# Sculpt The Lives

## Contaminated Vol.6

Cold eyes of fire talk to me
Stillborn desire in the air I breathe
In our wanton spirits I read
Closure, nauseating rites
A face and heart I heedUnprecedented in longing
As we soar still higher
As Icarus we'll plunge
In longing manner we'll admireInto depths all unknown
Soul and purpose set alight
Over barren lands we've flown
In transmission morning thrives

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