

Michael Manning, Grawn

Apollo forge the sun's forgiveness,
sweet blessed everyone.
I sing the songs of spring more dearest in the
warmth of the undone.

And could you hold the moon and stars as one,
for all the hearts of everyone.

O, it's all grawn wrong.

Diana give the night some
semblance of whatever once
was,
I found the darkness is not
dearest without light that
shines from above.
And could you hold the moon
and stars as one
for all the hearts of everyone.