

True Thrush

Dan Deacon

Beast of my brain, everybody's the same
With the beast's control, it will never turn gold, and that's just life
Don't touch the flame, of the burning decay
With the lies you've been sold, let the nightmare unfold, if you don't mind And they're all out, I'm lost there
alone
No hand to hold high, Looking for me, I'm gone
Spread those wings wide and take me along
Now show me the sky and tell me I'm wrong

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