

Dawn Of Dreams

"Il Luna"

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Well, I hear the singing of the wind,
the moon spreads her wings over this pale world,
memories are frozen in the fog of the sunset in which
your burning kiss is lost,
where fragments of the sun are dancing on the waves
of time
Well, I hear the aim of your caress,
the sun closes her eyes over this pale world,
pictures are dancing in the dust of the moon fog to
which I send my sighs,
where thousands of stars are flying on my arms away

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