

# Shingles

## Arcite

I float above and these wings catch, and your sky holds you so beautiful  
And I understand if all this comes falling because my sky already has  
    And my head bows, all of this I know  
And all of your precious love, you can paint as light as you see  
    And you can make reasons for everything  
But as long as I dream some things will always be  
    Gun in my mouth, I pray for the sunshine  
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Lyrics provided by

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