Feed the Light

Lizz Wright

Feed the light
I want to fight about it now
You won't be lost
You won't be found
You won't be lost
You won't be called out by me for sureI love you
But you still believe
That blossoms understand when hit
With cold hard wind
It's not the end
Just changing climate for sureBe sure to feed the light
Just feel the right to get it wrong
It's not the end, it never ends
You won't be lost
You won't be found
Unless you want to be found

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