

## **Independence**

Looking up in the sky  
and see a high brittle tower.  
And the cold dirty wall  
with the pretty little flower  
We all start to cry  
because we all are to small

Looking down off the cliffs  
and see everywhere salt.  
We don't take the risk  
that makes our hearts cold.  
We all start to cry  
because we all are to shy

Looking straight forward  
And I see a mirror  
So ... I'am looking backward  
And it let me consider

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