

# Enslaved, Violet Dawning

I am a part of the darkness  
Used to watch from afar  
Sensing the violence of morning  
And breathing:and waiting for nothing  
Devouring the spirit, grinding the heart  
There are good things in the burning fields  
There's peace in the slaughtered flesh  
There's life in the frozen seeds

I'll dream in the deserts  
And comfort the thirst for seeing  
The violet dawn in the distance  
Beckons me to steal its light

I'll wait for you here

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