

## St. Broadrick Is In Antarctica

### The Sound of Animals Fighting

I know you don't want change  
But nothing is ever what it used to be  
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up  
With a copy in hand  
Comforted by, the Lions of substance  
A solitude parade  
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up  
And drift like ants in hole's water

These three angels used to be attorneys  
It is such a serious thing to me  
Oh, how i search through the memories  
Such an experience for me  
Silence creating bold letters  
Like not and better  
These three devils used to be apologies  
These three angels used to be monuments  
I tried to find that feeling from that letter  
For my consistencies  
It was such a painful thing to see  
When the shadows didnt bend  
Like now and then  
These three devils used to be apostrophes  
So I destroyed a monument  
So what

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