

# To Freeze In The Dead Of Night

**Roger Waters**

To freeze in the dead of night  
To burn in divine law  
Deep in the crucible brine  
The sorrow and the rage entwine  
And coil and climb towards the light  
The quill is poised above the page  
Words like falling rain slake the thirst and douse the flames  
Cooling in the crucible and idea forms  
A nugget of belief in the hearts of the poor  
That maybe in the dawn's new light  
They have a right to the law