Party in the Dark

Mogwai

I see everything
All their suffering
Tiny vehicles
Space-age miracles

All our hearts were sore No fight left in this war Before the ghosts will chase All those that rearrange

I, taken from those spirals be both kind Hungry for another piece of mind Silent and inpatient without time Directionless and innocent

Hearts are yours to keep Definition 3 Unkind and alone End of the idea

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