

The American Tragedy **"From Guitar Strings To Bioluminescence"**

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My mother had
A stone I gave her
When I was young
When you stirred the stone
The colors moved
Much like a sunset

Which brings me here
To the way we live
Not as a child but human
Our lives are much
Like the stone
There's light produced
From movement

Digging for the bones
Tucked beneath my skin
Cause I don't need them

You went from a stupid child
To showing me the inner light
The bioluminescence, the bioluminescence

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