

True Coming Dream

Pale Saints

Are you still here
? ? ? rushes on
And you think it's wrong
They're only in your head
Things you create
Just the empty shells
Of ? ? ? yesterdays So you never breathe a word
Selfish (?) with yourself
Until you break in two
? ? ? all you want to do
Until your dreams come true Drugged sensibilities
Sketches I have made
? ? ?
? ? ?
? ? ?
? ? ? all you want to do
Until your dreams come true

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