

1. The dark hides its face from the morning
 Let's run in the sun of life's glimmer
 --while we can.
 The day would chase the shadows with no warning
 In fun, till done, then simmer
 --in the pan.

BRIDGE We shared all we dared
 but couldn't keep what we'd reap.
 Were blind to what kind
 of powers lulled us to sleep.

2. The night takes its place in the story ~~story~~
 and would try to vie for the highest summit ~~summit~~
 --extant.
 But right would embrace, and with glory
 defy the lie, that told it
 --that it can't.

BRIDGE We pranced and danced
 we'd sing through the spring.
 The bloom of the loom-
 the shuttle of nature's fling.

3. And on goes the race for the top crown
 A throne, alone, not shared
 --with a counterpart.
 The WORD will play its ace, and will throw down
 the stone, full grown, that dared
 --attack the Rock's heart.

[INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE]

END

Very slow, 3/4 time, minor
 (a bit spooky)

MARKET: ESOTERIC/SPIRITUAL

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LENGTH:

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