Fell into Your Shoes

Chevelle

Somehow we're sent by fools No better when we're lost I fell into your shoes But only one

Hoping to be shown
A leaner curfew
Hopeful senseless sins
Gathering clues
Weaving into
Feeding off the youth

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The skies are overwhelmed Another teacher
Heads for higher ground
Gathering clues
Weaving into
Feeding off the youth

Closing chapters tell of A final virtue Pay for healing as Eyes go hollow Weaving into We bring this to you

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