Rays On Pinion

Baroness

Save your soul
It's bright with holes
Rays on pinion
Lay me downOur trust lies in mighty wing
As we thrust ourselves into the drink
Pitched boats sail and ploughmen toil
To drift on and work the soilStow your gaze
Away these waves
Stain reflection
May we drownThis is our last goodbye
This is our final cry
This separation of bird and bone
Is an introduction to tide and lung

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