Electrallentando

H.P. Lovecraft

Whirling, twirling, swirling
Past the night, your door
Better than before
Not blue moon any more
Flying, flying, flying
Drifting through the room
Smelling still of you
Dreaming of the afternoon
Oh, I'm dreaming of the afternoon
Flying, flying, flying
I'm drifting through the room
Smelling still of you
I'm dreaming, dreaming of the afternoon
I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming
I'm dreaming

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