

# Wallow

## Coasts

Boredom makes you creative  
It stifles my insides  
It lacks a certain thunder  
A rifle between the eyes  
Distance sparked the friction  
A ripple of high tides  
I'm done with reading fiction  
You could philosophise my mind

Wallow in the middle  
Wallow in the mire  
Wallow in the fields where your feet are on fire  
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Your eyes begin to focus  
When darkness steals the sun  
Oh, you must be holding out for something that was quicker than  
the gun  
Run back through sunny fields into an empty open space  
I got some much to learn in life those tears run down your face

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