

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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