

Access my mind,  
Humour me, you act so precious,  
You speak out of season,  
You make your flag your only reason.

I don't know if you changed since then,  
But I know your tricks, I think you're still sick,  
Would I be no more than you,  
If I tear your signs off and make your boots soft?

Exit your ways,  
Essentialise all your memories,  
Pick up your cross  
Keep your fields green, keep your daydreams

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But I know your tricks, I think you're still sick,  
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