

Twilight's Last Burn

Last night I fell off the edge
And I slammed into morning
The day would soon begin
If the sun would get off my back
Scorching the skin you scream
Until my bones are freshly peeled from your words
The can see through the keyhole!
Open the door! I need to get through!
Breaking the lock off your heart
To only try to get inside
It seems that the owl's feather never was really true
It's flown its last flight
And died as it disappeared in the night
No longer will I be a slave to your twilight
Not until the moon excites me
And I see your face in its craters
Now it's crumbled to the beginning of the day
Let us finish these written ashes and store them in twilight's urn
And never, ever, remember the burns
That were left from your mouth