

Nightly Cares

múm

Skar the fire son
Pet the smiling one
Woo the sleeping one
Ró the crying one

Hú-hviss my little one
Ró-ró my crying one
Ligg-ligg my tired one
Rura sleeping one

Touch a feal, you blind a must
Soft the skin of the warmest rust
Cause nothing blows in the faraway
I go away, go away
Past the hills, past the day

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