

# Fellow Feeling

**Porter Robinson**

I cried, for I didn't think it could be true  
That you and I might have always known one another  
And that we could not only evoke, but conjure a place of our own  
And everywhere. That has ever existed  
Is all on the surface of our dream  
Now please, hear what I hearLet me explain  
This ugliness, this cruelty, this repulsiveness  
It will all die out  
And now, I cry for all that is beautifulLet me explain

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