

Indian Fall "Breathing"

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Cry no more
It is the beginning of our living
I see a vision from beyond
Through the darkness we still breathing
Still breathing...

Sweet silence of my bleeding heart
Still follows me from the deep inside
Dying eyes rising from the rainy nights
Just come to me have no fear

I've never wanted you to come to me
Sweet silence that you cannot see
The ocean from the ancient fire
Still whispers to me wonderful desires

It's the day we are looking for our sweetest desires
The descending purity of our unburned fire

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