

## Ashish

Enon

Fear, like the spinning isn't wild  
I fear there's nothing left for yearning, child  
To fear, this feeling isn't worth it now  
To disappear and leave this hang of sheep to die  
In your absence

Oh here, I lay upon a crowded shore  
I could hear the thunder come across that storm  
Is it clear? You think you'd only answer now  
To disappear, the stream that goes  
The rain hung down in your past

Vanished to ash  
Vanished to ash  
Vanished to ash  
Vanished to ash

Slow come slowly floating  
Slow come slowly floating  
Slow come slowly floating