

Belly Of The City

Squirrel Flower

Belly of the city
Hear me breathe on my way home
Midnight workers
I know the darkness of these roads as well as you do
I know the darkness of these roads as well as you do

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Hear me breathe on my way home
Midnight workers
I know the darkness of these roads as well as you do
I know the darkness of these roads as well as you do

I never worshipped another
But I find myself kneeling before you
I've never worshipped another
But I find myself kneeling before you

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