Crematory, The Perils Of The Wind

over yonder far from time
lived a maid widowed by war
astray her home burdened her life
a neverland of discontent
free of joy and bliss

believe in nothing hard to see
believe in everything the world is free
listen to your heart never forget
tales of yore trust them yet

on a day gloomy and grey
through the flickeringlights of the woods
shimmering knights of majesty

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the warriors aroused by weariness
ascended the porch an innocent soul

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believe in nothing hard to see
believe in everything this world is free
world is free - world is free