

True Thrush
Dan Deacon

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Beast of my brain, everybody s the same

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With the beast is control, it will never turn gold, and that s just life

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Don t touch the flame, of the burning decay

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With the lies you ve been sold, let the nightmare unfold, if you don t mind

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And they re all out, I m lost there alone

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No hand to hold high, Looking for me, I m gone

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Spread those wings wide and take me along

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Now show me the sky and tell me I m wrong.

D

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