

Distant Seasons

Enslaved

Two dreams under the quiet sun
Ended long ago, and just begun

Moments gone eternally
Time is cosmic vanity

Preserved in folded spaces vast
No distance between if and past

Now that I am hunting shadows
Know that this is the way I chose
I need the light you spawn
We will live an endless dawn

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Time is cosmic vanity
Preserved in folded spaces vast
No distance between if and past