

Mist & The Morning Dew "Dusk"

Visit "[Dusk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The sun daubs shimmering baths for the field,
everything is waiting themselves to be healed,
grateful leaves of green gather outside their lairs,
fluids of gentle rain drops silently in pairs.

The paint is to be denied by the horizon,
circular zones of time re-arrange on,
precious daubing of the sun,
switch on for another one.

Daubing of the crescent travel far across,
light for the hollow despair of bitter loss,
the field is clothed by a thin cloak of grey,
the sun and horizon will start another day.

It's pale presence demands another harvest...

The paint is to be denied by the horizon,
circular zones of time re-arrange on,
precious daubing of the sun,
switch on for another one.

Which gracefully shows it's brilliance,
transparent grey glow in it's guidance,
crescent of a dying peasant,
for eyes of the radiant.

Visit [Mist & The Morning Dew](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.