

Morning Glory Clouds (In Manus Tuas Domine)

Heavenwood

Flaming crowds, blinded faith run deep
Furthermore some live asleep
If a cloud would fit on your both hands
Then a burden you'll carry on your heart... The sky

As we delay one day for the morning glory clouds
As we remain in pain for the morning glory clouds

Frozen hands, closing eyes once free
Silent word that escapes from me
Then we gather both faces
And say it to the world

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