

Spinners

Snow Ghosts

Never light from candles you'll kill sailors
Fishermen and merchant ships and whalers
You'll force the winds to temper o'er the waves
And wild horses drag them to their graves

So the spinners say
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Never light from candles you'll kill sailors
Their daughters' fathers ocean is his jailor
Their wives will wail the winds back to their halls
Like sycamore their spinning love will fall

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