

The Most Serene Republic

"The Protagonist Suddenly Realizes What He Must Do In The M"

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Past the Atlantic gaps and the spaces it has

To a perfect home, to a finer place

We all counteract with visions intact

With great impossibles and most crowded doorways

I have the greatest plan involving everyone else

We all and a map of muses

Travel to shores scarred with wars

We?ll never be apart again

Hold on to your faces

Hold on to your faces

Hold on to your faces

Hold on to your faces

Hold on to your faces

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