

Untitled 84

Duster

Days by days are passing on
Let us return to take what's ours
Stars come out to take a name
They call it
They know your name
They call it out
I hear what they're saying
Come with us
Went to it with open arms
Echoes a time that made a perfect place
For us to pray
You dream afraid
We have no say
Everything is ours to have
We contemplate
Everything belongs to us
We contemplate
They know your name
They call it out
I hear what they're saying
Come with us
Come back up and pray again
Heaven in the sullied wind
It's a perfect place