

Curse the Ground (Broken Ocean Intro)

Bronze Radio Return

Pull the ropes up tight and we'll swing above this place
Get high for a while and watch the moon melt
From this roof-top seat we can dance above the town
On the soles of our feet and curse the ground We'll pretend to be hung upon apostrophes that pluralize the empty
eyes
And judge a man by his degree
But it's so nice up here and the air feels good to breathe
My vision's clear, but it gets harder to see
Harder to see...

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