Golden Skans

The Klaxons

Light touched my hands in a dream of golden skans
From now on, you can forget all future plans
Night touched my hands with the turning, golden skans
From the night to the light, all plans are golden in your hands
Set sail from sense, bring all her young
Set sail from where we once begun
While we wait, while we wait
A hall of records or numbers or spaces still undone
Ruins or relics, disciples and the young
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Ruins or relics, disciples and the young
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