

Universal Truths and Cycles

Guided By Voices

As the icy breeze is shattered
By speaking to us warmly
(small ones stand up)
To the nation of duress
And God yes, it's a mess We know this and that
The romantic soul for us
In the lost hierarchy of land
And landowners
And down will go back up
Forevermore!
I must try to believe this And if I may consider
To look out from an opening
Of freshly painted lines
And letter perfect designs For we know this and that...

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