

oooooooooh aaah
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oooooooooh aaah

Light touch my hands, in a dream of Golden Skans, from now on.
You can forget our future plans.
Night touch my hands with the turning Golden Skans,
From the night to the light, all plans are golden in your hands.

Set sail from sense, bring all her young.
Set sail from where we once begun.
While we wait, while we wait.

A hall of records, or numbers, or spaces still undone.
Ruins, or relics, disciples and the young.
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