

Dawn

The Nice

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Dawn, the innocence and purity of a newborn day
Unspoiled as yet by the tarnished hand of waking man

In its innocence, it knows not of her plan
Swellings turn on as the machine starts

She, for dawn is surely a maiden, is born and raped
365 times every year since the beginning of time
She, for dawn is a maiden, returns completely innocent
It's as though she smiles on the January red
And at first she cries at the first thrust of summer
Dawn is pregnant with promise and anticipation
And is murdered by the hand of the inevitable

But yet dawn has forgiven us for the sins
Men wrought on her