

Party in the Dark

Mogwai

I see everything
All their suffering
Tiny vehicles
Space-age miracles

All our hearts were sore
No fight left in this war
Before the ghosts will chase
All those that rearrange

I, taken from those spirals be both kind
Hungry for another piece of mind
Silent and impatient without time
Directionless and innocent

Hearts are yours to keep
Definition 3
Unkind and alone
End of the idea

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