

Morelia

Trixie Whitley

This flame.. here's old. Owned by a torch so young.
From both worlds is where I long to come from.
But the architect knows the heart of the lion .

it builds from its deepest.
fires that were once a wrestles desire.
Let it be meaningful.
Let it be no laugh.
Harbor this comfort.
Don't let the... Don't let the river go dry.

He had everything.
I had not in my longest turn to sand.
The towns I could find to want.
want shallow hand but I'm living with the finite.
But the architect knows the heart of a lion.

Built from its deepest.
Our fires, there were once wrestles desires.
Let it be meaningful.
Let it be who .
Harbour this comfort. Don't let the..
Don't let the river go dry.

Let it be meaningful.
Let it be who they are.
I bet this comfort.
Don't let the.. don't let the river go dry.
Let it be meaningful.
Let it be no laugh.
I bet this comfort.
Don't let the.. Don't let the river go dry.