

Silver Light

Alpha

Late summer night
Painted purple
Storms from the right
Words that hurtleLips curl to fight
Eyes are startled
Blood from the bite
Seems to sparkleNow is the time
It's too late to flyHurting just to hurt
No silver light to brighten
Clouds in our sightNow is the time
It's too late to flyI must try
To stop this downpour
And clear the skies

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