To the Sky (Edit)

[Maps](#)

My memory
Feels like it's playing with me
These things I know
Yeah, I knowThe sun will end with you
Need help to cut on through
Can only feel this way
When silence comesI can sing it to the sky
There's a risk it won't reply
If I could change it, man I would
And I won't screw it up this timeBeen here before
It won't happen no more
These things I know
Yeah, I knowThey get into your mind
I guess you know the signs
Can only feel this way
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