Folklore

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Hey you, will you be true
When you can see through what I do
Feel the pain in your brain, insane
Will I see my name in your scars
And you will see what you mean to me
Lust between the lines
Do you feel the need

When the night comes down
And when the night comes down
A father is waiting
And you will see what you mean to me
Lost control and called your name
Left a home in the pouring rain
In a sea of guilt and shame
Will we sustain

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