

## Circles

## Seven Witches

Staring out the window  
Looking at the sun  
Birds fly high in the glare  
Slowly the morning comes  
Never knew the reasons  
Why this cannot end  
Trapped with inner feelings  
You're the chosen one

Angel of mercy  
Descend from your clouds  
Come save the lost souls  
I believe him now  
No rhyme or reason  
Why this all must end  
Fly high Jacob  
Spread your wings again

Circles in the sun  
Ooooooooooh  
Circles in the sun