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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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