

Silver Sun – South

Make a wish on a silver sun
A day like this can't be wasted
Make a wish don't tell anyone
Cool this temper with laughter

Daylight comes crashing in
Time is of short supply
The wind streams through
Broken rooms
Underneath darkness lies
From this fear there may come light
Stretch me out over this divide
Make a wish on a silver sun
When it comes, it comes

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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych