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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