

A Softened Suicide

Versus the Mirror

wipe that grin right off your face
and focus your attention, on the blood you taste
now you tell me about your sorrow
for you won't live to see tomorrowfar from soon
far from homehow sweet it was to have you here
for more than one time this year
these deep wounds have yet to heal
this dying heart is oh so realfar from soon
far from home

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