

Twilightning "At The Forge"

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[music & lyrics: sartanen]

When the heat rises up to the point of maximum
temperature

To give birth to the flame

The fountain of passion showers high

New ways emerge in the endless search

For the expression supreme

And true value of art

What does it take to fell it and make it real?

Maybe you must deal with insanity or steal

When we are at the forge of creation

But who knows

What lights up the torch illuminating

The process for all those?

Those who are at the forge

When the steam burns your skin

And the mood is getting all so constrained

And the flame's dying down

The fountain of passion dried up... suddenly

No way out, there's nothing you can do about it but call
it

And wait as long as you find another way

To create or come up with something that is to thrill

One must place one's soul between

The hammer and the anvil

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