

Hurricane

Flowing through the middle of a hurricane, on the midnight sky
Thunder clouds in conversation, and I still wonder why

And if I could I would, but I don't even try, I wonder why

I sold my soul to the wind as a child, and that's why I'm so damn wild
I didn't believe the roses were free, even when they were offered to me

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It was pouring rain outside, when I stopped and asked the guy
About the secrets of empiracy, but his guitar was all he'd show me

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