

Guardians

Midlake

I don't know what it is
To put my mind at ease
Further on up the road
Many miles carried
For the fearless in kind
Are entwined and the
Fearful are denied of what wine hands thee

Gonna feel it out
Gonna feel it in
Who alone's without
Who atones within
What's inside of a line
Drawn outside of thee
Anymore than what time has aligned for

The Guardians of an Audience above
An Audience for the Guardians

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