

Firefly

Anekdoten

sparks flying through the room
my head's on fire
and there is nothing i can do
i'm in the whirlwind
far beyond reach
i wish that you would be here toofading fire
the wakened eye
soon turning blue againfor all gone before
all left undone
put down your walking-stick and run
i'm on a blind-ride
all screens are blank
looking forward running backand all is one
to each his own
all is onebut i am alone
as i run
through the fire

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