

Wardrobe

Noise Ratchet

We all separate ourselves.

We all turn off

Not in this world,

Because today we are a disaster.

So we meditate

Through our prayers. Some days we fight ourselves,

Some days we love our minds. But there is grace

There to have us.

So I'm gone away

I'm with my father Some days we fight ourselves,

Some days we turn off

Not in this world,

Cause today we are a disaster.

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