

Afterburner

Noisestorm

I'm not down to keep up
Trying to keep up
One slip up
Up on our way
I'm so tired of taking
Of taking it
One slip up
Up on our way
I don't buy it

I say
So leave it alone
So it moves forwards
I'll always ask
What's the point of making?
The makings are our only hope
It's not late
It's not too late
To keep it real
You ask me to keep it real

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