

The Swellers

"The Traveller"

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Days always begin
With the breath
In the circle of form
Everything returns to preset

And since the first day
When I planted the dream's grain

I saw the birth of sea of hope
To meet the shore

Look around!
What can you see?
Now look beyond!
To find your dreams

The sun dance with the trees
Their music is the wind

We're drifting in the sea of madness
Just let it be

Pass through the gate
The gate of the reason
Into a dream
The traveller

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