Fatale and Futique

Brazil

Breathe the air
Eye the eye
Reach out and grab the hand that beckons
The Great Divide
Is in our minds
You'll see some things are bound to happenDrink the wine
Touch the ice
Enter the ruined and fallen city
Dead by design
Complete the line
I know some things are bound to happenSend the match and send the flame
And send the heat
So I can burn down the walls that keep you in

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