

# Breathe

Tomme Profitt

I hear the sound  
Echoes beneath  
Angels and skylines meet  
And I'm straining to reach  
The light on the surface  
Light on the other side

I feel the pages turning  
I see the candle burning down  
Before my eyes  
Before my wild eyes  
I feel you holding me tighter I cannot see  
When will we finally

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