

Remembered

Witchcraft

My heart's on fire
I'm alive
I've got wings of my own
Something new something fresh
Indestructible and fragile
Make amends

I softly call
Call on you
I don't know
What it takes to get through
Holy mother here inside
You left your temple with your gold

Please let this all be remembered
Don't cast it upon another
This daydream is growing old
It's night but I'm not cold

Maybe my horses are a little bit high
Or maybe I'm easy and you are going blind