

## Clouds

## Devil Sold His Soul

Put down the idea that I'm broken  
The idea that you're not real  
The idea that you can change  
Change to you is no more than a new lie

Flowers unfold to show us a beautiful play  
Is this not always who we are?  
To keep this motion going is so selfish  
Flowers unfold to show a beautiful charade

Let's dance one more time

You fill this empty heart