

Flow

"Trust"

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He goes away
In search of a rose
In a drowning empty dawn
A paranoid dreamscape

He goes away
Along all their empty faces
And all the blinded ears
No one helps him and no one carries him
Running away....

And he carries a heart in his hand
A southfruit germ in the northern lands
Drifting and drifting fornever to dwell

He goes away
A tousand people but alone
In a touch of misanthrophy
And a wish to escape
From this reality

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