

Armor For Sleep, Snow Globe

I used to believe that no one else was alive.
And all of the world was just a show inside my own mind.
The dog's on a leash, tied to a pole, shaking above the snow
I try to pretend, I try to pretend, everything's just in my head.

The choir's in line, belting its soul, over the dying crowd.
Singing for love, their voices will soar, and disappear through the floor.

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