

I was met on the road by a face I once knew
SHAPELESS was his frame and his colors were few
We went out for a time but the sentence is in
CLIMBING into the isle where the numbers begin

Go back down, don't touch the ground
Go back down, don't touch the ground
Go back down, don't touch the ground
Go back down, don't touch the ground

I was met on the road by a face that was mine
ECHOED chambers staked with diamonds from mines
You can't never go home if you were never shown
SPOTS on the isle bleed where the numbers are born

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