

At the Forge

Twilightning

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 true value of art

What does it take to fell it and make it real?
Maybe you must deal with insanity or steal
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
And wait as long as you find another way
To create or come up with something that is to thrill
One must place one's soul between
The hammer and the anvil