

## Rosematter

# "The Legend Of Gene Wilder"

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Transparent all in the breath of a breeze, it brings me,  
brings me, to my knees,  
And I'm blown away, And I'm blown away. But you  
know, you know I'll always be  
Collecting everything behind your lead as you face  
these misplaced  
Conflicting confrontations.

Dust off the books on your shelves they make it hard to  
believe in  
What you can't see, why can't you see? I wish I had your  
faith.

Answers spill out of cracks in the walls, with every little  
inch overflowing,  
Flowing gently towards me, misinterpreting what is in  
front of me.

Answers spill out of cracks in the walls, with every little  
inch overflowing,  
(The meaning is lost in the context, )  
Flowing gently towards me, misinterpreting what is in  
front of me.  
(Overflowing with fabrications.)

This foreign surface has been stretching for miles and  
miles and miles,  
Finding recluse in these foreign issues, my conquest  
for self identity.

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believe in  
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faith.  
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[Gene Wilder:]

"Where is fancy bred In the heart or in the head?"

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