The Swarm

Calla

Sylvia's kissing crosses
Crying for her mother
Guarded by her father
Swears that She hears voicesI could think of a way
If I only stay
Calm as the day grows dimDream another wish to
Sleep away tomorrow
Said She's going home now
Home is what She called itI could think of a way
If I only still gone
As the day grows dim

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