

Battery "To Hold"

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An endless struggle what we call success, put on your
kings robes
And strive to be the best, but not yet because when you
looked
Around the world had grown cold and we fight so hard
to succeed
That we have nothing left to hold. There is nothing left.
Is it
Because we love so much that we leave emotion
behind and our so
Called confidence we dare not defy and our so called
compassion
We push everyone else aside. We are assured
independence but
Forced to stand in line. There is nothing left to hold.

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