

The Becoming

"Escape You"

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I saw the fields on fire and thought of the face of you

You are my one love, desire

I felt the warmth of your breath

Then I turned and I ran

But still it hung like a cross upon my neck

Can I escape you?

'Cause I'm not sure I want to

When it feels like I'm alone

And now I hold the embers that used to be a fire

You were my one love, a liar

The wind, it whispers your name

And I silence it with a scream

We will never be the same.

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