

The Siren

Aesthetic Perfection

Lady with a violin
Playing to the seals
Hearken to the sound
Of calling
Who tied my hands to the wheel?
The zodiac turns over me
(Come to me)
Somewhere there my fate revealed
I hear but how will I see?
I tied myself to the wheel
The winds talk to my sails, not me
(Come to me)
Somewhere there my fate revealed
I hear but how will I see?

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