

The Clearing

David Crosby

Fear doesn't live inside the blind, let go
And step into the clearing mind and soul.

This kind of love don't need a home
This kind a heart beats all alone
This kind of world, gonna let it go
Lay down the things that came before.

Firelight creates families, believe
Shadows become giants in the trees.

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The sky is dark enough to swallow you, a storm
Violence the least of all its forms.

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