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Hot Cross

The silence we've found always prouder than the voice you lost. Clawing through words dropped from lips content with a last breath like a heretic. Finding a dream of salvation; a hint of reality too involved for imagination. This will be a tribute to the years we've spent building so much nothing, a homage to our hands lost to empty sounds. The loudest days hiding hopeless eyes; looking for a lifeline but only breaking ties. We are so many lifetimes away from the one we want to be. Take your place and play the part. wear your make-up like a weapon.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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