

Wrong Victory

MS MR

Rose-colored glasses, they couldn't shield anything
Golden flames that burned, but couldn't heal me from within
Disperse the heat, let the cold sweep in, oh
Burst in languid light, as my head and body spin

When your skin doesn't feel like home, oh
And I don't wanna break down and feel alone, oh oh oh
This body only knows, oh
How to hold back more than it shows, oh oh oh

A superstition, that found itself in the way
Of a freed premonition, that could've helped me escape
It's the wrong kind of victory, disguised as a breakthrough
It's hard when nothing, fits like it used to

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This body only knows, oh
How to hold back more than it shows, oh oh oh

Hairs on my hand, stand on end
The spine of this truth, repel and suspend
Act like bars, but should help me transcend
Hairs on my hand, stand on end
The spine of this truth, like cracks in the wind
Act like birds, but should help me transcend

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