# Relics

## Plaid

As our faith bleeds into day
This feeble dream is born
As dark as winter's voice
As silent as the rain
A place is found within
Where hearts are formed of glass
And fragile songs are heard
As mist from ancient timesEveryone will fall again
Everything shall die againAnd within the violet rose
Matures to fall in Ash
Our fears, confirmed, do sleep
To trouble us no more
And in the dimming light
Her eyes do grace my thoughts
As haunting as the sea
As soft as winter's touchEveryone will fall again
Everything shall die again

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