

Jelena

The Gathering

My friend
She tipped over
Out of childhood into sadness
She's always shining
But nevertheless
Her beautiful heart is drowned in grief
Sugar horse, lives inside
Like a friend
In need
Far and wide she'll gaze
Upon the flowers bloom
Jaded, her mind in a daze
From the medicine gloom
They leave her with her friend
A force of nature filled with strength
Sugar horse, lives inside
Like a friend
In need
[Anneke van Giersbergen]

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