Insurgentes (Mexico)

Steven Wilson

Holy Mother of the simple one,
When you smile at me you bring me down,
You betray your thoughts.
All your prayers to naught.Now out of debt, you speak in tongues,
And out of bread, your work is done,
And your dream, absolve.
And your path, dissolve.And your dream, absolve,
And your path, dissolve.

Songwriters
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