

# MS MR, Wrong Victory

Rose colored glasses, they couldn't change on anything  
Golden flames that bright, they couldn't hear me from within  
Disperse the heat, let the cold sweep in,  
Bursting laying light, has my head in a spin

When the skin doesn't feel like home  
And I don't wanna break down and feel alone  
This body only knows,  
How to hold back more than it shows,

Superstition that found itself in a way  
Of a free premonition that could have helped me escape  
It's a wrong kind of victory  
Destroys as it breaks through  
It's hard when nothing tricks like it used to

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And I don't wanna break down and feel alone  
This body only knows,  
How to hold back more than it shows,

Head in my hands, stand on it  
The spine of this truth like cracks in the wind  
Act like burst but should help me transcend  
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