A Passage in Time

Dead Can Dance

These silent chances pass one by
Who never knew of them at all.
Resigned to the hands of fate
We await her impending beck and call.Until we return, paradise interred.
Spread your golden wings, et the sails unfurl.
These silent chances pass one by
Who never knew of them at all.Resigned to the hands of fate
We await her impending beck and call.
Until we return, paradise interred.
Spread your golden wings, let the fires burn.Well opportunities doors did not open wide.
The answers remain locked away inside.
So forced into labour we till the earth
To sow the seeds of our own rebirth.As the days turned into years
Our faith overcame any doubts or fears.
Are there any doubts or fears?
In truth we had found the key.It's application would unravel this mystery.

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