Fly Away

Flatbush Zombies

Say hello to Satan, once you cross the bridge
Screams turned to whispers, fighting in the mist
I do not belong here, I think they clipped my wings
Uncertain, unstable, do I even exist?
Now how can I fly away?
We're born to die anyway
I'm getting high everyday
What's suicide and the pain?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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