`Something Magic (Live At Ledreborg Castle, 2006)

Procol Harum

In the centre of the storm
Something magic being born
When the world is torn apart
By the beating of a heart
Like a dam about to burst
Like a drunkard's crazy thirst
In the centre of the storm
Something magic being bornIt's the dark hours of the soul
When the nightmares take their toll
When the shadows come to mock
Against the ticking of the clock
When the demons of the night
Come like vultures for their bite
In the dark hours of the soul
When the nightmares take their tollIt's the dawning of the day
Night-time's panic swept away
When the clouds which seemed so dark
Are exchanged for morning's lark
When the stars which burnt so bright
Are exchanged for morning light
In the dawning of the day
Nightime's panic swept away

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