off a glare

Oh, i can't camouflange the
Muck on my reflection

Affection's what i've pleased
At the seventh dawn
Those flaws revealed
A frown again flitted across my face
I couldn't get out of this haze

Reflections of mind, so deep
At the seventh dawn
I can't proceed
Oh, lord I'm on my knees
Don't fail in my need!

Mister felt he bore a charmed life
couldn't hold his horse at night time
Asked for damset to be his nightwife
Would you fly me to the skies?

His charred mind, of that distress
had been blind with his mistress
Dashed his thoughts against the wall
The gleam in his eyes had died
No sloven can camouflange the muck on his reflection