

The Gothic Archies, Ever Falls The Twilight

It's possible that
Even when we were younger
Our pockets full and
Never knowing hunger
Charmed like sleepwalkers on a precipice
Dreaming as one inside our chrysalis

Out the summer windows
In through winter doors
Ever falls the twilight
On our jagged shores

Where once was land
Of rare and rolling mountains.
The sea came in
Through all our golden fountains
The truth is as sudden as a hailstorm
And guides weary sailors to the maelstrom

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