Common scars brought us together. Common scars brought us together.

A commoner's scars brought us together beneath an idiot's moon. It comes too soon.

Just plant Tulip and watch her bloom.

Introducing angels.

Common scars brought us together. Common scars brought us together.

Prominent scars brought us together beneath the light of the mo on.

It's not too soon.

Flower-girl stalks the groom: a degenerate drunk on war graves, saying-- "Guide me, misty poets!"

Introducing angels.