

Twilightning, At The Forge

When the heat rises up to the point of maximum temperature
To give birth to the flame
The fountain of passion showers high
New ways emerge in the endless search
For the expression supreme
And the true value of art

What does it take to feel it and make it real?
Maybe you must deal with insanity or steel

When we are at the forge
Of creation, but who knows
What lights up the torch
Illuminating the process for all those?
Those who are at the forge

When the steam burns your skin
And the mood is getting all so constrained
And the flame's dying down

The fountain of passion dried up... suddenly
No way out, there's nothing you can do about
It but call it a day
And this night isn't fine, by the way

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To create or come up with something that is to thrill
One must place one's soul between
The hammer and the anvil