New Directions

Duster

I forgot the fuck it days and fuck it nights
Rays of instinct drift to doom

I've lost hold and become old and turned some dust to gold
And when you need it, I'll make a scene

New directions make it easy, unbetraying
Never mind, we're damned too soon
I've lost touch, I've said too much, been opposites and such
But I'll take care of all of us

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