

Yearning

"The Temple Of Sagal"

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Look to window and reach the eyes that stare to the sky
The snow falls so softly...
It buries the garden
All prepared for the winter, thou have sowed your
seeds

The yearning glance to hills, these thoughts they burn
within
They always lead to same, turning the back again
The journey goes on, at night you'll hear a call
And if your eyes could see, you would see the door
That opens sometimes for awhile
As the screams disappear through the night...
Yearning The Temple Of Sagal

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