# Spiral

## Pale Forest

The hour of souls is the night by your side
the whisper of angels, your breath
I sleep behind the moon
with your slender hand in mineThe ceiling is gone
above me spins the spiral shaft
spinning round and round
above me spins the spiral shaftThe first day of spring is the light in your eyes
the core of the fire, your voice
I walk on the surface of the sun
with your slender hand in mineThe ceiling is gone
above me spins the spiral shaft
spinning round and round
above me spins the spiral shaft

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