

# Cry for the Morning

## Omen

Steam is rising off the ground  
And the hot air is only cooled  
By the sound of rain drops falling  
And the night is so near  
She takes me in her arms And then far away the fire streaks  
Through the sky and  
I second-guess what I hear  
I'm sure there's something there  
But not yet Here I sit in this place  
So cramped and tired  
And I pray for distant morning  
The embrace of painless morphine  
Her breath on my body  
I need her where I'm going And crash in the nights  
I stand and curse the era  
When we make our own terror  
Is sanity getting rarer And then There's no warning  
From the embrace  
To the final attack  
There's no warning  
Feel the crack Feel the crack of the  
Whip of my back  
No more pain  
No more fear  
Reality is here Cry for the morning  
Cry for the morning

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