

The Perishers

"Through The Woods"

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Through the woods into the clear
I will take you there my dear
Make paper planes from out of the fear
And let them fly away

And I will hold you in my arms
But charmless arms can sound alarms
And harm is only an arms length away

And something snaps and life dissolves
In the furthest of your mind's resolve

You're on the dark side
You're on the dark side
You're on the dark side of me

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