Kosheen, Ages

15 years of precious time behind us
7 years before our child is gone
Everything precariously balanced
The slightest press can turn it upside down
And it took us ages
To create
And we fill up the pages
Take it down in a day
Take it down in a day

In a day you smell eternal summer In a day the winter had begun In a day I became your lover In the morning all the rest will be gone

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