

Gyroscope, Hollow Like Cheyenne

Ever noticed how our roles have changed?

From what I gather anyway.

Hear me, hear me
punished for silence.

Hear me, hear me
should I die down?

I'll push aside this fear you left me.

I'll burn the signs in secrecy.

You light the sky with tragic beauty.

Now drown it all in sacred sea.

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In tears you left me

in secrecy.

With tragic beauty

oh, in secrecy

In sacrecy