

The End

Monolink

Its cold
Its cold
Its cold

Through the walls, the end you feel it calling
There's not so much about it you could do
Out the window skies, oh skies are falling
But the last thing you would want is something new

Its cold
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Not sure, where we are
But I can say that we're not far
Bright lights, in my head
They're turning, turning red

[illegible]

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