

The Fiction We Live

From Autumn To Ashes

You might be just what I need
No I would not change a thing
Been dreaming of this so long
But we only exist in this song
The thing is, I'm not worth the sorrow
And if you come and meet me tomorrow
I will hold you down, fold you in
Deep, deep, deep in the fiction we live
I break in two over you
I break in two and if a piece of you dies
Autumn, I will bring you back to life
Of course I see you I do

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