The Pilgrimage

Cloud Cult

I don't need to live like that no more.
I have seen the writing on the wall.
I can't tell you what the ending is but life is just a pilgrimage.
Don't let 'em tell you how to live,
These are the things that you don't need anymore.
Precious one, you were made for the Pretty Pretty. Leave it behind and walk out that door.
Precious one, you were made for the Pretty Pretty.
You will become what you were before.
Precious one, you were made for the Pretty Pretty. This is why you were born.
Precious one, you were made for the Pretty Pretty. These are the things that you don't need anymore.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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