

Celestial Season **"Morning theft"**

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on the day that I found I was travelling
with words too heavy
hammering my skull
was the day that I woke on a train
looked around in my cabin
heard the rhythm of the wagon
repeating, the beating:

there's a morning on the way

when you're locked like a thief
in the poor arms of expectation
oxygen is thin
in the middle of Spain but you're
freezing from isolation
get yourself together and sing:

there's a morning on the way

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