

White Magic

Mustasch

I believe that white is clean
It's all there in what you dream
And what we saw ain't magic seeds at all

Truth is bold and good is gold
The only thing that I've been told
And what we hold is closer to the fall

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Catch the mystery, catch the myth
Try to figure out why we stand tall

What you see is what you need
Is why we bleed there's nothing more at all

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