

Into Dust

Dead Swans

Still falling
Breathless and on again
Inside today
Beside me today A round broken in two
Till your eyes shed into dust
Like two strangers turning into dust
Till my hand shook the way I fear I could possibly be fading
Or have something more to gain
I could feel myself growing colder
I could feel myself under your fate
Under your fate It was you breathless and tall
I could feel my eyes turning into dust
And two strangers turning into dust
Turning into dust

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