

Black Swan

"When The Angels Of Twilight Dance"

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[Part I: the Sleepers Beneath (the Prophecy)]

As clouds descend from evening skies
And the day entwines with night
The wind whispers a lullaby
Once forgotten in time

The song of this timeless wind
Was once buried deep
But now it has risen from beneath
From where Twilight's Angels sleep

The Abominations of Evenfall
Lie awaiting the sign;
A prophetic son, yet not born,
In the womb awaiting his time

The child he shall be born tonight,
Unaware of his might divine
For he may be a guide to light
Or call the beasts beyond night

It is said that if the child's alive
There will be no night
No disease shall steal a life
And grief turns to delight

It is said that if the child's alive,
There will be no nightmares
The horrors of the evenfall
Shall burn away like flares

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