

# Paradise Circus

## The Lilac Time

It's unfortunate that when we feel a storm  
We can roll ourselves over 'cause we're uncomfortable  
Oh well, the devil makes us sin  
But we like it when we're spinning in his grip  
Love is like a sin, my love  
For the ones that feel it the most  
Look at her with her eyes like a flame  
She will love you like a fly will never love you again  
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