# 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 fatherSome days we fight ourselves,
Some days we turn off
Not in this world,
Cause today we are a disaster.

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