

Flying Through The Scenery

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the orange of the fire
the catch of the barbed wire
running through the woods can cost
across your chest your breath you've lost

we got here by back roads
the turns the breaks the hills that roll
seconds i would realize I never want to close my eyes
and here we are we're flying through the scenery

i hope you turn your head
to see the moon has set
miss it every time it goes
the further on the less i know