Transitions

The Shitty Limits

Got a static, universal saturation in the grip of the morning sun
The greatest soldier that erodes all the orders
And the door men when the day is done
Hop the dingle on the ferry
Takes you back to the dimension that's just begun
Riding the crystal of communion to a union
Harry Truman is the poor lady's son and he says
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The greatest soldier that erodes all the orders
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