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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