

This is a garden, this is a steeple
I hear the crowd before I ever see the people
Yours for the asking and for the taking
There is a power in the vacuum we are making

You and I have a secret world
And we can keep it unfurled
And pay no attention
To the cradle or the grave

And when we're crossed we can say that we're lost
In the middle of nowhere think you'll like it a lot
And if we're wrong and we end up alone
We'll light a candle for their innocent bones

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