

Technicolour "Crawling"

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Thoughts are scattered like leaves
In the autumn wind.
Shadows riding on the breeze
Fall upon like the rain.
Crawling through cynical times
But there's a light in the distance oh so far away
Soon the snow will fall
Soon the cold will creep in
Soon we will fall asleep
And when we wake up it's already dark
Crawling trough cynical times
But there's a light in the distance oh so far away
Follow her footprints in the snow
But it's late March and soon the snow must go

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