

# Towards the Sun

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see the clouds are creeping towards the sun  
and i'm slipping away  
i'm seen by anyone  
the light it turning grey  
the day is done

the water is so cold  
and heavy on my mind  
i dreamed of walking with you  
but i fell behind  
looking for a road  
i could not find

and now the ice is starring  
and spring is near  
there is no one calling  
but the sound is clear  
no, i'm not yet gone  
i'm still not here