

## Dust

Fleetwood Mac

When the white flame in us is gone  
And we that lost the world's delight  
Stiffen in darkness.  
Left alone  
To crumble in our separate night  
When your swift hair is quiet in death  
And through the lips corruption thrust  
has stilled the labor of my breath

When we are dust, when we are dust  
When we are dust, when we are dust

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