

# 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