

Jigsaw

"Of Those Who Know You're Right"

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I'm an empty theatre with all the grace missing
And when the wind betrays you, you'll feel the same
Like those who sculpt their hearts of fire

This is the age of tender loss
And this is the age of tender pain
Of those who know you're right

I've been blending with mirrors
And I've been sleeping with those trees
Like those who sculpt their hearts of fire

This is the age of tender loss
And this is the age of tender pain
Of those who know you're right

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