

# An Orphan Of Fortune

## Mgmt

It can't stop now  
The signs keep changing on me  
Like a shimmering bell  
Long waves enveloping me  
And my plastic mind,  
So chewed and shrieking all the time  
Feels it whirling by  
Morning, afternoon then night  
And I can't get down If I don't feel right  
Polishing off the sand  
Lay by me  
And we'll erode  
As gently as we can  
Into twilight  
Into twilight

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