

Ever Falls The Twilight

The Gothic Archies

It's possible that even we were younger
Our pockets full and never knowing hunger
Charmed like sleepwalkers on a precipice
Dreaming as one inside our chrysalis

Out the summer windows, in through winter doors
Ever falls the twilight on our jagged shores

Where once was land of rare and rolling mountains
The sea came in through all our golden fountains
The truth is as sudden as a hailstorm
And guides weary sailors to the maelstrom

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