

Second Soul

Disco Ensemble

The universe is talking through your mouth
But nobody knows what it says.
Come closer, don't drift away,
The stars lie to you, 'bout you to your grace.

And you will find a second soul,
The kind you can mix with your own.
And you will find a second soul
To run around, you'll never be alone.

A satellite slowly to the sun
Rolls and makes the views.
Are you tired searching the place
Where you belong, where you belong, where you belong?

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The kind you can mix with your own.
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