

Diafanes

"We Call We"

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The world goes round
It travels miles and miles
It takes a while
but gets back to the same old ground

Everything you do
will one day come back to you
After travelling miles and miles
somewhere, somehow

True or not that's what I like to believe

This is the kind of justice I want to breathe

So fair, so innocent and so comfortable
You'll be judged by the hammer of the gods

You will see
that there isn't "me" nor "you"
There's only something
that we call "we"

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