

Collapsis

"Turn Around"

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There floats our conversation
Like clouds in our minds
We leave an open invitation
To this world we've denied

If I turn around
Would that be my fault
If I turn around
Would that be my loss

Feel the raindrops of impression
Stinging from above
What the price of this confusion
We have yet to speak of

Out of sight beyond confusion
Still I'm here defining my own truth
Paranoia by conclusion
What's the point if I am still missing you

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