

# Thirteen Senses, Perfect

Clothes to us dressed in ironed shirts  
The smoke it fills our homes,  
But its nice to feel it  
Rise up through my bones,  
Take it easy as it goes and laughs the most  
Who ever lights a fire

No one sweat to break the cold  
No one changed to fit the mould  
Here's a share of what you've heard  
Go spend it in a perfect world, on your own

Look, you shattered all the walls you built  
Its just an ugly thought  
It doesn't really matter  
And as evening draws your self portrait full of flaws  
And laughs the most  
Whatever keeps it darkest

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