

I'm vacuum-breathing and open-mouthed  
As the red shift fills my eyes  
Minister my promises  
As her shadow cuts the day away

I remembered you, as you walked into that room

Dislocated, jagged pieces  
Are sliding into this broken mind  
Swimming back against the river  
But I'm rising with the tide

Where we came from, we're all going back there soon

How many times have we met this way?  
How many lives have we lived before?  
How many faces and how many names?  
Shadows come, but shadows are gone  
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