

Saline Grace

"Bird Song"

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From the deceptive days in Bordertown
We set off holding our hands
Through the frosty woodlands' paths
Those silently whispering, sinister lands

Leaving the white woodlands behind
We saw it coming, the cold-tortured countenance
Within a fallow wasteland a frozen stream was
Sadly flowing on wrong tracks, without a chance

Losing the distant murmur of Bordertown
Your exhausted eyes she'd bitter tears
An easier fate we had tried to reach
But along the stream no bird was singing
Within our years

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