Black Boots

Cold Cave

Open Earth
Anathema
Frozen thru Infinity
You give me half of what i need
Words with no weight in them
Trees with no leaves on them
Black boots on a street
Faded by sun
Who will protect the police
Who will pray for your god
I live in half the world i need
Words with no weight in them
Bodies with no souls in them
There is a riot between
My heart and my tongue
People
There's too many people

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

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