

Figure

Koven.

Cuttin' me down
Sink in the ground beneath my feet
It's all in my head
But it's not the same it used to be

Could we figure this out
Could we make a difference
It was always this to chase
Are you closing the door
Am I finding a new one
I'm still breathing

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Could we make a difference
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Calling your bluff
Unlocking the senses that you feel
I'm not to blame
Not knowing these actions could be real

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