

Clouds

Devil Sold His Soul

Put down the idea that I'm broken
The idea that you're not real
The idea that you can change
Change to you is no more than a new lie
Flowers unfold to show us a beautiful play
Is this not always who we are?
To keep this motion going is so selfish
Flowers unfold to show a beautiful charade
Let's dance on more time
You fill this empty heart

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