

## Sacred Things

Bang Gang

Whatever others do  
We don't follow  
The smoke has settled in our eyes  
Again

It's misty in our soul  
Clouds are heavy  
Let's crawl up the rain and float  
Away

You and i  
Walk together side by side  
Doing all that we want  
And we get high, high

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The dream of sacred pills  
Keep us going  
We're hypnotizing memories  
Afraid

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