Hatsune Miku "Cold Comfort"

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Extreme real dream
Perpetually hammering
Moving pictures around
Some smell of industry
Don't know what's happening
Something fills me up with greed
I feel cloned
Yes i am home

Order forms originals
Same shit a million times
Equal products compete
With each other for to breathe
Never leave
A stable existence
Fixed fragments
Of a single entanglement

Maintain a constant pulse beat Close to the environment Planet me Rotation So necessary neverending clarity Excluding any possibility Trust me We define everything

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