

Burn & Crash  
*Peter Henry Phillips*

His daily walk was innocent  
The sun can't wait to go down  
For the moon has to rise  
For him to go

The seas were sailed  
The books are closed  
They burn and crash  
Where do I go

They burn and crash  
Where does it leave us  
They burn and crash  
Where does it leave us

It's a beautiful day to ride a unicorn

Your soul's a light for us to follow  
Your soul's a light for when we go

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