

Japanese Ultraviolence In D Minor

This Town Needs Guns

Your words fell
heavy from poison lips.
Whose tips that I,
once kissed.
A long time ago,
before lifes paths filled
with obstacles.In silence,
we two became one
but not for long
and all because
it made sense
when I was young and stupidNow all at once am I
grounded by
your memorybut memories play tricks on meTake over now.
Satisfied,
you might as well
stay home.

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