

Problem of Pain

[William Fitzsimmons](#)

Dialogue on weather, breeding in the pound
Fateful first-time meeting, life is in the ground Icarus they caught you where you tumbled on
Encourage you to dive now the sun is gone I just don't know
I just don't know aah... moon is torn asunder over faulty two
guillotines in shackles, heads roll for a few I just don't know
I just don't know
I just don't know

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