

Steve Allen

"Sundays Lament"

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Bright morning on Dark Sunday
Broke into my Dream
Calm and rapture faded
Your impression dimmed

Wish I'd never wake again, wish You'd never leave
Wish I'd dream until The End, when You would meet me
As that Morning Ray, that brightened,
Revealed my wicked way

I wish I'd never dream again, I wish we'd never met
I wish I could have turned again, I wish this Dream was
dead

False were all the Angels, false was The Hope of Light

I have been left to my dismay,
Couldn't see that Day coming right my way
Hate came into every word I said,
By Demons been misled and I had wanted that

I had left to your dismay, wished to see that Day
Coming up your way
Hate was in every word you said

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