

We all haunt in the sky at night (Ah ah aaa)
We all haunt in the sky at night (Ah ah aaa)
Under a sea of clouds I fly
Would the wind fly round as she tumbles?
Something fell from the blue-white snow
Bright light grew and string my bow
The wind shall seek with the sailor and me
Is the -? If I saw one
Ah ah aaa
Ah ah aaa...
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