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Making walls
We turn ourselves into enemies
Escape by dying young
Like feathers in the wind
Tremble hard
When the flames are licking
We hold our hands encircling
And sing along

This is the end
Surrounding life in precious hands
This is the end
When love you give is breaking down
This is the end
Brother lock the children away
This is the end

Baby's breath
A whisper in the chaos
Future looming dark and frightening
The gun is loaded
Vision faith
We only know if we question
Final days a resting place
Tomorrow's what we make it

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