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Cut City "This Exile Reads Me"

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Grow to be cold Voices leave their mark Hear the message sent I'm desperate for accident This might serve a purpose If we're acting naturally

Through these vacant streets
This exile wears the midnight light
Desperate for accidents
Because we could be all around
We would be the people
That never leaves the ground

I remember when privacy meant I wanted you to intrude

No written safe-keeping or drunken interlude

Just certain exile from today

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