

I Put Up A Smile When My Head Is Aching Because My Teeth Are White B

Intohimo

And as we fall, and as walls are falling over and over, over us

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This is killing us, this thing.

This is killing us to never feel safe, never finding home.

If we walk alone, we get lost.

This is not a choice this is the lack of one.

If we walk alone, oh we will get lost.