

Half-Light

Trembling Blue Stars

It looks so pretty as the light fails
Late November twilight
The day's about to close its shutters
On come all the street lights
And I feel a little less defined
Though the dying light can find me
Lost and feeling fragile
In the drifting there is beauty
I'll be a shadow for a short while
Sometimes you need to turn down the glare
It looks so pretty as the light fails
Faltering, departing
Stillness now resides in my sails
I'll surrender to the evening
The darkness will grow
And flow through my veins
I'll let it and let go of the reins
Let go of the reins
Let go of the reins
Let go of the reins

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

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