

Octavia Sperati

"Without Air"

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In the wind, in the rain
In the woods
Among the trees
There runs a flood
Its stream causes hearts to beat

Over the mountains
Under the valleys deep
Its power flows strong
The forces cause lives to cease

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When dawn breaks
When all things boldly appear new
When the tide comes
Yearnings pass to oblivion

An embrace of souls
Time crumbles
At this desolate moment

There's a shiver in the night
A longing for perfection
Erasing the past
Fears complete obliteration

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