

Trusting Blind

Northern Lite

Taking control of my mind
Body is moving tight
Exactly, trusting blind

I close my eyes and see
I found purity
The ghosts of past no longer matter to me

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Flashes in my eyes
Wind in my hair
There's somebody
Who understands

Was looking at me
Since I was born
Chosen my soul
To place it thorned
Don't never thread on me because
The one I'm now I never was