

Marty Willson-Piper

"Staring At The Gun"

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In your blood
There's a vein of gold
If I could
Undo heaven's hold

On your maps
Air on the moon
Your midnight comes at noon

Eyes blind
Staring at the sun
White light

Waiting
For the end to come
I am glass
You see through me
Gliding past

Beauty waves you on
If you choose
All those colours
Kill your lovers now

Eyes blind

Staring at the sun

White light

Waiting

For the end to come

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