Drumroll For Your Answer

Solitary iceberg
drifting on your sea
melting in your sun

Miles away from the main land
a floating watery grave
under the waves

A loveless piece of shrinking ice soaking up the heat
vulnerable and ephemeral
And so the danger rise, rise up to your feet
it's gradual (in general)

You better keep an eye on me
cause i got into bad ways
i'm trapped in my imagination
and it's running low these days

Drumroll for your answer
ultimate outcome of this case
review of the troops now all in line
too late for regrets
Drumroll for your overall impression of who's fault ?
laying in the backroom of your soul
with the wrong dress code

i wander and i always die a little when your sun goes down
a solitary iceberg slowly melting t'il it can't be found

Drumroll for your answer
ultimate outcome of this case
review of the troops now all in line
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Drumroll for your overall impression of who's fault ?
laying in the backroom of your soul
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