

The Future That Cannot Be Known

Teitur

Why try to know
The future that cannot be known
Or what the numbers say
Of your fate and my own
Of your fate and my own

Of your fate
Of your fate
And my own
The future that cannot be known
The future that cannot be known
Why try to know
The future that cannot be known

See, in the white of the winter air
The day hangs like a rose
It droops down to the reaching hand
Take it before it goes
Before it goes
Goes
Before it goes...

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