

Criteria, Grey Matter

your hands in the wind
your pretending to be affected
by soft blows on your skin
grey matter is resurrected

until you go away to see
this song will be defended
it will rise up again
refreshed and directed

my defense is this song
reflecting so strong that it burns for lives
and then they are one
and to know they believe is the unity
of a power so strong
it crushes them all into writing this song
and soon there is wrong
and finally they will be gone forever

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I would die in the fight for us
defending the song that gave us life
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