

## Chains

The Wolfgang Press

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We console now, you and I  
I said hold me there, hold me  
Make the night roll magic, I will not fly away  
So now make it, make it rain

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I have wandered and I have found  
No reason that I can understand  
Why all these boundaries return to where I am  
So please break them, make them break down into

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Make the night roll  
And hold my hands up to your own  
I'm like a man pitied and maimed  
Sorrow won't lift our shame like these

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