

Exit, The "Echoes"

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"it's always too early to speak..."
the fire found a new gathering place
the day you packed your things
and ran away to save your face
from seeing me this way anymore
and the river you ran through
made silly pools inside of me
wet memories that never seem to dry
i can't believe we've slipped...
no more echoes
when my heart beat faster
no more games
when you'd hide from me
no more hands
clutched tight
and sand stretched far
trickled away
when you found your way home
..

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