

The Way Of The World

Strawhouses

There are eyes that cannot see
And fingers that cannot touch
That's the way of the world There are dreams left empty and blank
And legs that have ceased to walk
That's the way of the world There are kisses undelivered
Sighs and moans unuttered
That's the way of the world There are hearts no longer beating
And there are entrails spilled on the floor
That's the way of the world

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