

# Mystery Jets, Soluble In Air

To be the hero of my story  
Forced are the events of my life  
You're young, oh twice but once  
Save my trouble

You struggle  
You struggle

Bathe me in water vapour  
Erase me to ashes with fire  
I grow old to dust in the dark  
You left me be soluble in air

If I, really knew the truth  
I'd probably turn back with love  
Better to not know too much too soon  
Mankind is always in the tongue

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