Grand

Blankass

We fling ourselves fearlessly,
With lights upon our faces
into insecurity and unity
We dream ourselves fearlessly,
With laughter in our eyes,
But no one has a steady look at last

You go in the morning, the morn before light
Warm is the bed and my back where you'd lie
Slowly my awakening, my breathing in haze
And so I know I do belong here,
I will sing to the day

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