

# Within Temptation, Pearls Of Light

After,  
the cold darkness,  
in the heart of the forest.  
Where birds are singing,  
for the new born sun

In the womb of the leaves,  
on the branches of the trees,  
lies the treasure of the morning,  
the pearls of light.

Carriedd away by thee truculence of my world,  
I got lost in the surch for enlightenment,  
The blue ran,  
Covereed my roots and I forgot where I came from.

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