

Thirteen Senses, Final Call

I know you might get tired
I think you're losing the plot
Only fall asleep when it's gone
Everything you think is lost

This is the final call
To show your hands out the door
There's no wishes on their own
Just throw them all out the door

I can see the seconds
What it takes an hour to see
And I don't see the sun rise
I don't feel anything

Love
How do you get by?
How do you get by?

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Just throw them all out the door