

Broken bottles is a paradise and virtue is an outrage
Said you dream in only black and white
Sienna's just a myth, babe

Will we make it through the dawn with the same blood?
Was the atmosphere so wrong to defend us?

Tell me that it wasn't wrong
Tell me that it wasn't wrong
Tell me we can handle all the toxic waste
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I've been thinking I can do it
If I can do it
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