

My Solitary Room

Looking out into my solitary room
I see the light of the late afternoon
Is filling up what was so empty

And maybe you've heard this song before
sung by some kinda troubadour
seeking shelter from the archer who showed, no mercy

And I wanted to show you
a rhythm that can't be seen
skipping this stone across
that slumbering river's dream

And I wanted to take you to
this blooming cherry tree
in the time of the Spring herself
unchained by Eternity

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