

It's Going To Be a Cold Winter

Ceremony

Come to reality, keep your feet on the ground.
All I know now is regret.
Nine months of shit, how do you fake a fucking smile just to bury it?
Hold on to your memories for as long as you can,
it might be the last thing you ever feel in here.
We might hold onto our grudges, teach ourselves to forget,
burn bridges, sink ships till the bitter end
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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