

## The silhouette in the night.

When the sun goes down,

When the moon is high,

A ferocious beast,

Roams the sky.

Fire brought to life,

Blazing fiery red,

Is all that is left,

Of the distraught dead.

Its ice-cold breath,

Brings instant death.

Its coal black eyes,

Tell many lies,

A single spark lights up the dark. BANG!!!

When the sun goes down,

When the moon is high,

A ferocious beast,

Roams the sky.

Teeth as sharp as needles,

With a razor-sharp bite,

Raging in anger,

This is the silhouette in the night.

A dark story dwell in his eyes,

Behind the fierce flames

Lives brutal lies.

Hope has died

But do not pry!

A miracle only will save the skies.

When the sun goes down,

When the moon is high,

A savior from Heaven

Will light the day

And the trees will wave goodbye,

When the silhouette in the night,

painfully dies.

