

Pulley

"End Of The World"

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(Milan Hlavsa/Ivan Jirous)
Make haste my dreams
And veil my forehead
With the pre-death shade of night
Make haste my dreams
Let the dead rise from the grave
I would see them and touch them
Touch them, trembling
Let the dead rise from the grave
I fed my life
With what I felt
With terror and pain
The terror I felt
My soul a black abyss
My soul a bottomless abyss
In safety, hold me, my dreams
Till the world's days end

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