

The Sleeper

The Leisure Society

Someday we all shall cease to exist
Someday our towers will fall
Roots will reclaim the bricks that we lay
Worms will reclaim the soil

You get alone, you get stoned
Sometimes you need someone
You get alone, you get cold
Sometimes you need someone

Salt in the ocean raises the words
Prised from a foreign tongue
We are but mayflies caught on the breeze
Led by a fading sun

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Sometimes you need someone

You need someone

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