

In Freedom

Anekdoten

Amazed I looked up at the stars
And I wondered how many there are
And the other side seemed so irrelevant to me
Just like a dream or somewhere between
And the rollers crashed hard on the shore
And the winds blew the songs to my door
The East held the promise of morning,
and soon new worlds were born
Calling me on - I'm going home
New Worlds were born, calling me on...

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