

## **Indian Fall "To Lose Faith"**

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Wake me up inside it feels so warm...  
Enter in my room I am here alone...  
If you enter here right now you will feed my needs...  
Will the smoke above my head turn into your dreams?

We're marching to the orphanage  
What U see is our course  
The guilt of generations  
Now the hours passing through

When passion is cruel awake my soul  
I'm lost between the seeds of ancient dawn  
It's my willing to show the shinny star  
Guilt above you all this is your war

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