Celtic Woman

Shakhan

Celtic Woman, she's my friend
Celtic woman she's my friend good things she placed in my heart sometimes flow from my pen. Brick by brick she pulled down the wall of fear. She used them to built a bridge to the land she calls "I care".
Celtic woman hair firey red I'vee watched her mouth shaping words "love" she softly said I'm like that moth dancing near the sweet golden flames. Weary of the fire weary of the desire in case I'm maimed.
Celtic woman she's a good thing. She's like the sun that's rising making the birds sweetly sing. I'll head out through that scary no man's land to fight my way through to reach the other side then touch her hand.

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