

## 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