

The End of History

Fionn Regan

I feel your sorrow
You're chasing tomorrow
There is no distance
In your absence If you call the monster
He will appear
Like I disappear, blackout
Like I disappear, blackout There is resistance
Behind enemy lines
There goes the hatred
Bursting through the fabric If you call the monster
He will appear
Like I disappear, blackout
Like I disappear, blackout You are here, here
You, you are here
You are

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