

Silver Light

Alpha

Late summer night
Painted purple
Storms from the right
Words that hurtle Lips curl to fight
Eyes are startled
Blood from the bite
Seems to sparkle Now is the time
It's too late to fly Hurting just to hurt
No silver light to brighten
Clouds in our sight Now is the time
It's too late to fly I must try
To stop this downpour
And clear the skies

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