

Glove

"This Green City"

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Someone's evil laugh shoots down my back
Shapeless and aging we start to run
Through the tangle of your broken words
This cheap impulse falls so dry
In the maze I burn down turn
You turn my skin around
Wishing my eyes could look down down on me...
Stairs fall like jewels
As we near the door
You fold through my neck
Arms like crystal
So black with charm breath
We turn to face the dying sun...

This green city rains down on me
This green city rains down

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