

One Misty Evening; Pigment Eyes

Echo Orbiter

We used to go down to East Park and catch fireflies
Even the familiar was cloaked in the greatest forces of love

Maybe we both felt that weâ€™d already arrived exceedingly far too fast
All else faded to the background

I guess I was looking for clues; something to affirm
That night Iâ€™d found something Iâ€™d almost lost; the spirit of children

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

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