Depression

Cressida

The carlours of living, do you mind how so fine
When reveal they're just as pale as mine
So climb on my baby, leave the sun and moon to shine
Take a tip from the annals of timeYour munmurs and tunder
Your brother lives again
My baby, who'll save me
From the roots of depression setting in?Depression might come down
The lesson, there's a teaching of time

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