

Today I set my soul for a walk  
And let the architecture of my body  
Be filled with pain and longing  
How hard it is to chase away all the raptures  
And delights and joys and pleasures  
When you've got nothing to complain of

I'll just tell them I'm alright  
And they will take me to places  
I've never even heard of  
My home  
Is just the swaying part of the world  
And that's the trouble

Today I summon all the parts of me  
I've traded, lost or bartered  
creating an automatic alter ego  
How far is the grievance  
woe and suffering in the days of wine and madness  
if there's no need to be sad?

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