

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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