

Left Hand Solution

"Fevered"

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[words: Barthold, music: Barthold, Selin]

Marking this body of infancy
Wounds - smiling my way
Again emotions fail to exist
The anguish of existence calls us all

The world is sick
and life is the disease
Feverish we breed

See the willow that embodies my weeping
And so the weeping calls us all

The world is sick

And life is the disease
Feverish we breed

The loneliness feeds my resentment
I remain dead

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