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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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