

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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