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Subrosa

"Indian Summer"

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Midnight Harvest moon We'll catch the coach Not a moment too soon, My love. let's fly away from here.

Autumn blush Your first touch Indian summer begins at dusk,

My love. Our love will never die, Our love will never die.

Winter pale Killing frost The doctor says prepare for loss,

My love. Let's fly away from here.

Steel ground, Fresh grave, They laid us together, we'll make our way,

My love. Our love will never die.

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