Puny Minds

Pale Forest

Crystal wings on angel backs
descending far above our tracks
Puny minds beneath their lives
A flight of glory over star encrusted skiesDrift into obscurity's passage
where silence is all
Drift into obscurity's passage
where silence is all
where nothing is allAnd no one below knows where the truth lies
Nothing really fades and nothing really dies
From child to senile, from senile to child
Unbreakable circle, the river running wild

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