

The Palace of Exile

The Doors

For seven years I dwelt in the loose palace of exile
Playing strange games with the girls of the island
Now I have come again to the land of the fair
And the strong, and the wise Brothers and sisters of the pale forest, children of night
Who among you will run with the hunt? Now night arrives with her purple legion
Retire now to your tents and to your dreams
Tomorrow we enter the town of my birth
I want to be ready {The Doors, The Doors
We're out of time
Thank you very much, we're out of time}

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