

Colony 5, Imaginary Girl

Like anyone brittle
I am too shy to believe you
you can not be serious
cause this, this can't be true

It must be wondrously empowering
To own a soul like you own mine
I'm tempted to fly with the angels
That dances up and down my spine

Cause you,
You are too perfect
You are the final,
the absolute

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Unprepared to be turned upside down
Being in the sky and watching the world
It's usually the other way around
I pray to god you're not an imaginary girl

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