

# Great White Zombie

## Versus the Mirror

I could see the souls seeping through the stones on the horizon  
on the horizon my movements are drapes in a state of the art  
your emotions lack the face I value in my state of the art the oaks are over and the forest is now the shoulder  
of all uncontrollable monotony  
i pity you who know nothing  
while i walk softer than this city my movements are drapes in a state of the art  
your emotions lack the face I value in my state of the art

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