For Good

Aeon Spoke

A hot and humid Sunday
Faces, faces everywhere
Then a face, I remember my face years ago
Such fearMany psychic scars
In just his short few years
In the noise of his silence he ran away from the violence
To healBut this is my day
And I can dream above the buried cry
Cause I've got something better
And it might just be my own
For GoodBut this is my day
And I can see the wreckage in my head
But it's not the same
Cause I transform the pain

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