

Katra**"The End Of The Scene"**

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The candles have burned out
Bu the wind is still strong
There's no hand to hold on

The streets lead to nowhere
Darkness has fallen
There's no one to lead on

Dreams and illusions
Are gone
The swans lift their voices
In last song
The only thought
How to thrive:
Just to try
Keep yourself alive

The whispering mourning
Wipes the laughter away
There's no will to go on

The fatal tomorrow
With no warning call
Will the strong carry on?

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