My Favourite Thing

Silverchair

Got my fever down, then weighed it up, and know the
Sounds remaining won't strain all the silt from my eyes
Bleach the green from the pastures, feast on the grey
Of the night, straight from the vines refusal to shine
You're my favourite thing, the one that I love
You're the one so I'd die for your love
Blind the deafened moon, stimulate the tombs of angels
I'll open my heart won't fall apart, don't fall apart
You're my favourite thing, and I feel like letting go

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