

## White Magic

Mustasch

I believe that white is clean  
It's all there in what you dream  
And what we saw ain't magic seeds at all

Truth is bold and good is gold  
The only thing that I've been told  
And what we hold is closer to the fall

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Catch the mystery, catch the myth  
Try to figure out why we stand tall

What you see is what you need  
Is why we bleed there's nothing more at all

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