

Hollow

Trampled by Turtles

Little did we know
That the world was dying
That the birds outside
They never sang for us Winter time it snows
And patiently lying
My blood runs cold
They never sang for us Hollow
Hollow
Not empty
I guess we'll go outside
And face the slaughter
Of the daily life
And the world getting smaller Shortly you will hear
My little darling
Now the birds can grow
And the winter doesn't matter
Hollow
Hollow
Not Empty Hollow
Hollow
Not Empty

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