

Anabret "The Coming Night"

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Down on the road following a lifeline
We gather round for the coming night
He turns his head to watch the starlight
Fingerless hands reaching from his eyes

He won't reach me on this side
Fly down the line
Fly down the line

His brightest aims hover outside
His memory a heavy weight
I cannot breach the empty silence
So he looks at me with a helpless smile

He won't reach me on this side
Fly down the line
Fly down the line
The walls surrounding us are tightening
Like the plastic shell that's covering his mouth
A chance to be right
Once more before the light dies down
Once more before he dies
Words can't replace a lifetime

Fear has replaced the burning anger
Reflecting in the whites of his eyes
We feel his presence slowly dimming
We gather round for the coming night
The coming night

He won't reach me on this side
Fly down the line
Fly down the line

Fly down the line
Fly down the line

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