

Always This Late (Illenium Remix)

Odesza

Scented trees of pine and oak,
That stare afar the nature folk.
The calmly wind that soothe your face,
Beyond the call of beauty trace.
And late you were on here this day,
To watch the rise of dawning ray.
Where then you glimpse the violet touch,
Of world reflect by golden march

Songwriters

HARRISON MILLS, CLAYTON KNIGHTPublished by

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