The Sleepwalker

Dark At Dawn

On and on
Creeping through my mind
A siren's song, a guiding light
Rainy nights
Fading in the wind
Imprisoned there, in dreams withinThere is a wayThere is an aim
There is a light
An angel's voice still guides me
Through a winter's night
See her soul is far too clear
To take a grip, just feel her slip
And fade awayNightly shades

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