

Illumination

Lindsey Buckingham

I've got a bad reputation
And you have something to hide
Ooh, such a strange sensation
When you finally open up your eyes

One last lie to believe in
One last trick of the mind
The process of illumination
The process of illumination

Meet me up at the station
Shake me down to the core
Whisper little revelations
That you never told no one before

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