

## Dark At Dawn "A Winters Dream"

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Life freezes over when silence reigns the night  
and darkness fills the day  
Flying...my sun is your moon  
As brushed black hair is walking  
through snow-white fields  
Behold thy life in me  
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Winds breathing colder and eyes all full of fright  
frigidity's astray  
Hunting...my night is your day  
While snow-white hair is flying  
through dark black woods  
Behold my life in thee  
Did He smile His work to see?

Chorus  
Icy I see I see me  
In you am I  
eye see eyes  
I see flies  
around thighs around me  
Icy tie's  
around me around you

And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
thorough the iron gates of life  
and your quaint honour turn to dust  
and into ashes all my lust  
the grave's a fine and private place  
but none, I think, do there embrace

Chorus

(With excerpts from William Blake's "The Tyger"  
and Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress")

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