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Blind Willie McTell "Trashing The Beauty"

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Set my urgency In dreams you come to me Jesus was my son Was not for you, if not for you **Passion frailty** I see it more romantically, tonight What's the body wich you want to live trough Your soul to God, your flesh for me Trashing the beauty We should meet sometime On an never ending strike Do you think we'll ever meet For real One last frozen glance In tender bloodshot embrace I see the struggle, I see the struggle I see her dying on becoming alive Trashing the beauty

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