

Anvil

Handguns

52 bricks stared me dead in the face
While this anvil hung above my head patiently waiting

There's nothing left for us in Denver tonight
Let's finish up the drive and scrape up the rest of our lives
Feeling nauseous at the thought of trying to rebuild
But it's all that we know and there's a debt to kill

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So much encouragement leaves us thinking we could be the ones
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