

Broken glass is luxury;  
Friendly fires are alchemy;  
Daylight is the enemy;  
Witching hour, soft power

We're not sleeping at the wheel.  
The wheel is turning the machine  
that kills for us.

Close your eyes, so you're not seen  
in Valentine's daydream.

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The wheel is turning the machine  
that kills for us.

The arrogance of the forest  
Setting fire to the tourists

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