Inflammator

Pitchshifter

Gripping the sweat in my hands, your voice makes my ears bleed,
desperate self conciousness, in this room there is no air.
Broken, you cover your burns.
Questions I feel the hate, in your mind cutting me,
scared of rejection starve me, with your perfect lies.
Persuasion it will fail, you need force to make me beg,
appointed power in you head, can't allow these attitudes.

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