Smoke Up

Knowing is not knowledge

gather yourself
sharpen your ears
pull yourself together
filled up with fear
knowing you're going nowhere
stare into the eyes of your fatefragile hearts in hands of danger
scattered on the floor
a fucking bloodbath
this will not be forgotten, mark my wordsthe sound of screams are all over
a composition of
gasping throats fills up this room
the sirens are closing
but yet this is not over
i got more bags to fill
and there's one for youi know you know
i see right through you
you'll be biting on the pavement
as agony stands by your door
as agony stands by your door
you'll be counting your last minutes
your time is running outsay hello to all my friends
say hello to all my friendslisten to this messagefilled up with fear
stare into the eyes of your fateyou son of a bitchrun as you may but i will find you
i will find youthe taste of blood in your mouth
(keeps you from) making all the possible mistakes again
enjoy your last breath
inhale the air and choke on your sins

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