

Seven people died last night,  
The painter paints,  
The poet writes.  
She knocks a hole in my front door.  
She's the one I can't ignore.  
She tries to paint a hole in time,  
She puts her face right next to mine.  
She knocks me out and on the floor.  
She's the one I can't ignore.

I've wandered ten thousand years for you,  
To see this coming true.  
I've been to the outer edge of time,  
To try to make you mine.  
I've been so far gone,  
That there's no need to try redeeming me.  
I believe that I'm the greatest of mistakes,  
That ever has been made.

Pay no heed to what I say,  
Because what I say it has no relevance,  
To what you might believe.  
I just want to find the truth.  
Take the gateway, push her down,  
Because in the end she'll only drag you down.  
Sucks when I can't remember my own name.

Mary wants to hold my hand,  
But when she does it's hard to stand up.  
I never thought she'd take my soul,  
I'm the one who's lost all control.

Never mind the violent crowd,  
It's hard to penetrate my cloud.  
I never thought they'd take your soul,  
You're the one they can't control.

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