

Hollow Like Cheyenne

Gyroscope

Ever noticed how our roles have changed?
From what I gather anyway,
Hear me, hear me - punished for silence,
Hear me, hear me - should I die down?

I'll push aside this fear you left me,
I'll burn the signs in secrecy,
You light the sky, with tragic beauty,
Now drown it all, in sacred sea,

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