

Seven Witches, Circles

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