

Pilot Light

Zola Jesus

We're born with all the wonder we will ever have
And we die with all we escaped with
In your eyes, stones I've seen in mine
Once in a while, all we escaped with

And the pilot light flickers
While I'm in charades
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While I'm in charades

I've been here thousand times before
Every new rule born from unknown scars
Can you blame the young hunger
That falls into every soft head?

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