Vancouver

The Hush Now

Brittle their bones
Breaking skin
Severed the lines
That reign them inAll their spinning around
Under blue skies graying outWith circus face
needles stick
Their beggars eyes
Rolling backwardsStill theyre spinning around
Under blue skies graying out
We could be beautiful
Turning -- bending
If we tried
Yes we could be beautiful
Turning -- bending
If we tried

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