

# Epicure, 12 Months Of Winter

theres a dark, cold prison cell in my mind  
or so im told, the story changes everytime  
but i keep the walls well padded  
so i cant hurt myself

i keep the keys well hidden, so i cant escape myself  
cause ive had 12 months of winter  
and the sunshines gotta come  
when you you see me next love im gonan be someone

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