

911Ost

Taproot

Hello operator, I think I'm to be tried
For believing in my uncle, even though he lied
911, 911ost
Emergency, this blood on my hands isn't killing me
Take these broken reins, away from me
In the aftermath while eyes fade green
To black, his eyes fade green to black
His stare was strong and balding, As he flew
His wealth was military, health like me and you
No coming back

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