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Ra Ra Nah

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Ra Ra Nah // Brennen Lutz

A moment here before you go,
The sun rises early now, the cursed thing,
And I realize that you want to be there,
Before the night falls again.
But it's too bright out for you to leave.
Rectangles of white in the widows are obfuscated
By thin sheer fabric, and yet it hurts my eyes.
Quiet now, close the heavy curtains.
This is no godly hour.