

Hackett Steve

"Icarus Ascending"

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There are many things that I would rather do
Many many places I would rather be
Splendour wings of ambition
Melted by the sun
To the sea of remorse
Graveyard come
Dogs that bark at night are fearful of the moon
Will the sound of childrens joys remain in tune
The same light shins on vineyards
That makes deserts its true
What awaits me if I follow you
All that's behind me
And I flew this time
Never falling
Since your eyes first touched mine

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