

Vancouver

The Hush Now

Brittle their bones
Breaking skin
Severed the lines
That reign them in All their spinning around
Under blue skies graying out With circus face
needles stick
Their beggars eyes
Rolling backwards Still 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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