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Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

10 - Insurgentes

Par Steven Wilson

Album : Insurgentes

Holy mother of the simple one

When you smile at me, you bring me down

You betray your thoughts

All your prayers to naught

Now out of depth, you speak in tongues

And out of breath, your work is done

And your dream absolves

And your path, dissolve

And your dream, absolve

And your path, dissolve

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