I.C.B.

New Order

My love falls from heaven
To talk of this strange design
Then it goes forever
Where all things never die
People look whenever
These races have been won
Minds just for breathing
When the means for this have begun
It's so far away, and it's closing in
It's so far away, and it seems to travel inTaken from the killing ground
By all dividing hands
With no sense or reason,
They came, they found, they ran
Taking good advantage of
All the things they are told
I washed my hands of innocence
When you started taking controlIt's so far away, and it's closing in
It's so far away, and it seems to travel in

Songwriters
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