

Dawn (Original)

The Nice

Dawn, the innocence and purity of a newborn day
Unspoiled as yet by the tarnished hand of waking man
In its innocence, it knows not of her plan
It stands in awe as the machine starts
She, for dawn is surely a maiden is born and raped
365 times every year since the beginning of time
She, for dawn, is a maiden returns completely innocent
It's as though she smiles on the January red
And at first she cries at the first thrust of summer
Dawn is pregnant with promise and anticipation
And is murdered by the hand of the inevitable
But yet dawn has forgiven us for the sins
Men wrought on her

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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