Ashish

Enon

Fear, like the spunning 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

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