Sylvia

Creeper Lagoon

Sylvia, what will we do?
Here we are, we're waiting for youWho will light the way from where we stand
The darkness plays a golden hand
You fed us all with rotten pears
But I don't careSylvia, you're such a gas
Your time has come and now must passWho will light the way from where we stand
The darkness plays a golden hand
You fed us all with rotten pears
But I don't careSylvia, what will you do?

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