The Oracle

Haste The Day

These lights are gone
My ears hear no sound
Folding between the skin and bone
We will hear and know
Folding back our ears
And slow grows our heart
Searching for, searching for
Searching for the sound
The secret in your eyes
Is your voice dead to me?
Or just too far away?
Searching for the sound
I?m listening
When scenery is taken
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