

# Over The Garden Wall - Into The Unknown

Tom: A

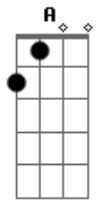
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Led through the mist  
By the milk-light of moon  
All that was lost, is revealed  
Our long bygone burdens, mere echoes of the spring  
But where have we come, and where shall we end?

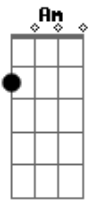
If dreams can't come true, then why not pretend?

Oh how the gentle wind  
Beckons through the leaves  
As autumn colors fall  
Dancing in a swirl  
Of golden memories  
The loveliest lies of all

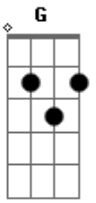
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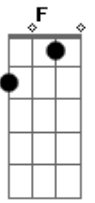
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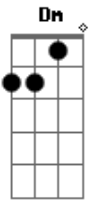
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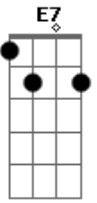
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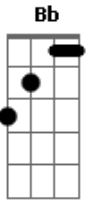
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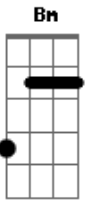
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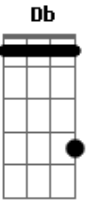
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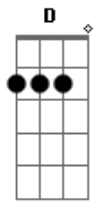
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