

# Mary Komasa, Palermo

i know  
i know it hurts  
my open heart is dangerous

i know we were in a hurry  
to reach the unknown

we wanted to find the future  
but you were still in their past

trying to control  
your urge to escape

one nightmare was a dead end  
one nightmare was a dead end

what's the price for my freedom?  
it didn't cost you anything

you wanted to take the shortcut  
and you knew it'll hurt

one nightmare was a dead end  
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one nightmare was a dead end