Lake Of Tears, You Better Breathe While There's

It's a new kind of thing and it comes with the morning Some new kind of fuzz You need some new kind of buzz

It's a new way to go Something cold something low Some new kind of zoom Into an old kind of doom

It's the light of the morning still that thing that keeps you from breathing You better run to where there's night to run from where there's light

You better breathe while there's still time

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