

Strings

The Appleseed Cast

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The clock winds up the nations hands
Falling on disgrace
Watching pragmatists have plans

Bringing down the face
The woman hides the strings of death
Stepping down the maze
A broken life will bind a broken man

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A second hand can sell to a fading sense of self
The wares and tools to break and make another hell
The blindness we hide inside will make us carry more
Empty cans and useless monuments of wealth

And we could hold hands
Bring back the sea
And we could stand up
We could believe