

The Samples "Ocean Of War"

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Psychedelic waves in the ocean of war
Nothing was learned from that lesson before
We're a traveling mass with a memory loss
While the army men roll but still gathering moss

Nothing was learned
Every highway has turned
On to winding avenues
To a black wall they're carved on to

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Now to earth the land is at war
With each whittling birth behind every door
They'll do unto you what they've done to me
So not to let go means not to be free

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On to winding avenues
To a black wall they're carved on to

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