

Arcadia

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Cars they were passing
Waves they were crashing on the shore
Fingers were burning the pages they're turning
And I want more
Here I ran from the west
Unto ruins where the sun dances with death

Arcadia, Arcadia
Now she holds me tight like I held you
Arcadia, Arcadia
Hour after hour golden blue

To be had...

Arcadia, Arcadia
Now I know that time forgets us too
Arcadia, Arcadia
Hour after hour golden blue