

The Protagonist Suddenly Realizes What He Must Do

The Most Serene Republic

Past the Atlantic gaps and the spaces it has
To a perfect home, to a finer place
We all counteract with visions intact
With great impossibles and most crowded doorways
I have the greatest plan involving everyone else
We all and a map of muses
Travel to shores scarred with wars
Well never be apart again
Hold on to your faces
Hold on to your faces
Hold on to your faces
Hold on to your faces

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