Daylight In The City

Strata

It's the start of a bright new day
As the light finds its way through
The curtains at the end of my night
I'm alive in a city of dead people rising for work
And as they ride through the cycle
The machine revving up, I feel a little suicidal
Just not high enough to jump, oh, who am I kidding now?
My plan to die young somehow is just a memory, it?s just a memory

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