

Ad Astra

Arcturus

I have everywhere sought,
and nowhere found
So I lift the bleedin' bodkin
And trust the grief deepest in The gleaming bodies of the infinite skies
Have for my spirit
The cold charm
Of death's welcoming eyes
In secret to my soul
They are ideals of old
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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