

Mephisto Walz

"Drowning, Like The Garden"

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It is the path of sin that compels our fate
And leaves us drowning like the garden
Is it surrender that confuses us
If not existence then departing

Is it the ancient soul that crouches low
That through the day can never find us
In our stealing glances we appear
Leaving reflections just behind us
The tender hallowed ground still holds us
And whispers silence to our ears
These frightened winds have always blown us
Now only glisten holds us here

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