

The day is dead, the dream is done
I wake up with the setting sun
I know it's real but it's not true
I touch the ground and think of you

But there's something I can feel
When the world turns into ether
Oh, there's something I can feel
And feeling something's real as any law

A box of books, a box of gloom
The moving boxes fill the room
Pack up this life, it isn't mine
There isn't space, there isn't time

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