

White Out

Wrangler Brutes

Walk your wounded walk to me

Silent sighs

From your gallery

Talk your wounded talk to me

Hollow eyes

Wish to see

I can't tell you what you should do

No lock for your key

Caught in a silent white out

Washed all your clothes too clean

All quiet for the man who

Paints nothing there to see

No one told you how to be

You took your time

Found your feet

Time has spent your last belief

Of where to go

Who to be

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