

# 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 happen Drink the wine  
Touch the ice  
Enter the ruined and fallen city  
Dead by design  
Complete the line  
I know some things are bound to happen Send 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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