

# Loss

## Merchandise

From my body, out my eyes  
Leaving my insides like the bed of ache  
Forgotten was the story, was the language  
Never to breathe again, or so it seems  
The surface of the earth felt like a fable  
After she drank up all the sea  
Bury my father out in a church yard  
I have no one left to remember my name  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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