

Gathering the flora of previous night  
Drawing the curtain with the dawning light  
Scattering new seeds for a broaching day  
With my chiming wings I tempt my own decay

See my equine wain  
And how I reclaim the morning haze  
Watch me following my own failing  
My own yearning for ravage

There was a light inside the tide  
I have been waiting for the clarity of humanity  
There was a dream within the night  
To feel the blight it's just a burden of divinity

When there's sway  
Advantage is the only way  
For a warm thought  
They took from this staggering morrow fay

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Sun and moon to fall apart  
World to follow, how bizarre  
God and men like strong and weak  
Decadence just at its peak

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