Regret

One Dead Three Wounded

God damn these frightened, frigid hands and all our long forgotten plans. Clocks lie; we have no time and all. I won't deny you again, my friend. I was the one who betrayed you and Philadelphia is a ghost town without you. Our youth is dust on the side of the road. Let it bury the seeds of regret. Bury the seeds of Regret. Embed them in my chest. Let them grow to become. The bitter man I am.

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