

Celibate Rifles

"Illuminata"

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I let go a year or ten ago
it's all a twilight zoon
I don't where I will go
the future's not my home

done lying bout flying free
falling on the wings of honesty
highway to reality
rising on the wings of honesty

manic scheming, heavy dreaming

took me for a ride
no need for shame no need for pride
I got it all inside

anxious dances, wasted chances
smacked from side to side
no need to run, no need to hide
I'll wait for you inside

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