

# 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