

Between the black and the gray there is only the rage
Of the waterfall dream
And the shadows that play in the roaring cascade
Will not stay in the stream

Though a feather or two has been plucked from your wings
Flying is always the same
We'll fly off together, I'll love you forever
For now forever's to blame

In the cavern of night where the river of thirst
Runs its terrible course
Burns a crystal black flame in the cold silver eyes
Of a sapphire blue horse

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