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## Left Front Tire ''Memories''

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In the tragic play A marionette of the clock Pages filled with a chronicle in blood

Scents and sights come back to me My life in memories, makes me want to go Try and hold on to what's left of all The golden scenes I forever want to know

The curtains are lifted Reveal a spectacle of rare 'Til the final act I am your tragic one

Soaring in the wind Sounds - so transcendent So faint and softly Carries me above

Scents and sights...

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